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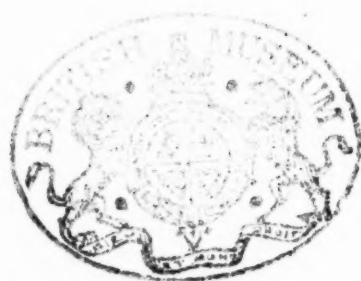
AN

Annual for all Readers.

TALES, ANECDOTES, STORIES—ENTERTAINING,
SCIENTIFIC, AND USEFUL PAPERS.

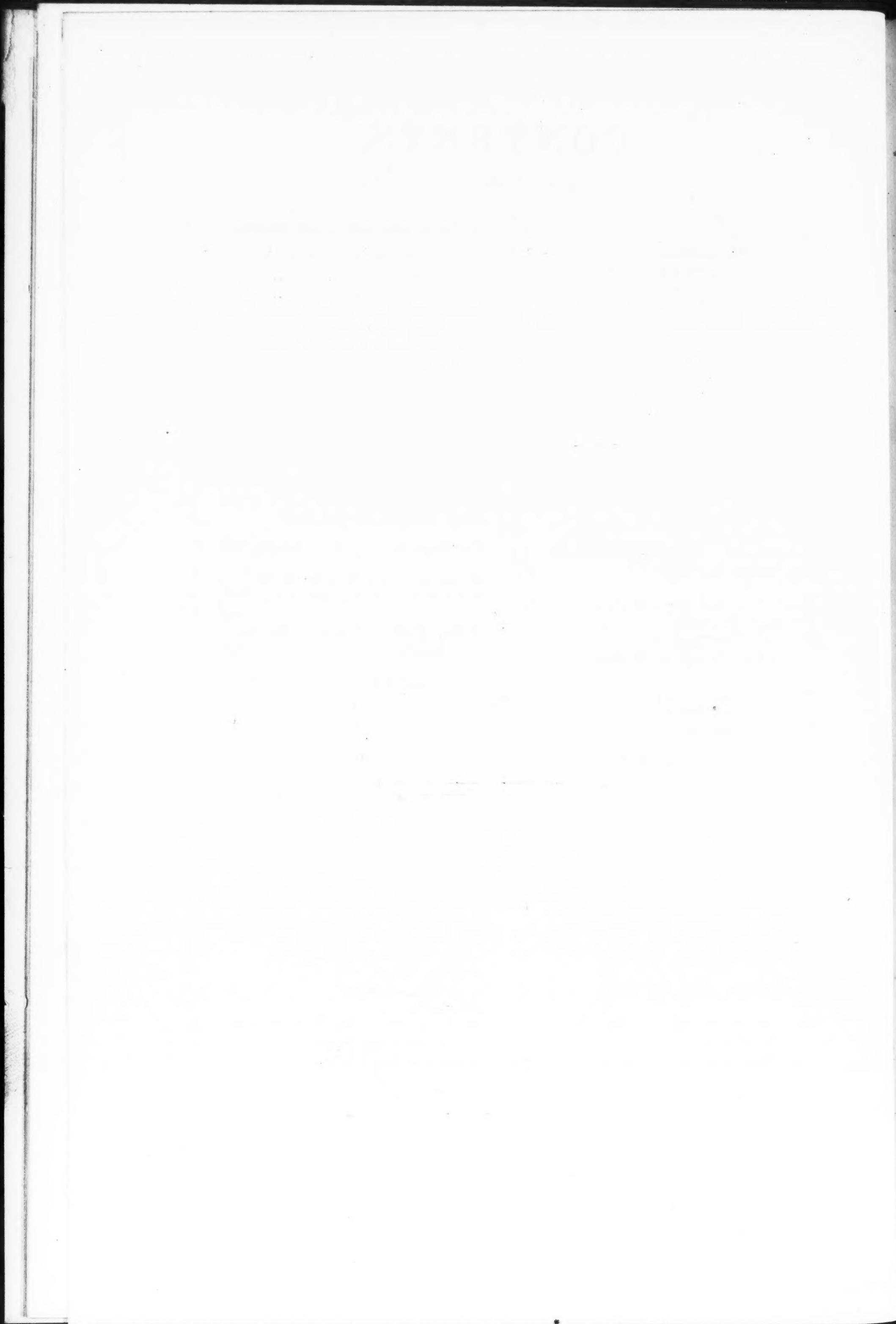
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ALWAYS LEARNING.

"WASTE not your precious hours in
 play,
 Nought can recall life's morning;
 The seed now sown, will cheer your
 way :
 The *wise* are always learning.
 Nor think when all school days are
 o'er,
 You've bid adieu to "learning."
 Life's deepest lessons are in store :
 The *meek* are always learning.

[No. 1.]

When strong in hope, you first
 launch forth,
 A *name* intent on learning,
 Scorn not the voice of age or worth :
 The *great* are always learning.

When right and wrong within you
 strive,
 And passions fierce contending,
 Oh, then you'll know, how, while
 they live,
 The *good* are always learning."

OPPOSITE THE TAVERN.

"I TELL you, wife, it's one of the best farms in the country. Old Stinchfield has grown rich on it; and it seems strange to me that he should want to sell it, even if he is too old to work on it himself. He is able to hire all the help he needs, and lay up money besides. But that's none of *our* business. The question with us is, whether we shall take it or not." He paused for a moment, but his wife's eyes were fixed upon her sewing, and she made no answer, so he went on, still presenting the subject in its brightest light: "You see we shall need a larger place than this in a few years, for John will be one-and-twenty a year from next October, and I've made up my mind, seein' he shows such a likin' for farmin', to take him in with me; that is, we'll run the farm together, and divide the profits fairly at the end of each year."

"That is a good idea. John was born a farmer. But, David, what is to be done for him?"

"Oh, I've thought of that, too;" and he spoke with unusual animation. "The academy is only two miles from there, and he could walk back and forth morning and night, just as well as not, when the horses are in use. So, you see, he could be fitting himself for college, and in two or three years I shall be able to send him there."

"That would suit him exactly; and in that case little Rache, too, could get a good education without going away from home for it. But, David," and Mrs. Grover dropped her work upon her lap, and lifted to her husband's a face strangely troubled and uncertain—a curious contrast to the quiet satisfaction that her words had expressed: "I don't believe it would be for the best, after all."

Farmer Grover stared at his wife in astonishment, not unmixed with displeasure.

"Why not?" he asked, rather sharply.

"Because"—and the placid, motherly face seemed suddenly to have assumed a shrewd, far-seeing look, as she said, steadily: "It is too near the tavern—only over the way; and I don't believe that the influence of such a place will be for good—to the boys, especially."

The farmer laughed, a little scornfully.

"Just like a woman—always seeing bugbears when nobody else would think of them;" and his air and tone were decidedly condescending as he said, in reply to her scruples: "That's just nothing at all against the place, in *my* eyes. Why, Stockbright keeps as peaceable, orderly house as you'll often see. And even if he didn't, the boys will have enough to keep them busy at

home, to say nothing of their being good, orderly boys, fit to be trusted anywhere."

"Lead us not into temptation," repeated his wife, solemnly. "I tell you, husband, *our* boys are just like other boys in the desire to hear and see something new; and this tavern would be sure to attract them."

"Well, what if it does? They won't be likely to see or hear anything very bad in a quiet, country tavern. I'll risk them."

"Can a man touch fire and not be burned?" persisted the mother. "There is always a set of idlers and loafers about a country tavern, who, if not actually vicious, are not the men whose influence upon unsuspecting, home-bred boys would be for good."

"I don't see any use in borrowing trouble, anyway," growled the farmer, as he carefully raked up the glowing embers of the fire, covering them with ashes preparatory to retiring for the night. "I never did believe in meetin' trouble half-way."

"That's just what I'm afraid we *should* be doing in buying this Stinchfield farm," was the grave reply; and for once Mrs. Grover actually had the last "word."

The morning came, and with it young Ben Stinchfield, an idle, worthless sort of a fellow, whom everybody predicted would be the ruin of his doting, old father, who, although he groaned over the bills that were presented to him, had not the nerve and determination to check the boy in his course of reckless extravagance.

"Well, Grover," he remarked, briefly, after the usual salutations. "What about that trade of ours? The old man had an offer, yesterday, of an hundred more than I offered it to you for, and he was for jumping at the offer, but I told him you had the refusal of it, and it wouldn't be fair to sell before we'd seen you again."

"Well—really, now—"

He spoke hesitatingly, but the young man eagerly interposed.

"You'd better take it. The fact is, if I'd only been cut out for a farmer, I might have run the place myself, now that the old man is too old to work. But I never could bring myself to it; and I think it's better to sell the place, even at a sacrifice, than to half work it."

The farmer mused thoughtfully.

"Is it a good neighbourhood?" he asked at length.

"First rate—tip top! Why there's old Deacon Ingalls on one side and Squire Drummond on the other—likely folks, and as good neighbours as you'll find anywhere. But, come—what do you say? We must settle it somehow this morning, for the other man is waiting for his answer."

"I'll take it."

The die was cast; and although Mrs. Grover looked grave and anxious when she heard her husband's decision, she made no useless objections, only smiling indulgently at her children's outspoken pleasure and satisfaction.

"Such a fine farm, and at such a bargain!" was John's characteristic comment, while his younger brother and sister were jubilant over the prospect of plenty of schooling, with associates of their own age—a want that they seemed all at once to have discovered.

There were some tears shed, to be sure, on quitting the dear old home for ever, and Rache gathered the bulbs and roots from her pet flower-beds with many a sigh, as she thought of the unpromising front yard of their new home, with only a few straggling lilacs among the rank witch-grass with which it was overrun.

But that was merely a question of time, and before a year had gone by, the good taste and industry that had made so bright a spot of the old home, had gone far towards beautifying and adorning the new.

Mrs. Stockbright, the landlady across the way, had proved herself a kind and obliging neighbour, and although rather rough and uncultivated in her way, her good-natured cordiality was accepted as an offset by Rache especially, who seemed to find a pleasant fascination in her society, at which even her father sometimes wondered.

"She is one of the best-hearted souls in the world," was the usual declaration with which the young girl met her mother's gentle remonstrances; and on one occasion she added, impulsively, and with a strange, angry flush upon her face: "If she don't make any pretensions to extra goodness, she is certainly much more charitable in her judgment of others than some who call themselves Christians, and forget that their Bible itself tells them that 'charity thinketh no evil.'"

(To be continued.)

TO BE, OR TO SEEM TO BE.

A WORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LIFE'S little day is drawing to its close, its golden moments, minutes, and hours are passing away; yet they are full of responsibility. They are given to us that, in rightly making use of them, we may mould our lives, and form our characters for a future life.

Does the precious life that God has given us bear the impress of eternal truth? Is it a reality or a sham? Let us answer these questions as we commence a new period of time, for God

must have realities. Let the new year witness to our sincerity and truthfulness.

To be, or to seem to be, is the question of the present day. *To be true* is not a very easy task,—it is to fight a battle fierce and strong; for pride and mammon assert their sway over honour and justice.

We must either sow the seeds of deception or of truth; and that which we sow we shall also reap.

There is a picture representing a friar clothed in his robes: view the painting at a distance, and you will think the friar to be in a praying attitude. His hands are clasped together; and the man appears to be absorbed in humble adoration. Take a nearer view, and the deception vanishes. The book, which seemed to be before him, is discovered to be a punch-bowl, into which he is all the while in reality only squeezing a lemon. What a lively representation is this of *Men* and *Things* in the present day! How many in their daily life make religion their cloak instead of their armour! Man looketh at the outward appearance; God looketh at the heart. If religion be religion at all, it must be a religion of the heart, it must be that which regulates our whole life. A man may be kept from sin, and yet not hate sin; he may indeed be kept from sin, yet lack that holy principle within to make him love what is good.

Love to God is the spring of a true Christian's life of obedience. He derives his joy—his strength—his light—his happiness, from God, and he can say "The Lord is the portion of my soul." He has a principle within of vital and growing strength. If we are destitute of this vital religion, we are destitute of the only *true wealth* of time and eternity.

Not long since there lay a good man on a bed from which he never expected to rise. He was rejoicing that his preparation for eternity had been made years before, when in health and strength. He was asked what message he would, from his present position, leave to his fellowmen. "I would tell them," he said, "*Be true at heart.*" The dying man was right. Truth is the great want of the age. Lack truth at heart, and you lack everything of real value: "Behold, He desireth truth in the inward parts." "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"*Be true to your God*: honour Him by resting on the only remedy for *sin* provided in the Gospel, for all other foundations are false foundations. Remember that His Almighty eye rests upon you, and you cannot serve God and Mammon. He allows of no divided love, but expects you so to run in the way of His commandments, that you may obtain the faithful servant's faithful reward. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Be *true to your fellowmen* in your daily business.

Be *true to yourself* in all the transactions of life, and see to it that you are born again of the Holy Spirit, and have the witness within you that you are a child of God, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The true Christian feels the grace he cannot always express. The hypocrite expresses what he cannot feel. Divine grace is the only antidote to all the deception of the heart. Without this there can be no true peace, no true confidence in God, no hope of heaven, but a dreary hopeless future.

“ Nothing but truth before God's throne
With honour can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.”

You say “I endeavour to attend to all the ordinances that religion commands ;” this is quite right, but to have an orthodox belief—a profession of religion, and yet a bad life, is only to deny Christ with a greater solemnity. Practice speaks louder than tongues. One genuine Christian is worth a thousand hypocrites.

A Bishop once said, “Christianity did not come from heaven to be the amusement of an idle hour—to be the food of mere imagination—to be as ‘a very loving song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument.’ No, it is intended to be the guide, the guardian, the companion of all our hours ; it is intended to be the food of our immortal souls ; it is intended to be the serious occupation of our whole existence.” You say, “I make no profession ; I am not a sham.” This may be true, but you are a sinner, and one single sin indulged in may cause your ruin, however honest and moral you have been in the eyes of men, for it is not love to God that has made you so.

DEATH IS COMING ! Then all shams must pass away ; how hollow all deception will appear then !

The JUDGMENT DAY draweth nigh ! Will you stand the final test ? Shall it be said, “Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting ?” Oh, be sincere and strip off every false mask ! for be assured of this, that your conscience, though slumbering, will yet be awakened ; though seared, perhaps, it will yet feel with acute intensity : for conscience cannot be entirely closed to God and truth. It will be quickened into life again at the bar of the Almighty God.

“ Lord, search my heart and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before Thy face,
And find acceptance there.”

G. S.

THE SAILOR AND THE CHILD.

A BALLAD OF CITY LIFE.

PUSHING through London's streets one day,
In a careless mood unheeding,
I trod on some small tender feet,
Worn and sore with pacing the street,
And crush'd them almost to bleeding.

Pitiful eyes, dim and tearful,
Patient lips, soft comfort needing,
No angry scowl on the pallid face,
A little yielding soft embrace,
Gentle lifted hands so pleading.

I lifted up the little child,
And my heart was full to weeping,
"My poor, poor baby," I softly said.
"I aint the baby, the baby's dead;"
She *looked* as if she was sleeping.

"My name is Willy, I'm a boy,"
Went on the tones confiding,
"Mother, she's fighting in the lane,
"So don't you take me home again,
"I'm sure to get a hiding."

"I knows a place where we can sit,
"Near a wall, behind a railing;
"Sailors, like you, are always kind;"
And round my neck his arms he twin'd,
Full of childish trust unfailing.

We went along the noisy way,
The crowd about us pressing,
Till, passing through a narrow gate,
With eager eyes he bade me wait
Beneath a shade refreshing.

Willy arranged our resting place,
And we sat for hours together;
I soothed his pain with wondrous tales
Of ships, and storms of seas and gales,
But, we could not sit for ever.

The sun went down. The little lad
Resum'd his baby weariness:
"Oh, dear, I must go home again,
"I had forgot about the pain,"
In tones that told of dreariness.

I threaded dismal stuffy courts,
Willy on my breast reclining,
Stopp'd at his dwelling, low and poor,
And left him at the open door,
Tears in both our eyes were shining,

I turn'd and kiss'd the little boy,
Put in his hand a silver shilling;
He star'd as if 'twere something strange,
Then sadly said, "I've got no change;"
His voice with disappointment thrilling.

I left him with a happy face
 So delighted with his treasure,
 And for two years I went away.
 I often thought about that day,
 And sweet tiny Willy's pleasure.

When I returned, my steps I bent
 To where we last had parted;
 Dear Willy turned his face to me,
 "I knew you'd come again, said he,
 "I've waited till you'd cross'd the sea,
 "I knew the time you started."
 "Good bye, dear sailor," whisper'd he,
 The little voice had nearly fled,
 "I've waited only just to say
 "I'm glad you hurt my foot that day."
 And then my little friend was dead.

M. S.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.—I.

THE CINQUE PORTS.

THE Cinque Ports are five havens that lie on the coast of England towards France, thus called by way of eminence on account of their superior importance, as having been thought by our kings to merit a particular regard for their preservation against invasions.

Hence they have a particular policy, and are governed by a keeper, with the title of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, which office belongs to the Constable of Dover; and their representatives are called Barons of the Cinque Ports. They have various franchises, similar in many respects to those of the countries Palatine.

William the Conqueror first appointed a warden of the Cinque Ports, but King John first granted them their privileges, and that upon condition that they should provide eighty ships at their own charge for forty days, as often as the king should have occasion in the wars, he being then straitened for a navy to recover Normandy.

These five ports are Dover, Hastings, Romney, Hythe, and Sandwich. Hastings is the chief of the Cinque Ports, and is memorable in the annals of English History, for the battle fought there between William, Duke of Normandy, and Harold II., King of England, on the 14th October, 1066. The Norman invader had landed his soldiers, horses, stores, &c., at Pevensey, on the coast of Sussex, on the 29th of September, and after constructing a fort there for the protection of his fleet, marched his army to Hastings, where the whole continued to be actively employed in fortifying an encampment, collecting provisions, and making other preparations for self-defence and military opera-

tions. At the arrival of William in England, his adversary Harold was seated with his army at York, but marched from that city as soon as he was apprised of that event, and proceeded, without halting, to the Sussex coast. By rapid marches, desertion, &c., his force was considerably diminished, but in spite of such disadvantages, imprudently and unwisely resolved to risk a battle the next day after his arrival, on the downs near Hastings. Both armies were drawn up in regular lines; and both prepared for a stubborn contest and a decided issue. The English were all on foot, armed with swords, spears, and battleaxes, and formed themselves into one deep and compact body, in the centre of which the King, with his brothers Gurth and Leoswin, placed themselves with the Royal standard. The Normans formed in two lines, the first composed of archers and slingers, and the second of armed troops; whilst the cavalry, commanded by the ambitious invader, were stationed in the rear and at the wings. On a signal given, the Normans rushed forward and discharged a shower of arrows on their opponents; and the English not only sustained the first assault, but retaliated with equal vigour and obstinacy. The conflict was desperate and sanguinary; whilst one party was irresistibly impelled by the prospect of gaining a country, or losing life; the other was determined to risk the latter in defence of their homes, their families, and friends. The Normans, however, being superior in numbers, with the advantages of cavalry, site of ground, and vigour of troops, after a whole day's fight, completely conquered the English. The slaughter was great, and victory complete. Harold, his two brothers, and many of the English officers, were slain, and the remaining troops dispersed. Some historians assert that no less than 15,000 Normans fell on the field of battle, and a larger number of their adversaries. This, however, seems a little exaggerated. In obtaining this victory William secured an easy passage to the throne; and after resting and refreshing his army for a few days, marched towards London. In his journey he had to encounter some impediments, but in a short time he reached the capital, and was elected to the English Throne.

SELF WRECKED.

ABOUT the year 1815, at New York, a wealthy merchant and his wife took charge of an interesting orphan boy. As they had no children, they adopted the little stranger as their own. He continually gained on their affections, and was looked upon as the rich man's heir. Gifted with fine talents and an active spirit, everything gave promise of a brilliant future.

The youth was in due time sent to college. Here he fell into

the company of some dissolute young men, and soon became as wicked as the worst. Friends advised, and tutors admonished him, but in vain. A rage for gambling and love for drinking soon became besetting sins, and at length, instead of returning home with honours, he was expelled from college in disgrace.

Leaving the house of his benefactor, he became a wanderer in Europe. One morning, the American Ambassador at St. Petersburg, heard that one of his fellow-countrymen was liable to punishment for a drunken riot. He sent in time to save the prodigal from prison, and through the Ambassador's influence he was set at liberty, and enabled to return to America.

The first to welcome him on his landing was his early friend the merchant, who took the wanderer again to his quiet home. The young man expressing a wish to become a soldier, interest was made with the proper authorities, and he was admitted into the military academy.

For a time all went on well. He was looked upon by the professors as one of their most promising pupils.

But, alas! he yielded to the influence of his former habits, drank to excess, disobeyed orders, and was once more turned on the world.

Again his kind foster-father opened his doors to receive him. There were the same promises and hope of amendment as before, but the same yielding to sin, and the same fearful results followed. The dissipated youth again parted from the merchant in anger, to meet him no more on earth.

Now thrown on his own resources by his misconduct, he directed his attention to writing for the press. Several poetical and prose pieces in the magazines were well received. But his evil habits resumed their sway, and in despair he enlisted as a private soldier. The officers, some of whom had been his companions in the military academy, pitied his state, and obtained a commission for him; but just as friends began to rally round him, under the influence of his sinful propensities he deserted. In 1833, the proprietors of a magazine offered two prizes, one for the best poem, and the second for the best tale, which should be found suitable for their pages.

Numerous manuscripts were sent in, and the judge decided that two manuscripts were worthy of the prize. These were found to be written by the same individual. He was sent for to receive the reward. On his entering the publisher's office, his whole exterior manifested dissipation, want and illness. But his manner was that of a scholar, and so interested the publishers, that they offered him literary employment. A little money when applied soon changed his appearance, and in a short time he took his time as an editor, with the means and position of a gentleman.

For a little while all went on well, and those who knew him

began to think that there was indeed a happy change in his life. He was successful and admired in his new labours.

As all was prosperous, he resolved to have a home of his own, and he married a worthy young woman.

But sinful human nature again failed, his good resolutions had been made without prayer, and without trust in Christ, his heart was yet unchanged.

The young husband fell back again into his old sins, lost the respect of his employers, and was dismissed from his situation.

How often is it seen that an evil course, begun in early life, is continued with a few fitful intervals to its close.

A man who has entered on the way of sin may be one day overcome by remorse, the next plunged into vice; now checked by a sense of shame and the stings of conscience; and then vows and resolutions are cast aside and forgotten. Thus he pursues a downward course. He finds that it is in the nature of one sinful compliance to lead to another. He has put himself into the hands of an unrelenting enemy who exacts constant service. At length he is "holden with the cords of his sin;" his fetters are made fast. The depraved desires become stronger as they are indulged; every fresh act of sin, only increases the craving and prepares the way for another commission of it. But, like a straw drawn into a whirlpool, every fresh eddy, which gives to it greater force, lessens the hope of rescue.

Such was the case with the unhappy subject of this narrative. He passed from the editorship of one magazine to that of another.

He journeyed from city to city; known everywhere as a talented young man, but as one who was easily overcome by his love of drinking. Wife and friend appealed to his better feelings, publishers sought to influence him by urging the effects of his conduct on his character, position and prospects. Now for a time he seemed to obtain the mastery over his sins; then shortly after his little family were reduced to want by his disgraceful habits. At one period he would soberly project works, which secured admiration for his talents and learning. Then they were broken off by his irregular practices, and only a single occasional paper was written to meet the pressing claims of the hour. Overcome by poverty and neglect, his wife failed in health, and died a broken-hearted woman.

The melancholy record of his life was soon to close. He was in some small degree once more restored for a season from his habits, and was engaged in giving lectures in different towns. They were well attended, and it was with something like renewed confidence that the well wisher of the lecturer watched his conduct. His friends began to receive him into their houses. At one of them he met with a lady whom he had formerly known. Considering him a reformed man, she consented to an

offer of marriage. Everything seemed to promise well. The dawn of a better day, it was thought, had appeared.

On a sunny afternoon in October, 1849, he set out for New York, to fulfil a literary engagement, and to arrange for his marriage. He arrived at Baltimore, where he gave his luggage to a porter, with directions to convey it to the railway station. In an hour he proposed to pursue his journey. But he thought he would just take a glass before starting, for refreshment, that was all.

Fatal thought! in the tavern he met with some former companions, who invited him to join them. In a moment all his good resolutions, duty, honour, bride, were forgotten; and before the night had well worn on, he was in a state of prostrate drunkenness.

As the immediate effects of the liquor passed away, it was evident that his mind had lost its power. All attempts to rally him were in vain. He was taken to the hospital, and on the night of Sunday, the 7th of October, he died a raving madman.

He was only thirty-eight years old when the last dreadful incident in his sad history took place.

Reader, this is no fiction. No single circumstance is here recorded but happened to one of the most popular and talented writers of America. Nor, in giving this account, has an unnecessary exposure of human frailty been made.

Those who knew Edgar A. Poe well have published the melancholy story; it is only left for you to apply its moral to your hearts."

SIR ALFRED POWER ON CLEANLINESS.

THE National Health Society has published the following verses by Sir Alfred Power, who was mainly instrumental in establishing the present poor-law system in Ireland. Sir Alfred Power is an octogenarian, and lives in retirement in Dublin.

There's a skin without, and a skin within,
A covering skin and a lining skin;
But the skin within is the skin without
Doubled inwards, and carried completely throughout.

The palate, the nostrils, the windpipe and throat,
Are all of them lined with this inner coat,
Which through every part is made to extend,
Lungs, liver, and bowels, from end to end.

The outside skin is a marvellous plan
For exuding the dregs of the flesh of man,
While the inner extracts from the food and the air
What is needed the waste of the flesh to repair.

Brandy or rum, or whisky, or gin
Is apt to disorder the skin within;
While, if dirty and dry, the skin without
Refuses to let the sweat come out.

Good people all, have a care of your skin,
Both that without and that within;
To the first, give plenty of water and soap;
To the last, little else but water, we hope.

But always be very particular where
You get your water, your food, and your air;
For if these be tainted, or rendered impure,
It will have its effect on the blood, be sure.

The food which will ever for you be the best
Is that you like most, and can soonest digest;
All unripe fruit, and decaying flesh
Beware of, and fish that is not very fresh.

Your water, transparent and pure as you think it,
Had better be filtered and boiled ere you drink it,
Unless you know surely that nothing unsound
Can have got to it over or under the ground.

But of all things the most I would have you beware
Of breathing the poison of once breathed air;
When in bed, whether out or at home you may be,
Always open the windows, and let it go free.

With clothing and exercise keep yourselves warm,
And change your clothes quickly if caught in a storm;
For a cold caught by chilling the outside skin
Flies at once to the delicate lining within.

All you who thus kindly take care of your skin,
And attend to its wants without and within,
Need never of cholera feel any fears,
And your skin may last you a hundred years.

ANECDOTES & EXTRACTS ON TEMPERANCE, &c.

"DON'T GO IN AGAIN, MOTHER."

My frame quivered. It was the voice of a child. Hurrying along through the busy thoroughfare which connects Holborn with King's Cross, I had collided with a staggering woman who rolled heavily against me in endeavouring to force her way into an adjacent drinking saloon.

"*Don't go in again, mother!*" pleaded a poorly-clad, blue-eyed girl; but with a horrid oath the poor drink-slave shrieked, as she swung back the door—

"Yes, *that* I will!

Thou demon, Alcohol! Canst thou even cause thy victim to despise the entreaties of her offspring?

Mothers of England, think of it!—For the sake of humanity—for the sake of the children—for the sake of your country—for Christ's sake, listen to the pleading voice of this waif of London. "Don't go in again!"

"Hear a million paupers wailing,
 Don't go in again.
 Listen! 'tis a madman railing,
 Don't go in again.
 Earnestly the orphans plead—
 'Drink no more; the hungry feed;
 Cause no other heart to bleed,
 Don't go in again.'
 Sorrow, anguish, pain are there,
 Don't go in again.
 Read again our Saviour's prayer,
 Don't go in again.
 'Deliver us from evil Lord.'
 Put on Thy breastplate; wield thy sword!
 Adjust thy shield; oh, swell the chord,
 Don't go in again."

THOMAS PHILPOT.

VARIETIES.

A LITTLE five-year-old boy, residing with his parents in the Chesney block, was asked by a lady, a few days since, for a kiss. He immediately complied; but the lady, noticing that the little fellow drew his hand across his lips, remarked: "Ah, but you are rubbing it off." "No, I ain't," was the quick rejoinder. "I'm rubbing it in."

THE times are hard—everybody says so—but the wages of sin have not been cut down.

"I DON'T like that cat any more," said a four year old. "It's got splinters in its feet."

"WHAT straits are most perilous?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent; and a little boy spoke up promptly, "Whisky straights!"

We have received for Review the following:—

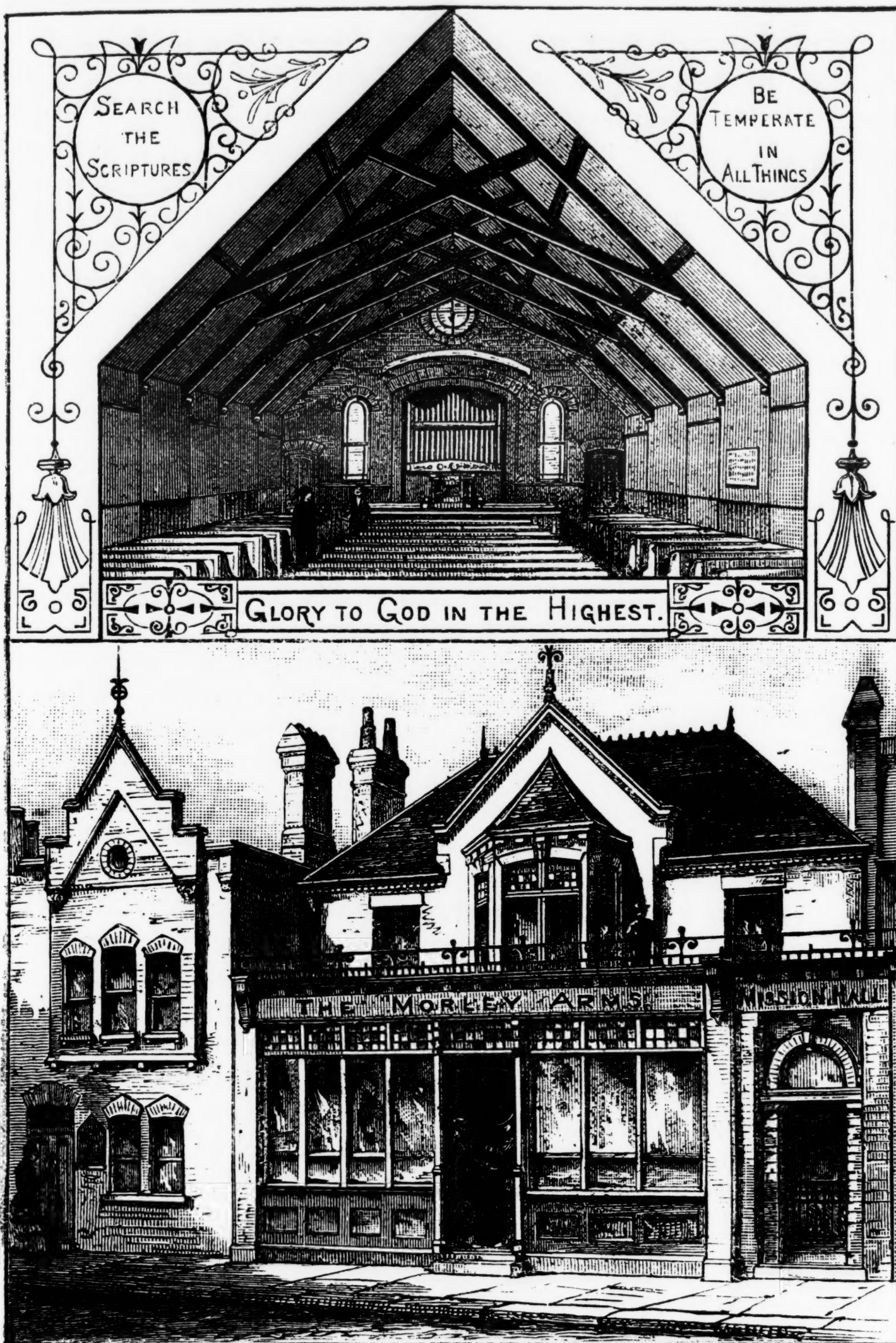
Spare Minutes Annual (Hatchards). A capital book for Working Men's Libraries or Mothers' Meetings. The Tales and Practical Papers are good; the *tone* is pure and healthy.

Sunshine for the Home, the School, and the World (G. Stoneman). Is decidedly one of the brightest of the Annuals for young people. The Editor has hit the mark in meeting the tastes of all readers.

Bible Light Annual for Truth Seekers and Christian Workers (John F. Shaw & Co.). In addition to a series of Experimental and Helpful Papers on Biblical Subjects, there is an Inquiry Page with Answers to important Questions by all sections of the Christian Church.

School and Home Annual (Systematic Bible Teaching Mission). Full of excellent Lessons and Helps for busy Teachers and all Parents.

Sunday. Reading for the Young. (Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.) Has upwards of 250 Illustrations, with suitable reading. A capital present for little folks.



OLD FORD MISSION AND BRITISH WORKMAN, TREDEGAR ROAD, BOW, E.

WE have no doubt but that most of our readers are more or less acquainted with the locality of Old Ford, which "down East" forms an integral part of the parish of St. Mary, Stratford, Bow, which has, during the last thirty-five years more than quadrupled its population, and nearly, for the benefit of those who have the privilege of paying, also the rates and taxes, which formerly, we

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believe, did not exceed 6d. in the £ all told ! a happy state of affairs not likely to again exist ; but of course, if people *will* have education, local improvements, and a more healthy state of Sanitary affairs, they must bear the consequent cost. The change has also doubtless been brought about by the erection of a large number of small houses which, becoming inhabited by the poorer labouring and mechanical classes, naturally in time increase the numbers suffering from distress. The Institution, of which we give a representation, stands nearly in the centre of Bow Parish, and has been for some years past the source of much good. The origin of the undertaking dates as far back as 1865, when a small band of earnest Christian friends carried on Mission and Temperance Work in a very small room in Mary-street, in the immediate neighbourhood. This becoming too strait for them, and a suitable site presenting itself, a portion of the present building was erected, which, being added to from time to time, the whole now forms an institution which, for the advantages it presents, can compare most favourably with any in the metropolis. On the ground-floor are public and private coffee-rooms, with handsome bar, temperance refreshments only being sold ; and there are facilities for chess, draughts, and dominoes, as also a good supply of daily and weekly papers. The large hall, as shown above, will seat 360 persons. There is an organ used for the Gospel and other services, as also a piano and harmonium available as required. There is, in addition, the Manager's house. On the first-floor is a large room used for entertainments, and as a library and reading-room. The basement contains another large room used for meetings, classes, &c. ; and there are retiring rooms at the end of the hall.

A variety of work is carried on at different times. On Sundays, morning and evening Gospel services, unsectarian in character, and free from extravagance. In the afternoon is a Sunday-school, and there are three separate services for children. During the week there are Mothers' meetings, Band of Hope, night school for girls, a singing class, and young men's society rejoicing in the name of "The Old Ford Pioneers." Those interested in the Temperance cause will be glad to know that besides the Band of Hope, there are three societies in connection with this work, including that of "the Sons of the Phoenix," a phalanx of sturdy men, who have done, and are doing much good. They have a brass band, brought to really great perfection in a remarkably short time. Numerous clubs use the premises for business purposes at different times ; boot and shoe clubs, blanket clubs, coal clubs, cricket clubs, &c., the meetings of which, but for the accommodation afforded, would probably be held in public houses, to the detriment of the members.

In concluding this brief notice of a most excellent work, we

cannot but remark that there is not a farthing of debt on the property, and that all the efforts made from the commencement have, with the exception of the Mission Woman, been carried on wholly by unpaid workers—an example, we think, worthy of imitation. One matter, however, weighs heavily on the hearts of the workers; the want of funds to assist the deserving poor, of which there are only too many surrounding them. Should any of our readers be disposed to help in this direction, any sum will be thankfully acknowledged by the Hon. Superintendent, Arthur Farnan, at the Mission Hall.

OPPOSITE THE TAVERN.

(Continued.)

It was a little odd, but that very evening, glancing from the window of his room, the farmer saw his daughter in company with a young man returning from a call upon her friend opposite; and as the two lingered at the gate, talking in low, earnest tones, the bright moonlight revealed to his gaze the handsome but evil face of Ben Stinchfield.

It was not a pleasant discovery; and a sad foreboding filled his heart when, in answer to his expressed disapproval, Rache only answered with a burst of tears, preserving, meanwhile, an obstinate silence, far more ominous in her case than words could have been.

He was not one to borrow trouble, as he repeated oftener and oftener to himself of late, and yet his heart sank within him when, one evening as they sat alone together—they were almost always alone evenings—his wife remarked anxiously: "I am sorry that John is about the stable over there so much. He always was fond of a horse, but since we came here his liking seems to have grown to a perfect passion, and he spends every spare moment in helping the hostler groom and feed them."

"Well, what of it?"

He knew all this himself, but he was not going to say so, and his wife's face and tone grew sadder yet as she answered: "You must have seen for yourself, David, how much he has changed for the worse since we came here. I don't know why it is, but this constant association with brutes seems, somehow, to have roughened him—to have made him more of an animal and less of a man. I used to like to see him pet old Dobbin and the colts when we lived on the other place, and he never seemed any the worse for it. But now all his talk is about this or that horse's 'points,' and how far it can be made to go in a given time. It don't seem to be so much of affection for the poor animals as a selfish desire to make the most of their strength and muscle."

Just then the subject of their conversation entered, and, tossing his hat into a corner, sat moodily down before the fire, into which he gazed with a half frown, as if thoroughly dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings.

The farmer himself first broke the silence.

"John," he said, gravely, "do you realise that you're one-and-twenty to-morrow?"

"I know it, of course," was the curt rejoinder. He had grown strangely disrespectful of late, and his parents, if they had said nothing, had felt it none the less keenly.

"I was going to say," resumed the farmer, with an effort, "that I had long since made up my mind to offer you, when the time came, a share in the farm. We can work together, and divide our gains equally, or"—noticing the gathering frown upon his son's face—"any way that suits you best, for I only want my living out of it. All that I have will be my children's one of these days."

John hesitated for a moment, and then he answered, firmly: "I have made up my mind to give up farming and go into something that I like better."

A sharp pang of disappointment pierced the father's heart, but he managed to ask, with tolerable calmness: "What are you thinking of doing?"

"I've engaged to drive a team for Stockbright for the present; and if ever I get enough ahead, I mean to go to the city and open a livery stable. It's the height of my ambition to have the fastest stud of horses in B——; and I'll have them, too, if I live long enough."

The height of his ambition to keep a livery stable! His duty to God, to his parents, to his fellow-men thrust carelessly aside, while his highest aim in life was to be the owner of a fine lot of horses!

It was the shattering of a lifelong hope; for, since the day, twenty-one years ago, when David Grover had pressed to his broad breast the tiny form of his first-born son, had that son's future been connected in his own mind with his own. And when the little fellow began to handle with sturdy fingers the hoe and spade, he had laughed gleefully over his "farmer boy," whom he merrily prophesied would, one day, "draw a straighter furrow and cut a wider swathe than his father himself could do." But now all these bright dreams had vanished, for he knew too well the determined nature of his eldest son to have any hope of turning him from his purpose. And as week after week passed by, and he saw him growing more coarse and profane amid his new surroundings and associates, his aching heart sent up day by day its weary cry for patience to bear his heavy burden.

The farm had proved productive, even beyond his ex-

pectations; and when the golden harvest days were over, when barns and granaries seemed bursting with their overflowing treasures, then, for a time, the proud husbandman, exulting in his success, forgot his troubles, and summoning his neighbours from far and near, commenced preparations for one of the greatest husking-parties that had ever been seen in Thinroc.

"I'll show them what can be made out of this place by a man that understands his business, and isn't afraid to put his own hand to the plough!" he said more than once, with a kind of angry satisfaction, as he remarked his daughter's flushed cheeks, and knew that she understood his hint; for Ben Stinchfield's trustless face had been seen oftener of late at the tavern opposite, and Rache's company was more often in demand by her friend the landlady.

And the evening came, the neighbours assembled, and all was mirth and jollity, while the farmer's heart beat high with pride and triumph as he listened to the complimentary remarks of his guests upon his skill and industry.

"Old Stinchfield was a pretty fair farmer, but he never raised such a crop as this in his life," were the words that more than once reached his ears, producing a corresponding feeling of exultation in the listener, who, as he walked proudly up the path that led to the house on some trivial errand, felt himself, in every bone and muscle of his stout frame, a true monarch of the soil.

"What is this?" he asked, as hastily pushing open the kitchen door, he came suddenly upon his wife and daughter, the latter in tears, while her mother looked grave and somewhat puzzled, he thought, as he repeated his question: "What is the trouble, wife? Anything gone wrong?"

Mrs. Grover half-smiled at her husband's anxious face, as she replied: "It was Rache's dress—that's all. I reproved her for wearing that thin, white muslin, when her new brown thibet would have been so much more suitable. And instead of answering me she began to sob and cry, just as if I'd said something really unkind and cruel."

"Poor child! She's all tired out, and it makes her nervous. But I ran in to say that you'd better make the coffee pretty soon, for they'll be ready for supper before long now. Rache, you may—"

But Rache was gone. She had slipped out just after her father came in; and with a promise to send both her and Wesley in to help finish the preparations for supper, the farmer went back to his guests.

Wesley was found, but Rache was nowhere to be seen, and concluding that she must already have returned to the house, her father troubled himself no further about the matter.

But when the confusion attendant upon serving the supper and clearing the great barn floors, preparatory to the dance that was

expected to come off there, was over, the farmer began to wonder at his daughter's non-appearance—a wonder that was changed into anger as, at the first sound of the musician's violin, he saw her approaching to take her place among the dancers, leaning upon the arm of Ben Stinchfield.

The hot, angry blood flushed the farmer's face, as he noted the air of easy effrontery with which the young man entered, uninvited, his neighbour's premises, nor was his anger lessened at sight of his daughter's pale cheeks and downcast eyes, as she languidly kept time to the inspiring music.

"It's the *last* time he'll ever set foot in my house," he muttered to himself; and with an effort he set himself to work to entertain, in his homely, hearty, country fashion, the few elderly friends who yet lingered to watch the young people at their sports.

But one by one these, too, dropped off, and he stood alone just outside the great, folding, barn-doors, through which a broad band of light streamed across the path beyond; and as he stood there, silent and thoughtful, out into that illuminated space came the two whose faces had haunted him continually for the last two hours. He saw the arm about his daughter's waist, the warm kisses pressed upon her lips, while upon the still night air he could distinguish a murmur of encouragement and tenderness. In a moment more he was beside them; his hand grasped the young man's shoulder with a grip like iron, as he fairly hissed through his set teeth: "You rascal! Didn't I tell you never to set foot in my house again?"

"That was some time ago; and *relationship* makes all the difference in the world. It's a foul bird that befouls its own nest, *Father Grover*."

The cool insolence, the cruel exultation of the tone and manner were all lost in the terrible significance of *that* word, and the strong man reeled dizzily to and fro, like one in the last extremity, but his daughter's voice recalled his scattered senses, and it was with something akin to pity that he listened to her faltering words: "I loved him so well that I—I *could* not give him up, even to please you;" and she stretched out her hand imploringly, but the gesture was unheeded.

"Where—when were you—*married*?"

The word seemed as if it would choke him, but the other answered, glibly: "To-night, at the tavern, by my friend, Stockbright. He's a justice of the peace, you know."

"Forgive me, father—only say that you forgive me!" sobbed Rache, interrupting her husband's explanation, and the trembling hands were again stretched out pleadingly.

But the shock both to his pride and love had been too great, and in a tone hoarse with passion David Grover ordered them sternly from his premises.

"Go to your friends across the way," he said, bitterly, "for I will never countenance your deceit by opening my doors to you."

The young husband laughed scornfully—a laugh that drowned the piteous sobbing of his bride, as, turning away from the shelter of her home—hers no longer—they returned to their expectant and waiting friends (?) over the way.

(To be continued.)

HEALING PROPERTIES OF WATER.

THERE is no remedy of such general application and none so easily attainable as water, and yet nine persons in ten will pass it by in an emergency to seek for something of less efficacy. There are but few cases of illness where water should not occupy the highest place as a remedial agent. A strip of flannel or a napkin folded lengthwise and wrung out of hot water, and applied round the neck of a child that has croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes. A towel folded several times and quickly wrung out of hot water and applied over the seat of the pain in toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief. This treatment in colic works like magic. We have known cases that have resisted other treatment for hours yield to this in ten minutes. There is nothing that will so promptly cut short a congestion of the lungs, sore throat, or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Pieces of cotton batting dipped in hot water, and kept applied to sores and new cuts, bruises and sprains, is the treatment adopted in many hospitals. Sprained ankle has been cured in an hour by showering it with hot water, poured from a height of a few feet. Tepid water acts promptly as an emetic, and hot water taken freely half-an-hour before bedtime is the best of cathartics in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect on the stomach and bowels. This treatment continued for a few months, with proper attention to diet, will alleviate any case of dyspepsia.

FAST EATING.

By eating fast, the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are, the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye, that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as a half of a pea, it digests almost as soon without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for even if it is well chewed, the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness, or bad teeth.

JOHN AND MARY; OR, UNEQUALLY YOKED.

ONE lovely spring morning, quite early in May,
Our quiet village street looked uncommonly gay ;
Some women had certainly put on their best,
While lasses in many bright colors were drest.

I looked wondering around as to what it could mean,
When turning the corner could clearly be seen
A small bridal party, so happy and glad,
Quite enough to disperse any thoughts that were sad.

I just stepped aside within a shop door,
And saw them all pass : yes—one, two, three, four !
These were all followed by fathers and mothers,
With relatives, friends, or sisters and brothers.

But who is the bride ? I think by her look
'Tis good Mary Lane—Miss Sanderson's cook :
A Christian young woman, without any doubt,
But who she will marry I cannot make out.

So after some little enquiries I made,
My heart sank within me—I felt quite afraid
That good Mary Lane had been tempted to yield
The love of her heart to a man of the world.

He was moral and upright, so good and so kind,
To Church or to Meeting seemed fully inclined ;
And so Mary hoped, and hoped for the best,
Contented to chance it, she was for the rest.

O Mary, O Mary, this unguarded choice
Will never, I fear, make your heart to rejoice ;
The future may bring you a cup full of sorrow,
That unequal yoking forecasts for the morrow.

Yes ; the step has been taken—though God will reward
The humble believer who holds to His Word ;
Yet those who obey not, will find, to their cost,
His favour and smile for the present are lost.

Come down, now, with me, to this home bright and clean,
We'll take a peep in and see what's to be seen ;
Why, Mary and John, with their Bible, are there,
And hush ! they are kneeling at family prayer.

Each Sabbath returning I watched with delight
My new wedded pair, so happy and bright ;
Filling their place in the House of the Lord,
And certainly listening to God's blessed Word.

But ere the first year had well gone its round,
The husband alone in his seat might be found ;
A sweet little stranger detained wife at home—
So Mary and Baby would presently come.

'Twas just as I thought—the baby would cry,
So John said to mind it at home he would try ;
Unwillingly Mary consented to this,
And sorrowed to think John a Service should miss.

Thus a good rule was broken, indifference began,
And soon you may find John at Church if you can ;
Any trifling excuse would keep him away,
To the grief of his Mary, when home she must stay.

PART SECOND.

'Twas a calm Sabbath eve, in bright summer time,
When the bells for our Service began their sweet chime ;
In numbers unusual the people passed by :
John wondered,—but yet did not ask Mary why.

Very much she wished he would make some remark,
For she knew he'd go out now the evenings weren't dark ;
One thought often grieved her in happiest days,
She felt they were walking *two different* ways.

So she prettily said—"John, I want you to take
The baby and me, and our dear little Kate,
A sermon to hear, for fathers and mothers,
Besides 'twill be made quite pleasing to others.

"The babe will be good, bless her dear little heart,
O may she but share with my Saviour her part—
In His mansions above, He has gone to prepare,
I earnestly pray that we all shall be there.

"I often am thinking of that solemn day,
When Jesus our Lord to His loved ones will say—
'Come, ye blessed ones, come, and sit down with Me ;
But, ye cursed, depart, from My presence now flee.'

"I feel as we sing, that—'He first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree,'
I love Him for wearing the thorns on His brow ;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

"Now, Mary, no cant, for I hate it, you know,
So put on your things, and a-walking we'll go ;
And lock up our house, and our children we'll take,
We'll stroll through the woods to see neighbour Drake."

"No, John ; no, indeed—I cannot obey :
Remember the Sabbath—'tis God's holy day ;
Any evening you please I'll go with you there,
But this one I cannot—'tis more than I dare."

"But I say you shall, and that is enough,
So hold off your preaching, no more of such stuff ;
To Church you shan't go but once in the day,
And I am determined to have my own way."

"But, John, 'twas not Church where I went after dinner :
I went down to the Room to hear Mrs. Pinner,
And then after speaking so kindly and right,
She invited the parents to attend Church to-night.

"You promised me, John, when I married you,
That to your Church and your God you'd be true ;
But long you have slighted the ways of the Lord,
And turned a deaf ear to Him and His Word."

Greatly annoyed, John banged to the door ;
 Poor Mary felt wounded—she could say no more ;
 Her tears fell like rain on her little one's face,
 While she earnestly prayed for wisdom and grace.

She calmly considered—then quickly arose,
 And put on her own, and the children's best clothes,
 Then wended her way to the House of the Lord,
 Where she hoped He would speak some comforting word.

She was not deceived, for though she was sad,
 She heard of her Saviour—He made her heart glad :
 It was not surprising, she looked round for John,
 Whom dearly she loved—though he was in the wrong.

When Service was over she hastened away
 To get to her home without any delay,
 That she might have time the supper to spread
 Before the little ones went to their bed.

She had just finished all, and sat down to read
 A few words of comfort in this hour of need ;
 When the step she had longed for was presently heard,
 And John stood before her—but said not a word.

“Come, supper is ready,—it's getting quite late,—
 I'm sure you are tired,” said John's pretty mate ;
 No notice was taken of what had occurred,
 And Mary kept pondering what she had heard.

Well, things went on quietly for many a year,
 And Mary in good ways did still persevere,
 She much loved her Saviour, and still feared her God ;
 In paths of submission and meekness she trod.

But John loved *his* way, and on pleasure was bent,
 So just in the steps of the worldling he went ;
 Yet he was industrious, sober, and kind,
 But to fear or serve God, he had not a mind.

There was peace in the house, for Mary was good,
 And to please her dear husband, did all that she could ;
 If e'er she regretted the choice she had made,
 Much loving attention to John she still paid.

PART THIRD.

One cold autumn morning John hastened from home,
 For work of importance must quickly be done ;
 The Church, it was said, was needing repair,
 And men were engaged building scaffolding there.

He laughingly said, as he hurried away,—
 “Well, Mary, I'm off to the Church for the day ;
 So be sure that you have a good supper to-night,
 With a nice cosy fire, all pleasant and bright.”

So she bustled about, doing all that she could,
 Thinking what he would like, as most good wives should ;
 But the words he had said, on her mind still would rest,
 For they seemed like a joke on what she loved best.

Mary got through her work and had just made her bed,
 When she chanced from the window to put out her head ;

And a scene met her eyes that filled her with fright,
For she never had seen such a horrible sight.

'Twas a man on a shutter all bleeding and torn,
So mangled, one scarce could discern any form ;
But, horror of horrors, poor Mary describes
The form of her husband, as senseless he lies.

She uttered a cry—then ran to the door
To let the men in (he was carried by four),
The Doctor arrived without any delay,
But shook his head gravely, as if he would say—

“ There's little chance here, but my skill I must try,
I fear very much that the poor man will die ;
His ribs are so broken, but that's not the worst,
'Tis his head is so hurt, I must see to that first.”

A few hours had passed, and John did not speak,
He lay in such suffering, so helpless and weak ;
Poor Mary, in silence, kept watch by his side,
While the little girls looked on their father and cried.

He presently opened his poor languid eye,
And looked on his wife with a pitiful sigh,
As if she could help him—one word did he say,
'Twas only one word, and that word was—“ Pray !”

Very early next morning the doctor arrived,
And gladly announced that John had revived ;
Tho' he scarce spoke a word—power seemed to be gone,
Yet he whispered to Mary—“ You're right and I'm wrong.”

Tho' he slightly revived, he soon sank again,
'Twas a pitiful sight—he lay moaning in pain.
Insensible now, this seemed his death song :—
O Mary, my wife—“ You're right and I'm wrong.”

'Ere death closed the scene, he put to his heart
The hand that he loved, and from which he must part,
And gave a long sigh, as his soul passed away ;
To HEAVEN OR HELL—which, which, shall we say ?

* * * *

Mary loved him in life, she loved him in death,
And o'er his remains unceasingly wept ;
She solemnly bowed in submission to One
Who taught her to say,—“ Thy will, Lord, be done.”

Oh ! who can describe both her sorrow and grief,
For no words of comfort would bring her relief ;
If Mary could only be sure John was saved,
Nought else in this world she so earnestly craved.

But doubts would arise, little hope did he give
That he in the Saviour did ever believe ;
This thought cast a gloom o'er the rest of her life,
Though she always had been an affectionate wife.

* * * *

One word, I would add, to those who would marry,
If you are a Christian, a burden you'll carry,
Unless you attend to this—sister or brother,
And “ be not unequally yoked to each other.”

“ MY MOTHER’S BEEN PRAYING.”

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay, Hartlepool, it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height, the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig, struck on Longrear Rock, a reef extending a mile from one side of the bay. She sunk, leaving only two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The lifeboats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men, clinging to the swaying masts, was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted, one mast fell. Just as the rocket, bearing the life-line, went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when suddenly they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious. The *Sunday Magazine* may describe the final scene :—

With wild amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathising friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman near him and asked :—

“ Where am I ? ”

“ Thou art here, my lad.”

“ Where’s the cap’n ? ”

“ Drowned, my lad.”

“ The mate, then ? ”

“ He’s drowned, too.”

“ The crew ? ”

“ They are all lost, my lad ; thou art the only one saved.”

The boy stood, overwhelmed, for a few moments ; then he raised both his hands, and cried in a loud voice :—

“ My mother’s been praying for me ! My mother’s been praying for me ! ”

And then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand, and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother’s love, and to God’s faithfulness in listening to a mother’s prayers.

The little fellow was taken to a house close by, and in a few days he was sent home to his mother’s cottage in Northumberland.

A BRAVE BOY.—A coal shaft was sunk in Illinois recently, and after applying a slow match for blasting, the workman signalled to be drawn up. When raised about forty feet he was thrown back to the bottom, accidentally. His stepson instantly slid down the rope, a distance of 70 feet, and tore the match from the fuse in time to prevent the explosion, otherwise the man would have been blown to atoms. The boy’s hands were terribly cut, but his heroism saved his father.

FATHER AND CHILD.

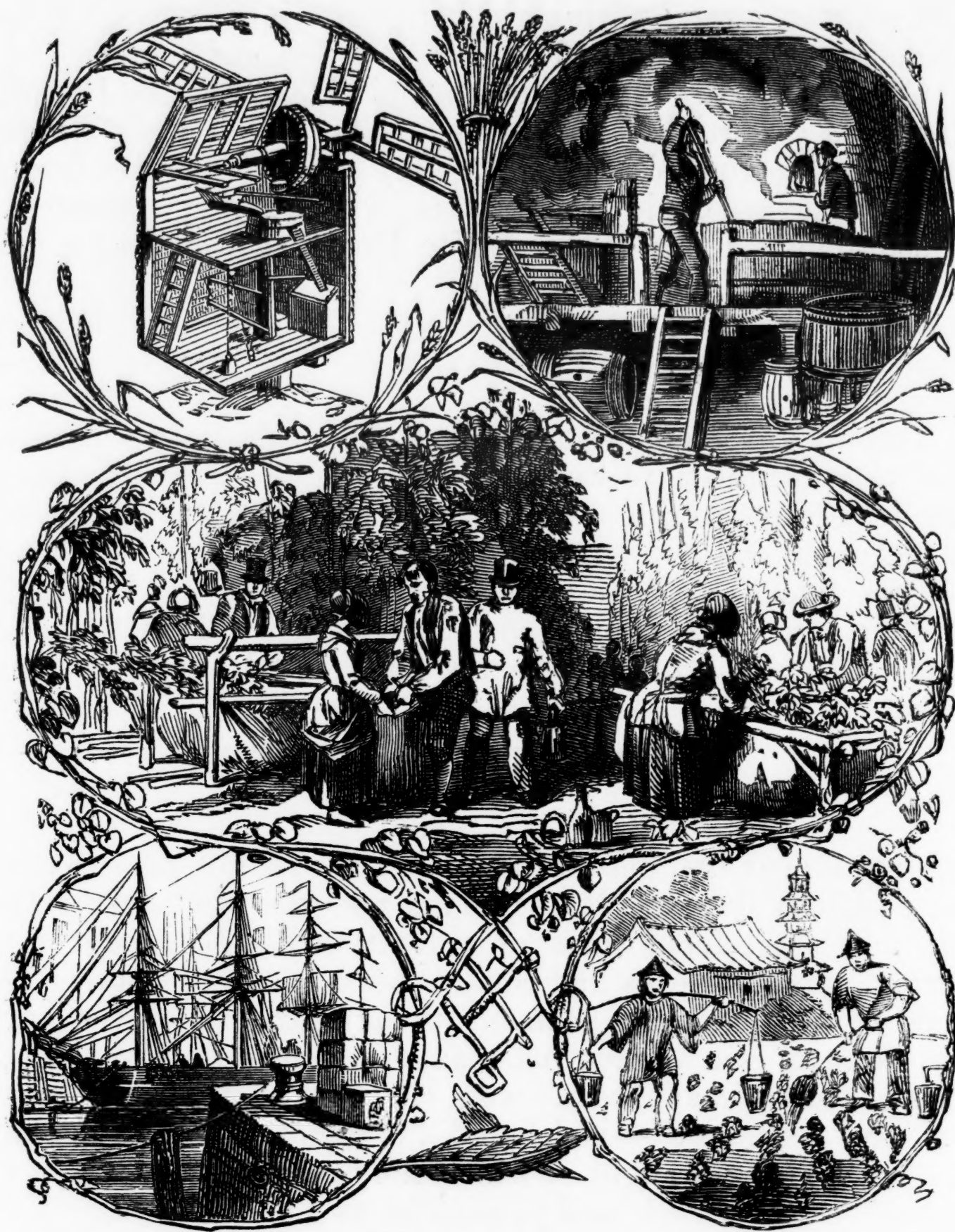
THE father's first duty is to sympathise with his children, and so to win their sympathy. If you want your boy to be manly, you must be boyish; if you want him to join in your ambitions for him, you must join in his sports and enter into his life. You cannot govern him by perpetual repression. You must guide him; and if you are to guide him, you must have hold of his hand, and keep hold. If you do not want him to play cards, play something better with him; if you do not wish him to seek fun in the streets at night, furnish him with fun in the parlour. It is said of our heavenly Father, that He knoweth our frame, He remembered we are dust. A great many fathers do not know their boy's frames, nor remember that they are boys. Most natures will yield to love more quickly than to authority; or, to speak accurately, to the authority of love than to that of force. Secondly, give very few commandments, but insist on prompt and ready obedience to those. Children who are kept in swaddling clothes all the time will sooner or later rend them off. Great sympathy; few laws—these few absolute and inexorable; this is the condition of good family government. Thirdly, in the administration of this government see to it that you have your boy's conscience on your side. Punish him, not merely when he deserves it, but when he thinks that he deserves it. Never, absolutely never, punish on suspicion. Never, absolutely never, condemn without first giving the accused a hearing. Do not condemn him even in your own mind till you hear what he has to say. Every boy, as every man, is to be presumed innocent until he has been proved guilty. There is no injustice more horrible than that practised on children, and no victims who are more sensitive to it. Never punish a child for the consequences of his wrong conduct. If his carelessness has broken a window or torn his clothes, quite likely that is of itself punishment enough. It is when he has been careless and no harm has come that he needs punishment. Never punish because you are angry, or because that you have said you would and it will not do to retract, or until he yields and does what he is bidden to do. Whatever punishment may be in the government of God, in the government of man it is simply curative. Punish only for the sake of curing your boy of his sin; punish only so far as may be necessary for that purpose; punish the wrong act, and do not punish again until it is repeated. And when you have punished, do with your boy's sin what God does with ours; blot it out of the book of your remembrance, and remember it no more against him for ever. Thus you may secure the sympathy of your boy, even in the punishment you administer, and his co-operation in all your work of training him towards a perfect Christian manhood. It is certain that you cannot do much towards that training without such co-operation.

THE LONDON DUST-MAN.

"There are more than 30,000 inhabited houses in London, consuming more than 3,500,000 tons of coal a year; and, besides the ashes from this great quantity of fuel, the dust-man gathers the other refuse of the houses. He is employed by a contractor, who agrees with the corporation to remove the ashes, etc., out of the city, and the contractor divides every load into six parts, as follows: Soil or fine dust, which is sold to brick-makers for making bricks, and to farmers for manure! breeze, or cinders, sold to brick-makers for burning bricks; rags, bones, and old metals, sold to marine store dealers; old tin and iron vessels, sold to trunk-makers for clamps; bricks, oyster and other shells, sold for foundations and road building; and old boots and shoes, sold to the manufacturers of Prussian blue. Sometimes much more valuable things than these are found, and the reader may remember the romance that Charles Dickens made out a London dust-man—"Our Mutual Friend." It is in sifting the different parts of the load that the men, women, and children are employed; they are as busy as ants; mere babies and wrinkled old dames take part in the labour, and all of them are so covered with dust and ashes that they are anything but pleasant to contemplate, though, as a rule, they are useful, honest, and industrious members of society. "Dustie" is what the Londoners familiarly call the dust-man, and only a few know in what ignorance and poverty he lives. One would think he would work himself into a better occupation, but his family have been dust-men for generations, and the generations after him are not likely to change."

A COUNTRYMAN was sowing his ground when two smart fellows riding by, one of them called out, with an insolent air, "Well, my good man; 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." The rustic replied, "'Tis very like you may, for just now I am sowing hemp."

Not long ago a Scotch Board-school inspector asked the members of a class that was under examination, "What is the cause of the saltiness of the ocean?" Flushed with the discovery that had flashed upon her mind, one little girl raised her hand. "You may tell," said the inspector. "Salt fish, sir!" exclaimed the pupil, triumphantly.



BEVERAGES.

THE introduction of tea, coffee, and cocoa, has led to important changes in the physical and moral habits of mankind. Previous to their introduction fermented liquors of some kind—wine, ale, beer, or cider—were the drink universally used by persons of both sexes. Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour breakfasted upon beef-steaks and ale. The excitement consequent on the common use of these liquors is a kind of intoxication.

Now, in lieu of them, we have beverages which have all the refreshing and exhilarating effects of fermented liquors without producing any evil consequences. To the weary or exhausted, tea and coffee are refreshing; they give activity to the intellect without confusing the head; and they are perfectly adapted to the use of women, which wine and ale can never be. The lovers of tea

and coffee are rarely drinkers of stronger liquors, hence the use of these beverages has benefited both manners and morals.

Coffee was introduced into France in 1669, and the French soon displayed a partiality for its use. The Dutch were the first to transplant it from Mocha, where they had purchased a few plants, to their own colonies at Batavia, whence they exported it to Amsterdam. From that city the French consul sent a plant to Louis XIV. It was placed in a hot house, and thrived so astonishingly, that the project of transporting it to their colony of Martinique suggested itself to the Government, as likely to be very advantageous.

Three plants were accordingly sent, of which two perished by the way, and the third was preserved solely by the care of Captain Declieux, who, during a long and stormy passage, shared with it his ration of fresh water, and thus preserved its life. This plant was the source of all the coffee plantations afterwards established at Martinique, Guadaloupe, and St. Domingo. This circumstance is recorded in Raynal's History of the West Indies.

OPPOSITE THE TAVERN.

(Concluded.)

ANOTHER year had passed away, and David Grover's heart sank more heavily day by day as he marked his wife's fast whitening hair and the piteous lines of patient endurance about her sad mouth, while her eyes had come to wear a strange, startled look, that would sometimes shange into actual terror at the sound of her younger son's often unsteady footsteps at the door; for, strange as it may seem, even the gentle, studious boy—the "mother's student"—had found his temptation in the shape of that maddening draught of which the temper still whispers in his victim's ear: "*Drink*, and ye shall be as gods."

To the poetic, dreamy temperament of Wesley Grover there was a wonderful fascination in the intoxicating cup, with its bright, bewildering fancies and delicious madness.

"The taste of spirits makes a poet, a warrior of me," he would say, in answer to his mother's agonized entreaties. "I know that it is ruining me, soul and body, but I am too weak to resist the temptation. The smell, the very sight of it, maddens me, and for the time I forget everything else in a fierce craving for it.

And so the time passed away, and winter with its frosts and snows was upon them once more; little heeded, to be sure, in the farmer's warm and comfortable home, although Mrs. Grover whispered through her fast-dropping tears, as she drew from one of her well-filled chests an extra blanket for her son's bed, and suspended it before the blazing fire: "Poor, little Rache!

Would to God that I could know that she is *comfortable* even this bitter cold night, in her far-off city home."

And as a fiercer blast swept over the shuddering farm-house, her husband, too, echoed the prayer in his own heart.

Suddenly his wife started to her feet.

"What is that?" she whispered, fearfully. "I thought I heard a child cry out there in the storm."

Both listened for a moment, and then the farmer moved hastily toward the door. As he opened it the drifting snow rushed in, almost extinguishing the light, but bearing with it that low, piteous wail, whose terrible significance they were quick to comprehend.

"Here, wife, quick! take the light. There is somebody here on the door-step."

And flinging aside the snow, the still strong man lifted in his arms the cloaked and hooded form that had lain without sound of motion on the snow-covered door-stone.

"Take the baby!" he exclaimed, energetically, as his trembling wife advanced with the warmed blanket, and placing the wailing infant in her arms, he proceeded to remove the frozen cloak and hood from the silent figure, when suddenly a cry broke from his lips, so full of horror, of agony, that his wife started from her chair with a stifled shriek, pressing the baby convulsively to her breast as she listened: "It's she! Oh, Rache—my poor, little Rache!" And tearing off the shrouding garments, he clasped the insensible form to his breast with a strange, fierce tenderness. "She is *ours* once more," he cried, wildly. "In death, perhaps, but *ours* at last, thank God!" And he kissed tenderly the cold lips that now, for the first time, shewed signs of life.

In a few moments the blue eyes unclosed, and a smile of tender joy passed over the wan face as she felt her father's caresses.

"I came all the way from B—— on foot," she murmured, brokenly. "I had no money, for he—had gone away and left us to—*starve*."

"No, no!" and the father almost shrieked the words in his agony. "To *live*—to be happy once more in the old home."

"Too late!" The words were scarcely more than a whisper, but the pale face had grown strangely bright as, returning her mother's kiss, she feebly stretched out her arms for her baby.

Fondly the white lips were pressed to the wee face nestling on her breast; then, with an upward look and a smile of ineffable tenderness, her head sank back upon its pillow, a crimson tide burst from the parted lips, the slight form grew rigid, and poor Rache was at rest in the arms of Eternal Love.

"It's all the fault of that tavern over the way. He's been in

the habit of hanging about it ever since he was a boy. No wonder he don't amount to much."

Farmer Grover sprang from his bed, rubbing his eyes and trying hard to swallow down the sobs with which his throat was filled. He paused for a moment bewildered, as through the half-open door of his bedroom he heard Rache say, in answer to her brother's remark: "I heard his sister, Lotty Stinchfield, say once, that that tavern had been the ruin of her brother; and she wished her father had sold out years ago."

"He won't sell out to *me*," muttered the listener, with a feeling of such intense relief as he had never before in his life experienced. And as he entered the cheerful, sunshiny kitchen, where Rache with her bright face and light step, was busy preparing breakfast as usual, he did what was a very strange thing for him to do—took the dear girl in his arms and kissed her forehead, cheek and lips, just as he used to do in her baby days.

"Why, father," she stammered, laughing and blushing in her girlish fashion; "you almost frightened me, you took me so by surprise."

"I dreamed that you were lost to me, Rache," he said with a shudder,—and that was all he said about it.

But, years afterward, when young John Lane, the purchaser of the Stinchfield farm, applied to him for money to pay off the mortgages on his land, then, with the old memories busy at his heart, he told to his wondering children the story of that night's unwritten prophecies, which he ended with the solemn declaration: "I may be superstitious, but I honestly believe that that dream was sent to warn me; and I never have been sorry yet that I heeded it"—a conclusion that each heartily subscribed to in their own hearts.

MRS. H. G. ROWE.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

WITH REGARD TO TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

WHAT we most need is *individual* effort. Rank and file standing shoulder to shoulder, *each making the case his own*,—that wins battles. We have battles to fight; but ours is no warfare of violence or blood, our success leaves behind it no desolations. It hushes the grief of suffering infancy and childhood; it soothes weary hearts; it gives hope to despair; it *banishes* nothing that is fair and good; it *brings* nothing that is not lovely and of good report; jails it empties; schools and churches it fills; it gives little leisure to the schoolmaster, the tailor, the butcher, the baker, the grocer—much to the policeman, the warder, the magistrate, the judge; it disappoints no Christian soul,—it does

disappoint the devil; it darkens no man's door; it makes no man a worse friend, neighbour, citizen, Christian; it has put a light into myriads of eyes dim with weeping. How beautiful it is—an enterprise of Christian humanity! Work away, then, brothers and sisters! heed not how few are with you, or how many against you. *Right* doesn't go by counting. We believe God destines to do great things by this humble instrumentality.

His smile beautifies the world's frown. Let us aim to be inspired by the love of Christ, and the love of our brother. Let us be patient, gentle, loving, and withal as firm as a rock in the righteousness of our cause, knowing (which is best of all) that "God is with us."—*Rev. S. Eardley.*

THE TWO WIDOWS.

A LADY sat in her elegant home,
Surrounded with comforts it stood;
But her heart was heavy with grief, and sad,
For its master had been removed.

Her husband had finished his earthly course,
The heavenly race he had won,
He had gone to walk in the golden streets,
And the wife he had loved sat alone.

She wept and she sighed in her lonely grief,
Until to her mind it occurred
That others were sorrowing even as she,
Who no voice of comfort had heard.

"Yes, there are many sad, stricken ones left,
Without home and comforts, like me,
Oh, what can be done for these desolate ones!
Indeed, I must hasten to see.

"There's dear Widow White, and old Widow Green,
And Harris, and Simpson, and Brown,
And that poor young widow, with six little bairns,
Who has lately come to the town.

"There's dear Widow French, whom I highly esteem,
I'll send her some coals and some meat,
And a warm flannel petticoat, with a nice shawl,
To make her look tidy and neat."

As the lady thus mused, she almost forgot
Her loneliness and her grief.

"To-morrow," said she "I'll hasten all round,
And send them substantial relief."

And then she just breathed out her evening prayer
To Him who had given her much
Of His silver and gold, which on wings of love
Would swiftly fly forth at her touch.

So she calmly slept, and she seemed to hear
 The voice of her loved one, who said:
 "Your time and your store lay out for the Lord,
 Let the widows and orphans be fed."

* * * * *

In a poor little house, so neat and so bare,
 Sat a woman in sorrow alone;
 It is the young widow with six little bairns,
 Who lately has come to the town.

'Twas night, and she prayed to her Father above,
 "My children, O God, must be fed;
 I beseech Thee, O Lord, forsake me not now
 Thy servant, my husband, is dead.

"But pity, and bless, and provide for us now—
 O God of the fatherless hear,
 And send us some food, or we perish for want—
 And, oh, that Thine help may be near!

"Thou knowest, O Lord, how hungry we are;
 My little ones long for some food;
 I know Thou wilt send it, because Thou hast been
 So full of compassion and good."

And then she lay down in a calm, long sleep,
 With her children around her so dear;
 And He who had listened to cries of distress,
 Was ready to answer her prayer.

* * * * *

"Dear mother," said the eldest child,
 A girl of ten years old,
 "I do believe we'll have some bread,
 Though we are very cold.

"For last night in my dream I saw
 The manna fall like rain;
 And I went out to pick it up,
 Then ate, and went again.

"And there was more the second time;
 Yes, mother, more and more;
 It was so nice, it fell so fast,
 It rained in at our door."

The mother's faith began to rise,
 Her thoughts flew to the past,
 When heavenly bread *was* scattered down,
 That might not be the last.

The widow felt almost inclined
 To open wide her door;
 She did so, when a sack of coals
 Fell in upon the floor.

Poor little Mary almost cried,
 She sadly wanted bread:
 "Oh, if we could but eat the coals!
 The hungry children said.

They soon began to pick them up,
 A fire was quickly made,
 The kettle was put on to boil,
 And next the cloth was laid;
 When lo! a loud sharp knock was heard
 Upon the cottage door;
 It was a man well-laden with
 A choice and goodly store.
 For seven packages he brought
 Upon his aching arms;
 One for the widow was addressed,
 And one for each her bairns.
 It rained indeed, not bread alone,
 But plums, and meat, and fruits,
 With eggs and butter, cake and tea,
 And each a pair of boots.
 And in each boot a shilling too;
 Oh, what a sweet surprise!
 The children clapped their hands for joy,
 And opened wide their eyes.
 But little Mary meekly said,
 "Mother, *it is* from Heaven;
 'Tis only God who knows us here,
 And knows that we are seven."
 The mother raised her tearful eyes
 In gratitude to God,
 Who did supply the Widow's need
 According to His Word.
 Then "let thy widows trust in Me,"
 The great Jehovah saith;
 And well they may, for not in vain
 Is faithful praying breath.

S. C.

May be obtained of the Author, Mrs. Coales, 46, Goldstone Villas, West Brighton.

THE MINER'S ORPHAN;

OR,

"GOD'LL SHOW ME THE WAY."

"YES, sir," said the man, running his hand through his shaggy locks, his harsh face showing the marks of unusual intelligence, "mining in this region be a hard life, but I think we've all been better since little Pinky went away."

"And who was little Pinky?" asked the gentleman, while the dark eyes of the young lady at his side sparkled in anticipation of a story.

"Well, you see, it be something of a tale; and if ye'd move farther on to the shade of the old oak yonder, it'll mayhap be pleasanter for the young miss, for the sun be hot."

The lady and gentleman followed the brown and weather-beaten man to the cool shadow of the oak, and finding a seat for the young lady on a convenient root that came squarely up from the ground, the miner began with his customary preface.

"You see, Pinky were the son of Jesse Pinkam, a young man, and a regular good one, as the saying goes. I reckon Pinkam was the only man of us as ever said the Lord's Prayer, or any other prayer. He were a nice young fellow, that's the fact! but we're a rude set, sir, we of the mines, and 'specially in this place; we didn't like anything that was what we called 'pious.' Sundays, sir, used to be a regular—well, I might say, hell-day, with us. It was nothing but drinking and dancing, pitching, and cards, and swearing.

"Well, sir, you see Jesse he got married to a regular lady-like girl, sir, and it turned out a pious one. They didn't none of 'em, that is Pinkam, his wife, and old mother, join us in our merry-makings on a Sabbath, but sometimes the young man and Bessy—that's his wife, sir—would walk five miles to hear a parson preach. We was all down upon Jesse, sir; you see the real thing was, he made us ashamed of ourselves by his goodness, and I was worse than the rest, trying my best all the time to pick up a quarrel with him. Well, sir, one Saturday night what did we see but a notice stuck up on this very tree, that there'd be a parson from Frankstown on the morrow, to preach to us. We didn't like the news, and we could tell pretty well where the move come from, 'cause you see we knew Jesse was pious. So we determined, the major part of us, that we wouldn't have no psalm-singing—no canting-praying—no reading out of the Bible.

"Well, the minister came, and he found a Babel. We all got together, and we raved, and laughed, and we pitched quoits, and made such a noise that the parson had to give it up. He tried agin and agin, and came right among us—he was plucky, I tell ye—but we hooted in his ears, and threw mud on his bettermost clothes; and so he was fairly driven off—'cause, you see, we had liquor enough in us to set us all crazy.

"Poor Jesse!—how we jeered him after that!—but he bore it meek, sir, and I was often ashamed of myself, though I'd died afore I'd confessed it. But I was sorry enough for my part of it; for one day there came a rumbling, heavy noise, shaking the earth, and then a crash like rattling thunder beneath our feet, and we knew that somebody was buried alive. It was in the working shaft where Jesse was, and there didn't happen to be a soul in the place except him, poor fellow!—they'd all gone into another shaft, where he didn't like to follow 'em, 'cause they was such a wicked set; and as they was eating their dinners, and he his, the accident happened.

"We dug him out, sir. He was awfully crushed—all but his

face—that looked smiling and peaceful-like, and we couldn't bear the sight; it made us think how we'd a-treated him. So we carried him home to Bessy. She didn't cry and take on, as most of the men's wives do when an accident happens; but it were awful to see how still and white she were! Awful, sir; and I never want to see a sight like it agin.

“We all felt bad—for poor Jesse hadn't never said a harsh word to one of us, and he'd borne many an insult. We couldn't see through it when he were living, but used to call him ‘weak-headed,’ and a ‘tame covey,’ but as he lay there in his coffin, there came a different feeling over me, sir, you may depend on it. Oh! if I'd a-heard then the lesson that was telling of me—if I'd only listened then to the voice of God, speaking as it were from the lips of that crushed, dead body, I'd a-saved myself many a day of suffering—many an hour of torment. But I didn't.

“We all walked to the grave, and I tell ye it touched even hard fellows like us, to see that young widdow, with her little child in her arms, foller close to the coffin—never crying, only holding her head down as if it were too heavy bowed with her sorrow to keep it up.

“Well, we had a talk at the grave by the same parson as we'd treated so badly. I don't know what his good words would a done in after days, if I hadn't been a leader in wickedness—a hater of pious people, and of everything that had to do with religion—a wicked, swearing, worthless sinner! I say it to my shame, I don't boast, sir—God forbid! I wish I could shut out of my thought all the years of my life that I ain't spent piously. But God, I hope, will be merciful to me.

“Well, sir, his wife—the poor young thing! took the death sadly to heart. They said the shock had been too sudden—dried up all her tears, like. She never cried o'er it—only languished and pined—grew thinner and white, and died just three months after poor Jesse. That was how the little boy—Jesse's little boy—came to be an orphan, sir.

“Well, we was all determined to take care of the little one, so we cast lots every month to see which should have the maintainin' of him. It used to come to me pretty often, but I done it willingly, sir, because I considered I'd been hard to the man—very hard to poor dead Jesse.

“The boy was pretty, sir, but he didn't grow much. You see he hadn't no *mother-love* to thrive on. The women, they thought they did well by him, but they sort o' hustled him, and he wanted something different, coming of a delicate stock. I don't suppose nothing, sir, can give a child that feel that having somebody to love and call mother, does—no, not all the cossettin' in the world by strangers.

"Well, the years passed, and the little fellow began to be handy in the mine. It seemed a pity to see him beginning that hard sort o' life, but then we're not able even to take care of one more helpless hand, and there was plenty young as he down there. But he were so different from all the rest of the children. He looked for all the world, before he got the grime in his face, like a gentleman's child, sir. His skin was like the shells you sometimes see with a leetle red tinge on 'em, and he had his mother's large brown eyes, and his father's curly hair; and then he was so slim like, and girlish; but bless you, he had spirits beyond his strength, and gloried in work.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

By G. S.

THERE is a connection between a mother's piety and a child's conduct. If the mother loves prayer, the child will learn to love it too. She has more power at the Mercy Seat, than the Sunday School Teacher has in the class. Let the mother plead for the salvation of her children, and bow with *each one* before God, and who can tell the weight of her influence? The next generation will be the better for the praying mothers of to-day. If the mother honours God's House, the child will learn to honour it too, so that when the sweet Sabbath Bells are heard, both parents and children will hear God's voice calling them to His House to worship Him.

If the mother loves the "Bible," the child will love it too, and will learn to say, "Thy word is sweeter to me than honey and the honey-comb."

Allow nothing but good books in your house, and carefully avoid the poisonous trash which ruins the morals of thousands. Above all, set before your children the holy example of the "Holy Child Jesus," for by so doing you will be leading them to the Lord, and you will be rewarded by their love and obedience in this life, and the loving approval of your Saviour in eternity. Jesus is interested in the little ones here, and sympathizes with every effort the mother

makes to lead them aright.

"A sailor boy had stood the beatings of many a storm. He



had been a night and a day on the deep. He had buffeted the hardest gale that ever blew. He had endured more severe labour and hardships than any other man—"but now he meets something which he cannot stand, "It is the picture on the cover of a tract, of a woman teaching a child." "Oh!" said he, "I cannot stand that; it reminds me of my poor dear mother: it is just the way she used to *teach me*,—she is gone;" and he burst into tears.

Mothers, are you teaching your children, as well as praying for them? Have you taught them that they belong to God, that He claims their hearts; their life; their all; that they are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jesus? there may be amongst them many a young Samuel, who will hear the voice of God calling them to His service, and who will remember a mother's teachings in later years.

WATCH YOUR TEMPER.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household; whereas a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Your little child is influenced by your temper, and your disposition may live in your child after you are dead.

"Mother," said a little girl, "*Does God ever scold?*" She had seen her mother, under circumstances of strong provocation, lose her temper, and give way to the impulse of passion; and pondering thoughtfully for a moment, she asked,

"*Mother, does God ever scold?*"

The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock; and she asked,—

"Why, my child, what makes you ask that question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God is good, and that we should try and be like Him; and I should like to know if He ever scolds."

"No, my child, of course not."

"Well, I'm glad He don't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong, and it don't seem to me that I could love God very much if He scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep into her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered to her eyes. Children are quick observers; and the child, seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired,—

"Why do you cry, mother; was it naughty for me to say what I said?"

"No, my love; it was all right. I was only thinking I might

have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily and in anger as I did."

"Oh, mother, you are good and kind; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near to you, as I do when you speak kindly; and oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again."

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had repelled her little one from her heart; and the child, wondering what so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered,—

"Mother, dear mother, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"Oh, yes! I love you more than I can tell," said the parent, clasping the little one to her bosom, "and I will try never to *scold* again; but if I have to reprove my child, I will try to do it not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong."

"Oh, I am so glad; I can get so near to you if you don't scold; and do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good."

The lesson was one that sank deep in that mother's heart; and has been an aid to her for many a year. It impressed the great principle of reproof in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—the great end of winning the child at the same time to what is right and to the parent's heart.

GUARD THE HOME LANGUAGE.

Your home circle should be held too sacred to be polluted with language which can only originate in low and sinful minds. Home words should be chaste and truthful, loving and tender, noble and pure—the outflow of the holiest thoughts and feelings. If the words that angels use could be used on earth, the fittest place would be in the home. The words that would not stain an angel's tongue, or fall harshly on an angel's ear, should be used, and these words should be the breathings of affection, and the utterances of wisdom. How different would this world become, if in every home language was thus guarded and watched!

Reader, be in earnest about this matter. The future character of the children depends on the purity of the home language they once learnt. Lift up your hearts to God in prayer, and say, "Keep my tongue from evil, and my lips from speaking guile."

“WAITING FOR MOTHER.”

Down in a damp dark city court, a mother wept and prayed,
Beside the lowly bed on which her poor sick child was laid;
It was the only child she had, her comfort, hope, and joy,
And now the lonely widow saw that she must lose her boy;
She watched him as he faded in that fever-laden air,
And *he* smiled and thanked her sweetly for all her tender care:
And then she softly sang to him, songs of the better land,
And told him he was going soon, to join the Angel band.
“But tell me now, my child,” she said, “twill comfort me to know,
That though I cannot come with you—you are content to go?”

And this is what he answered, holding her hand the while,
And looking up into her face with such a tender smile:

“I am content, dear Mother; I am longing to be gone
Away from this dark home-place, where the sun has never shone,
Away among the beauties of that happy, happy land,
Where all the holy Angels, in their shining dresses stand;
I want to see the roses, and the sweet white lilies grow,
And listen to the rippling of the fountains as they flow;
I want to see the Saviour,—He who died that we might live—
And offer Him such homage as a child like me can give.
You cannot come with me to-day, but God is very kind,
And he will not keep you waiting, dear Mother, long behind;
And I will take but *just one look*, and then I'll *stand and wait*
Till the tall bright Angel whispers, ‘Mother is at the gate.’”

LOUISE BEBB.

OUR GIRLS.

HASTY MARRIAGES.—If girls could only be brought to believe that their chances for a happy marriage were better after 25 than before, there would be much less misery in the world than there now is. As a girl grows older, if she thinks at all, she certainly becomes more capable of judging what would make her happy than when younger. Her mind has improved with her years, and she now looks beyond mere appearances in judging of men. One great cause of early marriages is the pernicious habit of calling the girl who remains unmarried until 25 an “old maid.” This is done by many well-meaning, but thoughtless persons, who would be sorry to think that any act or expression of theirs had ever caused one an hour of misery; yet this very dread of being called an “old maid” has driven more women into marriage and lifelong misery than any other thing, excepting perhaps poverty. It is a mistake to think that single life is any less noble than marriage, especially if the spirit of discord is permitted to inflict its horrors upon a whole household.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A GIRL'S EDUCATION.—If there be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be not

more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.—*Ruskin*.

STRANGE STORY FROM THE EAST.

A CORRESPONDENT writing from Scutari, vouches for the following:—Near Gusinje lived a wealthy Turk, who owned 2,000 sheep. He was also blessed with a dog of such faithfulness and sagacity that, although the country is broken in the extreme, for twenty years he never lost a sheep. Some weeks ago this noble animal died, full of years and honours. His master was at first inconsolable; but finally he went to the mollah, set forth the marvellous skill and singular fidelity of the deceased, and ended by requesting for it burial according to the rites of the Church. The Hodja was astounded, as well he might be. However, he assented. "But," said he, "you must give me £70." "I will give you £1,000," replied the Turk, "if you will only bury him like a man." Well, this extraordinary ceremony was performed. But when this became noised abroad, great was the indignation. An unclean animal buried like a Turk! Sacrilege! A meeting of all the mollahs was called, and the Turk was summoned before it. Knowing that resistance could avail nothing, he went. The sentence of the convocation was unanimous. Death alone could expiate such a crime. "On such a tree," said the Hodja (naming one near the spot), "you must hang yourself." The unhappy man acquiesced, for resistance would have been futile, but requested leave to address the meeting in his defence. After a stormy debate this was granted. "I am aware," said he, "that I appear to have sinned, but I believe the dog was more than a mere animal. His sagacity and skill were above those of other dogs; and, more than that, he used to speak to me. When he was dying he called me and said: 'For twenty years I have served you faithfully; do me now this favour: bury me as a man, and give the Hodja 200 shares of butter, and each of the mollahs 200 sheep to be divided between them.' I promised, and I will perform my promise." Such a story staggered the assembly, as well it might. "Will you swear," asked the Hodja, "that the dog spoke thus?" "I will." Among the mountaineers a man's oath is considered conclusive; so, after deliberation, the conclave solemnly decided that the dog had a claim to human burial, and absolved the Turk from all blame.—*Sussex Daily News*.

ADVENTURE WITH A PYTHON.

DURING one rainy season, when the weather at Belikeri had been unusually stormy, I happened to enter, in search of something, the bath-room attached to a room not then in use. It was getting dark, and I had a candle with me; just as I was leaving the bath-room, a pile of stones in one corner of the bathing-place caught my eye, and I turned to look at it. As I held the candle towards it, the seeming pile of stones resolved itself into the spotted coils of a python, which lay there, coil over coil, with its head resting on the topmost coil, and the bright eyes watching my movements. Evidently the snake had entered through a hole of four or five inches square by which the water escaped, and he might at any moment retreat by the same way; so I shouted for a gun and a big stick, and presently Kistnama, one of my Lascars, rushed in with a gun and two stout staves. One barrel was loaded, and I instantly fired at the head; but either the snake moved or the light deceived me, and he reared himself up at us higher than our heads. Then we belaboured him with all our strength, and in a second or two beat him down, so that he fell across the low wall enclosing the bathing-place; in that position our blows broke the snake's spine, so that he could not raise himself again, and we soon finished him. Dragged outside and measured, this snake proved to be about 11 feet long, and 12 inches in girth round the belly at the thickest part. Probably our poultry-yard was the attraction that led the python to take up his quarters with us, and the shelter of the bath-room afforded a convenient refuge from the rain.—(*Wild Life in Canara and Ganjam.* By Gordon S. Forbes.)

CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

NO LYING. I mean thereby that in the direction of our ideas and of our lives we must entertain the greatest horror of little grovelling habits, tortuous means, deceit-tricks, equivocation, and fine-drawn distinctions. Of all things here below, distinctions and equivocations are most repugnant to the principle of chivalry. Chivalry expects us to face the difficulties of the present time with the clearest sincerity; we must not hide our colours; if we believe in the eternal Christ, we must repeat the cry of the martyrs,—“I am a Christian”—with an uncovered brow and a transparent soul; we must die for the truth, and, what is far more difficult, live for it.—*La Che-valerie, par Leon Gautier.*

“My boy,” said a clergyman, “I know you are a clever little fellow, but I wonder if you can answer this question. Where is God? Tell me this and I will give you an apple.” “Sir,” replied the boy, “if you tell me where God is *not*, I’ll give you *two* apples.”

THE SABBATH.

THE Holy Sabbath was design'd
That man might rest and comfort find;
Give place, then, vanity and care,
To contemplation, praise, and prayer.

From grateful hearts such offerings rise,
A reasonable sacrifice;
Though naught we do can profit Thee,
Thou wilt regard sincerity.

Invited to Thy mercy-seat,
We seek Thy courts with eager feet;
Dismiss the world one day in seven,
To breathe the atmosphere of Heaven.

With lowly mind and bended knee,
Our heart's requests make known to Thee;
And while of good we ask for more,
Forget not all Thou gav'st before.

Nor prayer alone, but praise ascend,
Our tribute with the Angels' blend;
Catch their sweet notes, and swell the strain
That Thou art worthy, Lord, to reign.

And as for man the day was made,
No work of mercy should be stay'd;
Still tend the sick—still feed the poor,
The young to Wisdom's paths allure.

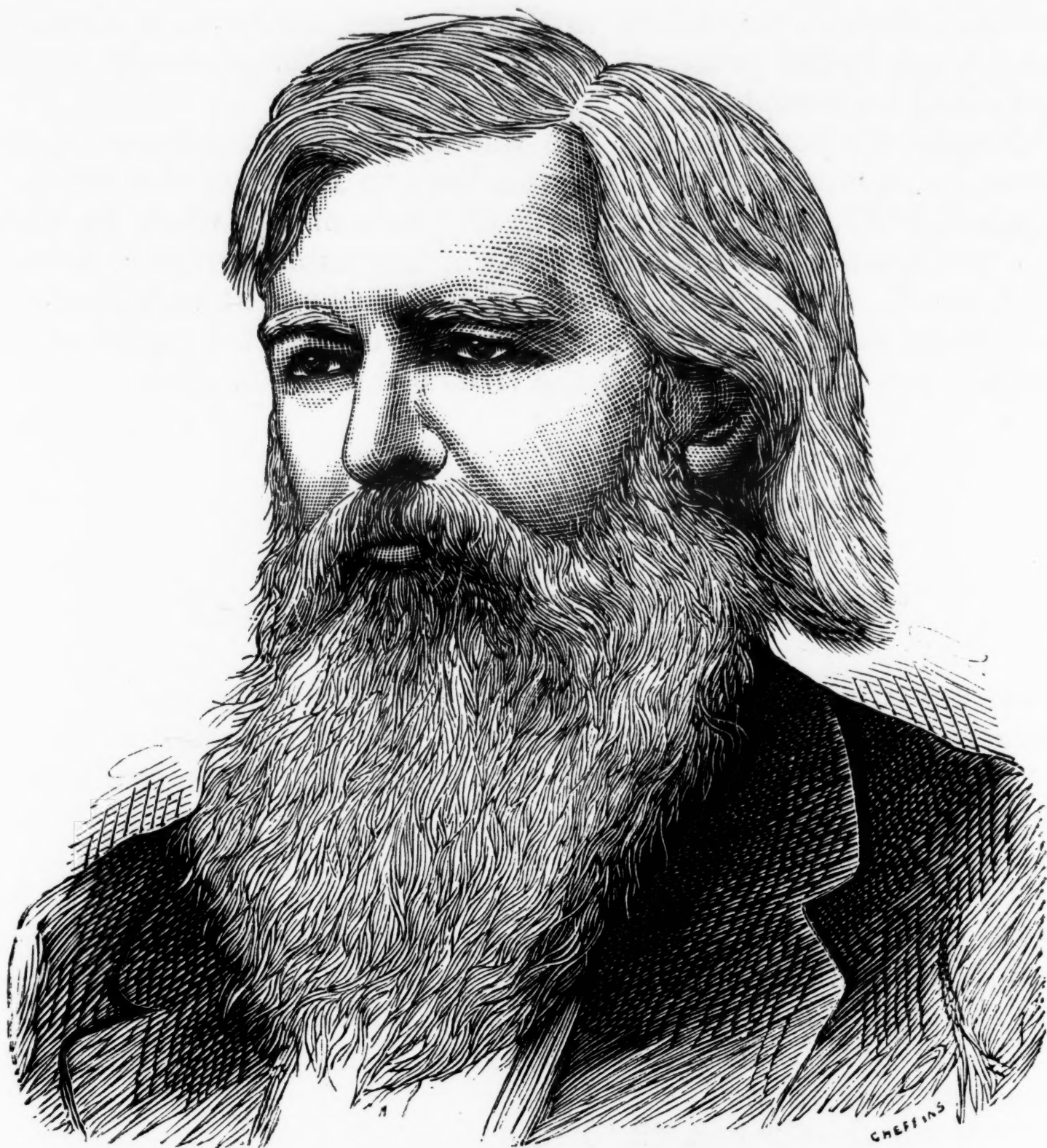
May no returning Sabbath-day,
Without improvement pass away;
Ever to bless us, Lord, be nigh,
And make us fit to live or die.

T. A. SHAW.

FOR A YOUNG MAN OR WOMAN.

THE Lord protect thy youth,
And lead thee in His truth.
(Christ is the Truth, the Way,
The Life, from day to day.)
And when thy youth is past
(It will not always last),
The Lord continue near thee
To comfort and to cheer thee;
Uphold thee by His power
In every needful hour,
And finally receive thee
Where sin no more shall grieve thee,
False pleasure ne'er deceive thee,
And true joy never leave thee.

THOMSON SHARP.

**JOHN B. GOUGH.**

THIS powerful orator is dead. No man has done so much to promote the cause of temperance as he has, and had he chosen the last words he should utter in this life, he could not have selected words more solemn and impressive. Ere the stroke laid him prostrate on the platform he exclaimed, "Young men, make your record clean."

"Mr. Gough felt quite well when he rose to deliver what was destined to be his last address. His earnest exertions, added to the lack of ventilation, soon told upon the speaker, and he wiped large beads of perspiration from his forehead. He had been speaking about forty minutes when he began to make reference to the poisonous effects of rum. In fiery sentences he was illustrating the crushing power of alcohol, by describing in a dramatic manner the movements of an imaginary serpent round his arm, when his head suddenly drooped upon his chest, and his arms were thrown wildly in the air. The audience at first

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believed that he was about to describe the antics of a drunken man when he fell prostrate to the floor. A blood-vessel in the head had been ruptured."

Nearly 46 years of his life was spent in the service of the cause he so much loved. He was born in Kent on the 22nd of August, 1817, and he was nearly 68 years of age when he died. We recommend our readers to obtain his autobiography, revised by himself. Such a life is full of encouragement and teaching, his strong faith in Christ seems to have been the secret of his mighty power in influencing the lives of his fellow men.

THE MINER'S ORPHAN ;

OR,

"GOD'LL SHOW ME THE WAY."

"THINGS was going on about as usual, except that I was harder down on religion than ever. The soft feeling wore off my heart, and I think I hated what was pious worse nor before. Our Sundays was training days,—nothing good—everything evil, just as evil as could be.

"Well, sir, one day that little feller was on my beat, and he done up his work quick and airly—so he stood some time, beside me, talking. He was queer at talking—I never heard such strange things as he'd say. So says he, as I was fixing my tools—says he, 'Keene,'—that's my name, sir—'where'd all this coal come from?'

" 'Come from the earth,' I said.

" 'Yes, but what made it?'

"I prided myself on my little larnin', so says I, 'Why, nater made it, Pinky ;' we used to call him Pink and Pinky.

" 'Well, what made nater, Keene?' he still kept askin'

" 'Why—why ! nater made itself,' I said.

" 'Oh, no,' he cried, and with a solemn look as ever I see on any face—and his voice somehow seemed strange, and deep, like a voice of warnin'—I don't know why, but I never heerd anything like it—says he, 'God made everything ; God is down here in the dark !'

"I declare, it was as nigh as if a man had struck me as could be. Says I, 'Pinky, where'd you get that from?'

"Says he, 'The good man told me.'

" 'What good man?' I asked, and an ugly feeling came over me.

" 'What preached at mammy's funeral,' said he.

" 'And where'd you see him?' I sort o' growled, like.

" 'Out in the road yesterday. I saw him on a horse, and he

took me up and rided me ever so far and back, and he told me all the good things.'

"I was silent—I tell ye. I didn't know what to say; but I was mad. Just then, in moving up quick, my lamp went out. Now that's a thing that don't happen but a few times in a good many years, and I knew I'd have to wait and hollow till somebody came, for the pit was full of holes: and so I said,—'Don't be afraid, Pinky, they'll be here soon:' but I was shaky, for we were in a dangerous part of the pit."

"Says he 'I don't feel afraid, Keene; don't you suppose God's close to us?'

"I declare I felt my blood trickle cold, and every wind that came down the shaft-way I thought was his breath—the breath of God.

"Well, the hours passed, and nobody came. Presently, says little Pinky, 'I'll go for you, God will show me the way;' and I heard his little feet patting along them dangerous places. It was awful! The sweat started out on me thick, and it seemed like I couldn't breathe. But when I called him back, he shouted with his little voice, 'God'll show me the way.'

"It almost makes me tremble, when I think on't, sir, that boy went over the worst road in the pit, full of sunk shafts and dangerous places, without a lamp! Oh! sir, when they came for me with plenty of light—I—I couldn't believe it, sir, I couldn't; and though they kept telling me that Pinky was safe, I tell you, sir, I thought it was a lie till I see him, and heard him cry out, 'I am safe, Keene; God showed me the way!'

"Well, sir, you mayn't think this looks true, but 'tis. Oh! 'tis as true as wonderful, sir, and I tell you I was a different man after that. Not that I grew good at once; no, I didn't know *the way* then, sir. I didn't feel like little Pinky; I didn't feel sure that God'd *show* me, but He did.

"One day, after Pinky had been working hard, he said he was dry, and his head ached. Well, we always expected something'd be ailing him; so that night I carried him home in my arms and laid him on his bed, and he never, sir,"—the miner choked for a moment, drew one rough hand across his eyes, turned away for a brief second, then said, hurriedly—"he never got up from it of himself again. Every night I came home, he was worse and worse, and I tell ye, I felt as if all the light I ever see was going out!

"One morning he asked me in his weak voice—'Wouldn't I send for the good man that preached for his mammy?' I didn't say no—'twan't in my heart to do that thing, and before long the parson was there, talking and praying. That seemed to do the child good! And as the miners dropped in, with their black faces, and the little lamps in their hands, he'd smile

round at 'em so sweet, sir, it would a-done your heart good to have seen it."

The man paused again, overcome by the recollection of the scene. The muscles round his firm lips quivered, and over his great bronzed face there swept an expression of an almost womanly tenderness.

"Did he die then?" the question was softly asked; and the soft eyes of the lady were full of tears.

"Oh! my dear miss—yes, yes, he died then. He grew very bright and lively, though, and we'd all set our hearts on his getting well, when there was another change, and the colour left his face, and his little hands hadn't no strength in them. The minister came again to see him, and as he stooped down, says he—My dear child, are you afraid to go?"

"And what do you think, sir—what do you think, miss, he said?"

"God will show me the way!"

"And He showed him the way, sir. I never see anything like that dying, sir, never. He held my hand, and he said, 'Keene, you love God too.' He give a gasp, and then a smile—and then there came a bright glory-light over his white face that made it shine all over—oh! Sir—I—I—can't—tell it."

The man held his head down and sobbed like a child—and his were not the only tears.

The next morning was the Sabbath. A near bell was heard; a plain white village church stood in sight. The stranger and his daughter met the miner, who, pointing to the heavenward spire, exclaimed, as a smile broke o'er his face—

"You see, sir—God shows us all the way."

BEND THE SAPLING.

THEY say a daft nurse makes a wise child, but I do not believe it: nobody needs so much common sense as a mother or a governess. It does not do to be always thwarting; and yet remember if you give a child his will and a whelp his fill, both will surely turn out ill. A child's back must be made to bend, but it must not be broken. He must be ruled, but not with a rod of iron. His spirit must be conquered, but not crushed. In these days children have a deal too much of their own way, and often make their mothers and fathers their slaves. It has come to a fine pass when the goslings teach the geese, and the kittens rule the cat; it is the upsetting of everything, and no parent ought to put up with it. It is as bad for the boys and girls as it is for the grown folk, and it brings out the worst side of their characters. I would sooner be a cat on hot bricks, or a toad under a harrow, than let my own children be my masters. No; the head must be the head, or it will hurt the whole body.—*Spurgeon.*

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO LOVING PARENTS.

ONCE a pretty bright-eyed child
Knelt beside his mother's knee,
And this simple prayer he said—
"Gentle Jesus, look on me."
Then that loving mother smiled,
Viewed her treasure with delight,
While he, looking up, replied,
"Kiss me, mother, say Good-night."

Dear to mother was her child,
And the father loved his lad,
But this great mistake they made,
Which long after made them sad.
When the social glass went round,
Both regarded it as right
That the bairn should take a drop,
Ere they kissed him, said Good-night.

See, the laddie grows apace,
Causes joy in hearts and home,
But the love for wine grows too,
E'en while in life's lovely bloom.
Then they gave all to himself
A wee glass, he, with his might,
Drunk it up, and called it good,
Kissed his parents, said Good-night.

'Twas at Christmas time, when friends
Gather'd round his father's board,
While the scene was one of joy,
That the wine was freely poured.
Then a friend beheld with pain
Signs of coming grief and blight,
In the flush she spied, when he
Kissed his mother, said Good-night.

When the lad was snug in bed,
Then that kind friend called aside
His dear mother, and express'd
Her grave fear that he would glide
Into drink's dark way, and fall.
But that mother smiled and said,
"'Tis all right, he's safe enough,
Willie will not thus be led."

Then he left his pleasant home,
To his parents said Good-bye,
But at parting, ah, they gave
Just one glass to their dear boy.
Then some tear-drops did appear,
And he left, was lost to sight,
Soon to be far, far from home,
None to kiss him, no good-night.

In the city far away,
Oft he thought of parents dear,
And when little troubles came,
How he wished that they were near.

AFTER WORK.

Still he took his wine, and thought
 What his parents did was right,
 And in thought would sometimes cry,
 "Mother, kiss me, say Good-night."

Years sped on, and now once more
 Christmas came, with all its cheer,
 But, alas, how dark that home,
 No dear Willie with them there.
 Signs of sore distress were seen,
 O how painful was the sight!
 Willie died a drunkard's death,
 None to kiss him, no good-night.

Just before the laddie died,
 Sad delirium came on,
 Drink, strong drink, had done its work,
 He was mad, his reason gone.
 Sometimes he was heard to say,
 "Give me drink, it must be right,
 'Twas my parents told me so,
 Those who kissed me, said Good-night."

When his reason did return,
 And he saw his ruined state,
 How he blamed his parents, who
 Taught him first strong drink to take.
 Then, 'mid wandering, off he went
 Back to childhood's days so bright,
 Mumbled o'er his prayer, and said,
 "Kiss me mother, say Good-night."

Thus this laddie, bright and fair,
 Taught at home the wine to sip,
 Gained a liking for the drink,
 Then, alas, how sad the slip!
 Down he sank in sin's deep mire,
 Drink, strong drink, all hope did blight,
 Far from home, a drunkard died,
 None to kiss him, no good-night.

Thus this loved one killed by drink,
 Filled, alas, a drunkard's grave,
 And his parents sad, sad thought,
 First the wine to Willie gave.
 Would that every one could see
 What a sad and fearful blight
 Drink may bring to hearts and home,
 Changing sunshine to dark night.

Surely parents here will learn
 That there's danger in the cup,
 And for their own children's sakes,
 If they take it, give it up.
 Yea, and more, for Christ decide,
 Dare be true, and do the right,
 Kneel with loved ones, for them pray,
 Kiss them, then, and say Good-night.

Parents, never touch strong drink
 Lest like adder it should sting,*
 Never give it to your bairns,
 Lest to ruin it should bring.
 Seek the Holy Spirit's help,
 Live and train your loved ones right,
 Then at eve, with thankful joy,
 Kiss them each, and say Good-night.

E. J. CLARK.

A TOUCHING STORY.

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

I REMEMBER a little history related to me many years ago by a Christian abstainer. He said he would give me the facts that led to his reform, and the circumstance that arrested him in his career of sin.

Two maiden ladies who lived in the village often noticed a scantily clad girl passing their house with a tin pail. On one occasion one of these ladies accosted her.

"Little girl, what have you got in that pail?"

"Whisky, ma'am."

"Where do you live?"

"Down in the hollow."

"I'll go home with you."

They soon came to a wretched hovel in the hollow, outside the village. A pale, jaded, worn-out woman met them at the door. Inside was a man, dirty, maudlin, and offensive. The lady addressing the woman said—

"Is this your little girl?"

"Yes."

"Does she go to school?"

"No; she has no other clothes than what you see."

"Does she go to Sunday School?"

"Sunday School—in these rags; oh no!"

"If I furnish her with suitable clothes, can she go?"

"It's no use giving her clothes. He would steal them, and sell them for whisky. Better let the girl alone; there is no hope for her or for us."

"But she ought to go to school."

An arrangement was entered into, whereby the child should call at the lady's house on Sunday morning, be clothed for the school, and after the school was dismissed call again and change her garments for home.

The little creature was very teachable, and soon became a favourite with her teacher, who gave her a little Testament, probably the first gift the child had ever received. She was very

* PROV. xxiii. 32.

proud of her Testament, exhibiting it on all occasions with the delighted exclamation—

“That’s my little Testament—my own.”

She would take it with her at night, clasping it in her hands till she fell asleep on the wretched rags called a bed. The child was taken ill. The doctor provided by her benefactors declared she would die. Her friends supplied her with what comforts they could, and watched the father lest he should steal them and sell them for whisky.

The gentleman then continued the narrative in the first person.

“One day I went to her bedside. I was mad for drink. I had taken everything I could lay my hands on. I looked round the room. There was nothing I could dispose of. Yet I must have drink. I would have sold my child, I would have sold myself for whisky. The little creature lay on the bed, with the Testament clasped in her hand, partly dozing. As I sat there she fell asleep, and the book slipped from her fingers, and lay on the coverlid of the bed. Stealthily looking round the room, I stretched out my shaking hand, seized the Testament and hastily thrust it into my bosom. I soon sneaked out like a guilty thing, to the grog-shop. All I could get for it was a half-pint of whisky. It was a poor little book. I drank the devil’s drink almost at a draught, and soon felt relieved from the burning thirst. The stagnant blood in the diseased vessels of my stomach was stimulated by the fiery fluid, and I felt better. What took me back to my child I cannot tell, but I sat again by her side. She still seemed to be sleeping; and as I sat there, with the horrible craving stayed for the time by the whisky I had drank, she opened her eyes slowly and saw me. Reaching out her hand to touch mine, she said, ‘Papa, listen. I am going to die, and when I die I shall go to Jesus, for He told little children to come to Him. And I shall go to heaven; for He said that little children were of the kingdom of heaven. I learn that out of my Testament. Papa, suppose when I go to heaven Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament. Oh, papa! oh, papa! what shall I tell Him?’ It struck me like lightning. I sat for a few moments, and then fell down on my knees by the bedside of my child, crying, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ That half-pint of whisky was the last drop of intoxicating liquor that has passed my lips. She died in a few days with her hand in mine, and her last words to me were, ‘Papa, we shall both go to Jesus now.’”

THE QUEEN'S LIFE BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

THE life of the Queen is this:—She gets up soon after eight, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business; she reads all the despatches, and has every matter of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve, Melbourne comes to her, and stays an hour, more or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two, she rides with a large suite (and she likes to have it numerous); Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry-in-waiting generally on her right; she rides for two hours along the road, and the great part of the time at full gallop; after riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the castle (and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there), or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven, soon after which the guests assemble, but she seldom appears till near eight. The lord-in-waiting comes into the drawing-room and instructs each gentleman which lady he is to take in to dinner. When the guests are all assembled the Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies; she speaks to each lady, bows to the men, and goes immediately into the dining-room. She generally takes the arm of the man of highest rank, but on this occasion she went with Mr. Stephenson, the American Minister (though he has no rank), which was very wisely done. Melbourne invariably sits on her left, no matter who may be there; she remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her, and we were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, when she goes round and says a few words to each, of the most trivial nature, all, however, very civil and cordial in manner and expression. When this little ceremony is over, the Duchess of Kent's whist-table is arranged, and then the round table is marshalled, Melbourne invariably sitting on the left hand of the Queen, and remaining there without moving till the evening is at an end. At about half-past eleven she goes to bed.—*The Greville Memoirs*. By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Clerk of the Council.

THE SHOVEL WITH THE SILVER BELL.

CHAPTER I.

It was the close of a lovely day in July. For two or three weeks the sky had been like an ocean of pale blue, dotted here there by fleecy white clouds resembling little ships sailing in the distance.

The air was scented by the delicious perfume of many flowers.

Now and then a bee would fly past that had stayed out rather late in its quest for honey; well it knew that now was the time, while the fine weather lasted, to lay up its precious food for the coming winter.

At the bottom of an old-fashioned garden stood a large tool-house, formerly it was a summer-house, its thatched roof was completely shaded by a magnificent copper beech, a smooth piece of grass stretched out for some distance in front of it, and it was surrounded on all sides by shrubs and trees.

Here grew the stately laburnum with its stately tresses, pink and white may, lilac bushes, and a wild cherry tree.

In the month of May these were one mass of bloom.

This evening, as usual, the gardener had arranged the tools in their proper places and had gone home.

The big wheel-barrow looked very nice with its body painted blue and its red wheel; the besom was quietly resting its weary head, for it had much work to do just now sweeping up the grass; the scythe was also tired, for it had been busy getting ready a new tennis ground, the numerous little stones, with which it came in contact, had helped to make the work more difficult. A new prong, and two others that had done good service, were having a little jangling on the respective merits of beauty and use; the new prong contending that she would be the chosen one to help dig a path on the morrow, while the two others said the gardener would never turn off well-tried friends for a fresh beauty.

Three little wheel-barrows sat in a row under the shelter of the old big wheel-barrow; they were talking about their mistresses, Lady Mary, Lady Jane, and Lady Elizabeth; that day they had been most unmercifully driven about by them, and Lady Mary's wheel-barrow was, in consequence of one of its legs being loose, very sick and ill.

The lawn-cutter was in a great temper, accusing the nurses of not taking care of their charges, and allowing them to make him so giddy by running across the grass with him the instant the gardener had gone home to get his dinner.

A pert little trowel put in her word, and said, "Lady Mary left her out of doors in the damp for two nights; and wash her

face as much as she may, she never could get it bright and shining again."

What a chatter there was amongst all the tools, except grandfather shovel, who looked very grave all this time. Only one inhabitant of the tool-house was asleep, and that was a pretty little, good-tempered garden-knife, which had been used by Lady Mary to cut off the dead leaves in her garden.

Ding! ding!! ding!!! rang out clear and sharp in the tool-house.

What could it mean? The big wheelbarrow turned round a little towards a dark corner from whence the sound seemed to come.

Ding! ding!! ding!!! again was heard; by this time every tool was looking sharply about him, when, to their surprise, the old despised shovel sitting in a dark corner, shone with a brilliant light, and on the top of the handle perched a silver bell.

A dead silence fell upon all.

CHAPTER II.

"Do NOT be frightened, my dear children," spake the shovel, "or wonder at my silver bell: a kind fairy, who has watched for many days your growing discontent, has, at my great request, permitted me to tell you my past history, and by so doing to try and make you more contented with your lot, and willing to work cheerfully."

"What can you tell me, old shovel?" said the forward new prong. "I came out of a town, and can tell you about heaps of pretty things, of which you even never heard the names."

Ding! ding!! ding!!! "If any one speaks so to the old shovel, I'll cut out his tongue; old age must be respected. You young people of the present day seem to think you must be first before your elders. I saw you fall, Mr. Pert-Prong, this morning, when you forced yourself before Mr. Well-tried; but Tom, the gardener, had better sense; he knew with all your boasting you would have been no use to him for the heavy work he required."

Ding! ding!! ding!!!

A perfect silence now ensued; and the shovel commenced his story:—

"I awoke one morning to find myself a lump of blackish looking stuff under the ground; I was not alone, heaps of little black brothers and sisters were clustering round me—in fact we seemed fastened together. Presently a stream of light burst upon us where we were lying, and my brothers and sisters cried out "They are going to cut us to pieces, as they did father, mother, and uncle Sam last week!"

"You were only a baby ore then," said one of my sisters, "and, of course, have no recollection of it." I was seized with great fear, especially when I saw a curious piece of ore shining very much : and it came quite close to me.

"Several strange creatures also were walking about ; men, my brothers and sisters said they were."

"A sharp knock, and I was violently tossed into a little carriage. I was nearly stunned ; but my companions laughed and said, 'Don't be silly ; Mr. Shovel, who has just put us into this place, was once here himself, and he loves to be jolly.' So wiping my tears, I waited quietly till a very nice feeling came over me. We were being drawn along in a truck. 'This is nice,' we all cried out ; but our ride soon came to an end. But again we seemed to be flying up, up, up : just the way I fancy the little birds must feel.

"One of my sisters, poor little dear, was very much frightened, she was perched on the edge of the big basket ; I tried to fasten myself unto her, for if she had fallen, she must have been smashed to pieces. When I first saw the sky, I thought I must have cried with delight. We were soon put into a carriage, and taken to place called a forge.

"What will they do with us ? I whispered to a bit of coal that lay close to the place in which I had been left. 'Do with you ? Why you are to be sport for us now. Fancy the years I have lain idle in the ground ; I am going to make you so hot that you will dance and squeak, and bubble up and down. Ah ! ah ! laughed the coal, my time is come now. Won't I make you shriek ! The big hammers will beat you so hard, and make you quite flat or round, just as the workmen thinks proper. You will change into different colours—white, purple, violet, and deep blue.

"I began to cry, in ore fashion, for it seemed so very cruel.

"You must be a baby. Don't you want to be useful ? I was only teasing just now ; I will not hurt you, neither will the big hammers. I thought you knew that even great and clever men have to be beaten into shape, as it is called. They have found out many useful things : if it had not been for some thoughtful man both you and I should, most likely, have been at this present moment lying idle in our dark home, for we are really cousins, and generally live very near each other."

After this long speech I dried my eyes ; it was a consolation to find others had suffered, before becoming useful members of society.

Now a big man with very little clothes, lifted me and several of my companions into a large furnace, and placed the piece of coal I had so lately been talking with underneath. Soon we began to slip and slide about as if we were skating, and bubble

up. Presently I was beaten very hard by a black-looking giant; every time the hammer came down it nearly shook me to pieces. I suppose I fainted; for by-and-by when I awoke, I found I was not in the horrid black forge in Shropshire, but in a long dark box, and quite a different shape. There were several of us, and men called us shovels.

CHAPTER III.

I now remembered the coal had told me that perhaps if I turned out good metal—that is, stood the beating well—I should one day go to the home of his sisters and brothers in the opposite hill, and dig some of them up.

I was sorry to find myself shut up in a box; and I had so many to please; one wanted me to get nearer the side of the box, to give her handle a little more room: she thought much more about her fine dress, namely, her handle—than about her beautiful body, which would last a very long time.

Others were much disappointed that they had not been made into knives, scythes, etc. Only a little more tempering, and we should have lived in great houses, and perhaps lain on gentlemen's tables; whilst now our greatest honour will be to dig for gold, or live on an engine, and be whirled about from place to place.

It would have been grand to have been made a sword, said one small shovel; and, silly little thing, cried for half an hour because it was passed over.

You can fancy my companions were not very kind; only one, who pushed her head on one side to give me a little comfort. I am quite content, she said, to be put anywhere if I can but be useful.

I wished I could have married her. One day, a man opened the box, banged us down upon the floor, the proud, haughty shovel was placed on one side, who had wished to be a sword, to be sold cheap because she was not good metal; I am afraid, with all her boasting, she had a sad fate.

We were placed in a shop that had large glass windows.

A few days after, I saw a rough, good-tempered man eyeing me keenly; after considering for two or three minutes he walked in, took me up, and began rather roughly to use me. "This be a stunner, maister; how much? My mate wants one for his engine 'Spitfire.'" The money being satisfactory, the man paid it, and took me in his hand, saying, "Well, maister, I only hopes her 'ill be as good as her looks."

How proud I was, promoted to the highest honour we shovels could hope for; I certainly did hold up my head.

The man talked to me in this fashion: "You be fine now,

that won't last long. Grand clothes is no good; it is good, honest work, and by thee looks I thinks thee won't be one of they skirking ones; when trouble comes, bends up, or if steam runs short, won't do thee very best to catch up the coal and put it into the fire. I'm thinking I'll keep thee for myself. Thee's got a nice smiling face."

I determined I would be a good servant to the man.

Puff! puff! puff! now sounded in my ear. I swelled with delight to feed that handsome creature day and night. What an honour, the great monster to require my services!

What joyous runs we had in fine weather! the little boys always left their play and ran as near to us as they could, calling out lustily, or if they were near a bridge they would run under to listen to the grand noise we made going over; in wet weather it was rather bad, I was often drenched to the skin and my pretty colour was quite spoilt.

It was a very bright day, I still remember; we had been going along beautifully, my master's mate was ill, and a strange man drove the engine. My master begged him to be careful. Just as we turned a sharp curve of the line, a bull jumped on it from a meadow close; in temper, the man put on more speed (at least, so my master said), the engine killed the bull, and also upset the train, throwing me some yards away. What a bustle and noise! My handle was broken quite off. I was in a bed of stinging nettles. What running here and there, ladies shrieking! No one was hurt, fortunately. My master searched for me, but could only find the handle. I could not make my voice heard.

For weeks I lay in this damp, unhealthy ditch. One morning a labourer stepped on me; quickly beating down the nettles, he released me from my prison.

"I am in luck this morning," he murmured; "a fresh handle, and it will be as good new."

I did not like my new home; the children kicked me; even the hens gave me savage pecks. I was very unhappy; I could please no one, although I tried to do my duty. Grumble, grumble, grumble, was the order of the day. Tommy, the youngest son, took great delight in teasing me; but in the end it was for my advantage. He caught me up, rode me a long distance, and finally hearing some one coming up the road, threw me into a stream of water. Here I lay wet and uncomfortable, hoping some one would take me out; the fish seemed surprised I lived without eating; in low whispers, they would ask each other what big monster I was.

"By Jove! Fred, here's a find." I looked up; a young school-boy with fishing-tackle stood on the bank just above me. "I'll make the grandfather give me something for this; it will just do for Harry; he said the other day he wanted a new one."

I was soon taken out of my watery bed, and brought here; for Mr. Goodall was a boy then, now you know he is grown up.

How kindly I have been treated for the last six years; and here I hope to stay till my time is ended. I try to do my duty, and that is the reason I am so well liked by my master."

As soon the shovel ceased, a great murmuring began—Ding! ding!! ding!!!

"Fair friends," spoke the bell, "each night I will visit this tool-house, until you have all told your history; after which I will award the prize to the most contented, viz., the gift of being always happy."

ASPIRATIONS.

MAY every year but bring more near
 The time when strife shall cease,
 And truth and love all hearts shall move
 To live in joy and peace!
 Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
 For folly still her power maintains:
 But the day shall yet appear
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
 And come what may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
 Though humble efforts fail;
 O give not o'er until once more
 The righteous cause prevail!
 In vain and long, enduring wrong,
 The weak may strive against the strong;
 But the day shall yet appear,
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
 And come what may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

Though interest pleads that noble deeds
 The world will not regard;
 To noble minds that duty binds
 No sacrifice is hard.
 The brave and true may seem but few,
 But hope has better things in view;
 And the day shall yet appear
 When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
 And come what may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see.

COUPLET.

No matter by what means or ends,
 'Tis always joy to see one's friends.

PECULIAR OBJECTS OF WORSHIP.

RETURNING to the village, we entered an idol-house. The god (will it be credited?) is *the central side post*, stouter than the rest, and crooked! Like the other posts, this god helps to sustain the roof, and yet is an object of daily worship! To the crooked post—utterly destitute of ornament—three green cocoa-nuts and a sacred leaflet were offered morning and evening. On these occasions the worshipper (with whom we conversed) goes through his incantations, and, husking the nuts with a stick kept for the purpose, drinks the water and eats the kernel, and then puts the newly-plucked nuts in their place! This is all supposed to be done with the permission of the god. Besides, the divinity is believed to have devoured the *essence*, so that only the refuse is in reality left! Like the dogma of transubstantiation nearer home, this doctrine requires a considerable amount of faith. Each new act of worship necessitates the tying of a fresh leaf round the post, and another round the arm of the worshipper. Four old cocoa-nuts lay at the foot of this queer post-god. In another idol-house we saw, on a swinging tray, a smooth round pebble worshipped as a god. Offerings of green cocoa-nuts lay near it, with the sacred leaflet. We thought of the words of Isaiah: “Among the smooth stones of the stream is thy portion; they, they are thy lot: even to them hast thou poured a drink-offering, thou hast offered a meat offering.”—*Jottings from the Pacific*. By W. WYATT GILL, M.A.

SWEET SABBATH BELLS.

In Imitation of Moore's "Evening Bells."

SWEET Sabbath Bells! sweet Sabbath bells,
That six days' inward turmoil quells,
Bid us approach the sacred ground
Where is a Balm for sorrows found.

Methinks each bell doth seem to say,
“Be of good cheer, look up, to-day;
Your risen Saviour's Promise view—
‘Because I live, so live ye too!’”

I well remember when your sound
No echo in my bosom found,
But now I feel my heart keep time,
Responsive to your joyous chime.

Sweet Sabbath bells! sweet Sabbath bells,
That six days' inward turmoil quells,
Chime on, till in the East shall dawn
The *everlasting* Sabbath morn!

J. M. THORNTON.



FORTUNE TELLING.

"It is a very sad fact that even in the present enlightened age, here and there we hear of fortune-tellers and poor foolish people getting into mischief through visiting them. Have nothing to do with them.

You say, perhaps, I cannot see any harm in going to hear what they have to say.

They are deceivers, and it is always dangerous to have to do with such. It is wicked to help to support persons who get their living by lying and cheating. To pay people for committing sin is to commit sin. You do not know what harm may follow a visit to one. We have heard of many being ruined through consulting these rogues. They meant no harm, but great harm came of their visit.

But many wise men have believed that by the stars the future course of life may be known.

That notion has been very carefully studied and proved to be false. If it were true, then two persons born at the same time would have the same history. Twins would always pass through the same adventures. Then all the people who were of the same age as Napoleon Bonaparte, would have become great warriors and emperors. The idea is absurd. Much has been learned about the stars lately, and it is now proved that the old astrologers knew almost nothing about them.

But I have heard of cases where fortune-tellers have told wonderful things.

So have I, when they have been told secrets by some foolish person who went to consult them. If anybody makes guesses at the future, what they say may sometimes come right. Fortune-tellers are very skilful at cheating, and it is remarkable how they will deceive people.

It is always very dangerous to have to do with cheats and liars. It is wicked to encourage them. The Bible is very clear in warning us to have nothing to do with them."

THE BIBLE THE BOOK OF REFORM.

ON a cold misty evening, the keeper of a book stall was trimming the lamps which lighted the board on which his books lay, when two young men halted before it, and began to examine some of its contents. They were clad in coarse garments, and the smoke and soil of their daily labour in a near factory hung upon them.

"What dost seek, lad?" asked the book-vendor of one of the twain, when he had taken up and laid down several volumes with marks of disappointment.

"Nought that I shall find here, as it seems," said the young man, carelessly.

"May be not," said the seller, going on with his occupation. He was an aged man, not courteous in his manners, and ordinarily of few words; shrewd he was, nevertheless, and observant of those around him.

"We'll have a new world of books soon," said the other of the loungers; "and then, old Davie, thy whole stock may feed a bonfire; for it will be fit for little else."

"Eh!" said old Davie, looking keenly at his visitors.

"New books, and new men, and new doings," continued the man, laughing a fierce dissatisfied laugh; "new philosophy, new manners, new principles, new government, new everything, Davie."

"Ye'll be wiser than Solomon when all these new things come to pass," said the bookseller, "seeing that he could find nothing new under the sun; but may be you're among these new lights yourselves, the two of ye."

"Davie does not like his wares to be run down," interposed the other workman, with a sneer; "and we had better be getting on, lad, or we'll be too late for the beginning of the meeting." This he said to his companion, who was still vacantly turning over the books on the stall.

"I thought so," said old Davie; "so you'll be going to hear yon auld-farran chiel tell of his new moral world, and how to get to it!"

The young men replied that they were.

"Well, may be I might go too, if I could get any one to mind my shop," said the bookseller, in a quiet tone, "if it were only to know what this great reformer is like unto; I have seen many a one in my days. But ye are wrong, clean, altogether wrong, lad, in saying that I had no book to suit your turn. Read this, and ye'll know all about the new moral world of righteousness and peace," and he thrust a book into the young man's hands.

With an oath the young man threw the book aside.

"Ye need not have sworn," said the bookseller, solemnly.

"What's the book?" demanded the more indifferent visitor.

"The Bible, lad; didst ever read the Bible?"

"Nay; I cannot say that I have much acquaintance with it," said the man with an air of contempt.

"Thou should'st read it, man," said the bookseller: "ye're all for reformation, chartism, liberty, equality, fraternity, and what not, ye'll find it all set down there, in black and white, so that 'he may run that readeth it.'"

"I believe nought of that," replied the man; "'tis only priestcraft and statecraft, from beginning to end of it. I know that much about it."

"Ye are wise, lad, to find that out," said the bookseller; "but I doubt you have not read the Bible discreetly, if you have

ever read it at all. Priestcraft and statecraft ! I tell ye again, ye are wrong,—clean wrong. It goes right against priestcraft and statecraft both ; listen to it ;” and opening the book he read, “ ‘Then the Lord said,’—this was to the prophet Jeremiah, ye must know, and a real hearty reformer he was in his time, and was put into bonds and a dungeon for the same thing,—well, the Lord said to Jeremiah, ‘Behold I have made thee this day a fenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof ; . . . and they shall fight against thee, but shall not prevail against thee ; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.’ There, what think ye of that for a slap at priestcraft and statecraft both !” asked the old bookseller.

“Not bad that, any way,” said the man who had been called Zech by his companion, “and if there was more stuff like that in the book, I, for one, would say nought against it. We want men now-a-days, to stand up like iron pillars and brass walls against kings, princes, and priests, and almost the whole land besides ; eh, Davie ?”

“May be we do, in one sense,” said the old bookseller, who seemed to be in an unusually communicative mood ; “and as to more of it, there’s plenty more like unto it, man, if ye would but hear what the book has to say to ye. Listen again :” and with more knowledge of the book’s contents than might have been supposed, he turned over a few pages and read again : “ ‘Among my people we found wicked men ; they lay wait as he that setteth snares ; they set a trap ; they catch men. As a cage is full of birds, so are their houses full of deceit ; therefore they are become great, and waxen rich. They are waxen fat, they shine : yea, they overpass the deeds of the wicked ; they judge not the cause, the cause of the fatherless, yet they prosper ; and the right of the needy do they not judge. Shall I not visit for these things ? saith the Lord ; shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this ? A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land : the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means : and my people love to have it so ; and what will ye do in the end thereof ?’ What call ye that, lads ?” asked the old bookseller.

“This is all very well, Davie,” said the other workman, who had impatiently stood by while this conversation was going on ; “cry up your wares ; you are in the right, so far ; but if ye preach till doomsday, ye’ll not make me believe that yon book,” and he again uttered a daring and guilty imprecation, “isn’t just a tool to uphold injustice and oppression, and all manner of villany. Did ye ever hear a man that was up to any rascality, who didn’t quote Scripture to justify his doings ?”

“Aye, just as the devil quotes Scripture,” said the bookseller,

"and never quotes it right,—never. Just a tool, say ye! Aye, just as a billy-roller may be a tool in the hands of a drunken brutish man, to beat his wife and bairns with, for nought but because he is drunk and a brute, and may be to murder them for ought ye ken; but whose fault is that, the billy-roller's or the man's? Wad ye burn all the billy-rollers in the whole factory, because a man such as thou misused one?"

With a severe tone and searching look, the old bookseller said this; and the man to whom he spoke became white with passion. "If it were not for your grey hairs, old Davie," said he.

"Nay," said the old bookseller calmly, "my grey hairs have nae feeling, and my withered haffits can bear a buffet as well as a three-year-auld babe; but I did nae mean to offend: and may be ye're ashamed, as ye well may be, of your unmanly action; but it was a fair illustration, mine, ye can but know; and if there's them that wrest the Scriptures to their own destruction, as the apostle Peter tells us there are, whose fault is that, the Bible's or their own?"

The man thus addressed did not hear to wait more; hastily quitting the open shop, in the doorway of which he had been standing, and calling on his companion to follow, he speedily disappeared.

His companion lingered, however.

"Yon book may be made of the right stuff, after all," said he, pointing to the Bible.

"Right stuff and plenty of it, lad," said the bookseller, "if one does but know how to use it rightly. Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?" he asked abruptly, and turned upon his visitor an earnest look.

"Oh, aye. It had been better, perhaps, if there hadn't been so much heard about Him. I've been at times sick of hearing so much about Christianity——"

"And seeing so little, ye would say," interposed old Davie; "very right, looked at in that way; but can't you tell me, friend, what Christianity *is*?"

The young man laughed. "Thou art in a strange mood to-night, Davie," said he, "with thy cross questions and crooked answers. What ails thee?"

"Nay, lad, I know of nought what ails me. I'll tell thee one thing though,—I have seen a sight not many hours gone by."

"Aye, and what was it, Davie?"

"Oh, nothing that ye would think worth seeing or hearing of, may be; I saw a Christian *die*,—DIE, man: nothing more."

"Well, and what like was that?" asked the man carelessly. "Much like other folks dying, I reckon."

"I tell ye, lad, if ye had been there, ye would ha' been like old Balaam, the covetous auld man as he was; or, if ye hadn't

been like him, ye'd ha' *said* like him, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' What like was it? I'll tell ye what like it was, in the words of an auld hymn I mind of:—

'A mortal paleness on his cheek,
And glory in his soul.'

That like it was, lad,—glory, glory: nothing short of it; I wad but ha' been in his place, if I could," said the old bookseller. "You asked me to tell you what Christianity *is*," continued he; for now that he had begun and gone on to speak, it seemed as though his tongue was loosened. "I winna tell ye what Christianity *is*; ye may find it out better than I can tell ye; and if ye will na look for it *here*," laying his hand on the Bible, "it will be na good my telling what it is; but may be I can tell ye what it is *not*, if ye'll hear me."

"Aye, say on," said the workman.

"Well, then, lying, and all manner of cheatry: that is not Christianity."

"I've had a thought, at by-times, that it is, though," said Zech.

"So many others have said, who have wished in their hearts they could only prove it," said Davie; "but they could na prove it, nor thou neither, lad. Then there's pride and conceit, they're not Christianity, and drunkenness and lust, they're not Christianity either."

"And hypocrisy? what say ye to that, Davie? Plenty of that in Christianity, I guess: and that's just worse than all the rest put together," said the man triumphantly.

The old bookseller made no reply; but took from his pocket a piece of coined metal, which he threw down on his narrow counter before the visitor. It fell with a heavy, dull, leaden sound.

"What call ye that, lad?" he asked.

"Brummagem," said the man.

"Thou'rt right, lad. But wad ye think it, an auld dim-sighted chap that I was, I took it only yesterday for true and lawful silver?"

"Thy wits were wool-gathering, Davie; but what has that to do with Christianity?" asked Zech.

"Nay, lad, thou can see; if there be no true coin, there can na have been the false: and if there are hypocrites,—and too many there are, I grant ye, be they few or many,—what does that prove, ye know? Why, just that there's something that's real, with God's own image and superscription on it."

"Thou hast a queer way of putting it, Davie," said the man; "but thou may be right."

"*May* be! must be, man! ye can make nought else out of it," said the old bookseller. "But I'll tell ye something more if

ye'll listen. Ye're all for reform, and new moral worlds, and what not; very good: and ye're mad against auld abuses and tyrannies, and all manner of iniquities in the world; very good again. I say nothing against it. You're right, lad, so far. And ye're going to hear this reformer lay down his new plans, and that reformer lay down *his*; and ye're after buiks that tell of new philosophies and new doctrines, when ye've never had a thought of going to the fountain head; and ye know nothing of the grandest Reformer that ever came into the world, and that is na very good, it is very bad, man.

"I asked ye, just now, if ye knew anything of Jesus Christ," continued the old bookseller; "and 'tis plain ye dinna know, and dinna care to know; and yet,—but ye shall hear what He says;" and Davie again took the Bible in his hand, and opening it, read, "'Woe unto you, Pharisees,'—they were your great men in those days, ye must know; riding, as it were, on the high places of the earth, and caring nothing for the people, ye understand,—'Woe unto you, Pharisees,' said Jesus Christ; 'for ye love the uppermost seats in the synagogues, and greeting in the markets. Woe unto you, also, ye lawyers,'—law makers, ye must know,—'for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers; . . . ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye enter not in yourselves, and those that were entering in, ye hindered.'"

"I tell ye, man," continued the bookseller, "that if ye want to know the words of a right down grand Reformer, ye should read the Bible, and there ye'll have them. And if ye want to know aught of liberty, and equality, and fraternity, just ye search the Scriptures, and ye'll find out more than ye'll learn at all your big lecture rooms and halls. And if ye want to make acquaintance with a brave teacher that wad na run away when His life was in danger from tyrannical laws, and that did not leave His followers to shift for themselves,—like some modern reformers that I have heard of, ay, and known,—but just lay down His life for them, and in defence of His doctrines, read the Bible, and ye'll find out who it was; and so I'll tell ye no more."

"We'll, I'll have the book, good or bad, man," said the workman. "What d'ye value it at?"

"Will ye read it when ye have it?" asked the bookseller.

"Aye, will I," the man answered.

"Then ye'll have it for naething. Yon man, that beat his wife with a billy-roller till she could na call out for mercy any longer, threw it in my teeth that I wanted to cry up my wares. May be I did, and may be I dinna. But for the puir auld Bible that's seen its best days, ye're welcome to it;" and the strange-tempered old man thrust it into his visitor's hand.

“Nay, but, Davie——”

“I’ll take naething for it,” said the bookseller; “but if ye winna be beholden to me, I’ll make a bargain; ye shall promise that when ye have found out the pearl of great price in it,—ye dinna mind what that is now, but may be ye will,—and when ye have found it ye shall promise that you will get another Bible, I’ll sell it ye that time if I’m living, and ye come to me,—and give the auld one away to anither puir ignorant wretch that’s crying out for reform.”

The man laughed and promised; and putting it into his pocket, he departed, and hurried along the streets till, reaching a large building, he entered it.

What he did there, and what became of him afterwards, my tale does not say.

“THE ATHEIST’S DREAM.”

’Twas morn,
 The clock upon my shelf a warning gave
 To rise, and nothing loath, I donned my dress,
 For ’twas my wont to be about betimes,
 And ’ere I broke my fast to take survey
 Of Nature at her best. But yesterday
 A slice of luck placed in my hands a sum
 A prince might not despise; and lingering
 I mused on fortune’s freak, and the good things
 Wherewith I had been blest, when suddenly
 In rushed my valet, who, in haste exclaimed,
 “Please, sir, housekeeper’s gone! she can’t be found.”
 What mean you, man? explain yourself, I said.
 “’Tis true, she’s missing, sir; the maid has searched
 Her room, and we elsewhere; but all in vain.”
 I scarce had time to think, when at the door
 A knock announced another messenger.
 “Please, sir, the compliments of Mr. Gill,
 And have you seen his son, for he has gone,
 As also is the butler; where we know not.”
 Now Gill and I had long been city chums,
 And neighbours true, so to his house I sped
 To speak of what, to me seemed passing strange.
 Yet though we talked and questioned long, no gleam
 Of light appeared, no motive could assign,
 For trusted servants they had ever been;
 And John, the son, most dutiful and kind;
 The butler, too, a model man; and she
 Head of my house some twenty years, and now
 Without a moment’s warning disappeared.
 Could she have gone with?—nay, absurd, she was
 The age when sentimental passion—curse
 Of womanhood—is past; a stately dame.

Yet how to fathom this—a triple flight,
We knew not. So at length we started forth,
Gill and myself, for town. As we approached
Our station, there excitement reigned supreme.
Old Betts, the master, had not yet appeared;
A thing 'ere this unknown; while the shrill cry
Of "Paper, sir," fell not upon the ear;
And yonder box in which the pointsman true
Had failed not in his duty twelve long years,
Was empty; and on either side some form
Well known was missed. At length the train full late
Steamed slowly in, but where the usual rush
For seats already filled; the clamour loud
For room? a solemn hush seemed over all,
And as we sped along, the whispered words,
"Where can they all have gone?" alone were heard.
'Till as we neared the town, a burly man—
Farmer he looked, got in, and facing all,
As if to answer every questioning gaze,
Exclaimed "'Tis come at last." What says the Book?
"I tell you in that night, two men in bed
Shall be, the one shall taken be,
The other left." "Alas! it is too true."
"Oh, fool, that while I prayed, 'Thy kingdom come,'
I cared not to prepare that kingdom to
Receive." As thus he spoke a murmur of
Assent passed 'round. I would have spoke
My mind, for I detested all such talk;
Religion and the Bible were to me
Things despised. But now my lips seemed dumb,
Not for my life could I refute his words,
Though I believed them not; and as I left
The train, his voice still rang within my ears,
"Alas! it is too true." "Thy kingdom come."
And as I paced the streets, what change was there,
The usual throng of thousands moving on
To daily toil, had now become a few.
Shop after shop was closed, and business stood
In subdued silence still. Arrived at last
My house I found unoped, nor was there sign
Of clerk or manager; 'till presently,
And one by one, some half a dozen came,
But not to work, all seemed in mystery bound;
Dreading they knew not what, fearing to ask,
Yet anxious for reply. As day wore on
My hope that things would right proved vain:
No customers appeared; and as they came
My men went off; and left alone, I too
Went forth into the city's thoroughfare:
Again a change. While in the morn there seemed
An unfilled void; a silence that was felt;
Now, as the night closed in, a dense wild crowd
Of people paced the streets; hurrying where
They cared not, yet striving in mad terror
To escape from doom they felt impending.
No gas illumined the streets, but overhead
A lurid glare lit up the scene; as if
The universe were all ablaze, by it

AFTER WORK.

I saw that motley throng surge to and fro,
All ages, tribes and kindreds; rich and poor
Seemed there. The merchant prince forsook his home
And elbowed next the beggar he despised.
The hoary-headed miser, too, came forth,
Nor thought of all his gain. Money was dross,
It could not bring relief, or freedom buy.
Women were there in abject terror bound,
While others rent the air with cries and groans;
And ever and anon a wailing voice
Rose high above the rest, "Too late, too late!"
"The day of grace is past; oh, woe is me."
I hurried on half dazed, seeking to flee
The place, and reach the quiet of my home.
But traffic all was stopped, the station closed,
And turning back I sought my club. Past halls
I sped, theatres gay and gambling dens,
Where oft the human soul is sacrificed
On altars built by passion, greed and lust.
Where I, too, oft had spent my golden hours,
Heedless of all save pleasure's tempting call.
But now all desolate they stood. The gay
Saloon was empty, and the playhouse wrapped
In gloom. Still on I went, walking as in
A city tenantless; for far behind
The multitude were left. I reached my club,
But not a sign of life; stepping within
I, lonely, sat me down and looked around;
Upon a desk there lay an open Book—
The Bible. I turned its pages o'er,
As by a spell; verse after verse stood out
In bold relief, and memory of the past
Filled fast my brain. Oft had I called this God
A myth, and ever scorned His worshippers.
But now a stern reality He seemed,
Present yet unapproachable. I felt
An awful dread creep o'er me; tremblingly
I closed the Book and turned to flee the room,
But all around me seemed a fiery hell;
Escape there was not; while on either side
Forms hideous to behold seemed but to mock
And jeer at my distress. Then in my fear
Upward I glanced and cried to God to save;
And in reply a voice breathed forth the words,
"The God who madest thee thou hast forsook;
I, too, will mock when fear cometh, and I
Will also laugh at your calamity."
Then for a moment Heaven appeared in view,
And o'er those fast closed gates I read the words,
"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now."
Oh, fool, I cried; and, woke. 'Twas but a dream—
A dream—and yet perchance 'twas not a dream,
But the revealing of a vital truth!

W. R. WAY.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

THE boys and girls we love so well; yet for whom we are so fearful when we think of the rash confidence of youth and the snares for the unwary. We want them to grow up wise and good, strong and brave; and how shall the work be accomplished?

It is safe to say that all parents desire this, even those far from wisdom and goodness themselves. If it is true what the good book says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," the evidence is conclusive that heretofore there have been terrible defects in the training.

The numbers of young men who have gone out into the world but to become a curse to themselves and to humanity, the bright-faced girls, who, little by little, have drawn away from goodness and virtue, are far too numerous for us to hope that *our* sons and daughters are safe without the best example and the most careful training.

We hear people talk flippantly of the "wild oats" young people are expected to sow; but it is terrible to think of the fearful harvest that inevitably follows. Even could we be sure that those who so rashly now are scattering the seeds of sin, and perforce of sorrow, would some time, somewhere, set diligently about the task of uprooting the evil weeds and sowing pure wheat instead, yet would there be cause for bitter regret. There is a terrible vitality about these noisome weeds, and they have a trick of springing up in unexpected places, when we least desire them; they choke out and dwarf much that is good, if once they get rooted in the heart. The sins of youth that spring oftener from carelessness than deliberate evil intention to do wrong, mar the whole life, and, though bitterly repented of, the scars are never quite effaced. Then there are so many to whom the errors of youth are but the first steps in a life-long way of sin that at last leads down to death, that we can but feel there is an awful responsibility resting upon parents, who, for their own present ease, leave their children to find their own amusements among companions of their own choosing.

What shall we do? Begin the work in season. They come to us, weak, helpless, that we, with our greater strength and experience, may, under God, teach them what is right, moulding the wax, training the sapling, till the work required of us is all well done.

Don't let the children run wild and without restraint or guidance, and think that by and bye you can put on the strong, tight curb, and "bring them into the traces" without a struggle. Teach them lessons of unselfishness and honour early, and show them by your example that nothing on earth is so good in your

eyes as honesty and uprightness of character. Don't give them a chance to draw comparisons between your preaching and your practice, but let every action prove the sincerity of the precept. Do not refuse their innocent requests—denials *must* come, when to gratify them would do them harm—if you are wise in your love; but make them as happy as you can; and remember that God also is training your children, and when He sees they need sorrow as a matter of discipline, never fear that He cannot administer it more wisely than you. In this world of sin and death, sorrow must come to the most sheltered life, and neither you nor I are called on to add needlessly to the measure of suffering.

Let us be careful, then; little hearts are tender and very sensitive, and few of those who speak harshly really understand how those small hearts ache at an injustice they are as quick as you or I to feel.

When you consent, do it heartily, as if you were as glad as they. Too many give grudgingly of kindly words, as well as of money. Little hearts have much innocent pleasure spoiled for them; and many a child has started off to some gathering of friends and playmates with tears in his eyes and sorrow in his breast, because of fretful words the father or mother forgot as soon as uttered.

We should not only consent graciously, but we should, on occasion, deny firmly. Do not be in haste to refuse, but think it over, and if the thing asked for is wrong, let the denial be so kind, but withal so decided, that there will be no "teasing." A child is quick to learn; and if he sees that we deny his petition only when it will do him harm in our judgment, and that neither caprice nor selfishness has anything to do with it, he will soon learn to yield gracefully.

One great source of trouble in families is to let our feelings instead of our judgment rule. If anything goes wrong on the farm, in the store or in the kitchen, the children have too often to pay the penalty. They meet gruff refusals, when at another time they are allowed the very things asked for now, "because father or mother is so cross."

Don't be afraid to praise them a little when they try to do well, even if you might have done a little better. I have seen children wholly discouraged by continual fault-finding. Doubtless this proceeds from a laudable desire to keep the child from undue pride, but the results are disastrous. When a boy feels that "it is no use to try to please father, he'll find just so much fault, whether I do well or not," the boy is likely to go to ruin, and the father to suffer bitterly for his mistake.

Study diligently to find amusement and occupation for your children. In these days, when good books and papers are cheap

and plenty, let none of our children be left to invest their spare change in dime novels. There are good magazines for the young folks, suitable to "Babyland" and the "Nursery," and others admirably adapted to the wants of "wide-awake" boys and girls.

I have been in my day, a country "schoolma'am," and have "boarded round" extensively, and I think I can safely say that a great majority of the mischief the small people fall into is the direct result of not knowing "what to do with themselves."

I know that fathers and mothers get tired, and would like quiet evenings; but don't, good people, secure them by sending your children into the streets for amusement. It is as natural and as right that a child should like fun and frolic as that a kitten should play, or a lamb skip about the green field in the spring-time; and it is our part to see that their fun is of the right kind.

Let the boys and girls share in the work of the household, too; let them feel that they help make home pleasant, and I am sure they will love home better.

Too much indulgence makes selfish children, and too great severity makes rebels and deceivers. Ah! we need much of that wisdom which is peaceable, pure and gentle, that we may guide our children rightly.

ELIZABETH WOOD.

CHICHESTER DURING THE RACE WEEK.

IN some quiet country town, as Chichester for instance, where a grand cathedral lifts its sacred head, perpetual calm seems to reign until the week of the races comes round. Then what a change and contrast! Every house and lodging is let; every cab and carriage is furbished up; every horse and pony is pressed for the occasion for many miles around; nondescript vehicles from London descend upon the scene; the hotel keeper trebles his staff of waiters and cookmaids; the parson preaches his annual sermon against the races, and sends his boys on a visit to be out of the reach of temptation, and the inundation begins. They come—horses, grooms, jockeys, lords and ladies, bookmakers, backers, touts, welshers, card-sharpers, pickpockets, gaily drest women; and as long as the races last, those of the inhabitants that stay at home sit at their windows twice a day to watch the incessant stream of four-horse drags, omnibuses, carriages, carts and cabs, pass and repass their windows. When the races are over, the motley throng is swept away to another meeting; the bookmaker counts his gains, the backer tries to forget and under-estimates his losses; the weary landlord wipes his forehead, and ejaculates a thanksgiving that the races are over, and the little town gathers itself together again under the shadow of the cathedral. And if we visit the race-course, and

take our place on the stand while the horses are going to the post, what a scene is exhibited below ! The roaring mob of ringmen, making the face of the summer hideous, screaming like vultures flocking to the prey,—what a truly noble institution is this ! The less custom the bookmaker has, the more frantically he screams the odds ; the gamblers are comparatively silent ; so are vultures when their beaks are in their prey. These are the high-spirited men who cheered the Marquis of Hastings when he had stripped himself of an ancestral estate to pay the hundred thousand pounds he had lost on Hermit's Derby—the men who hooted the broken-hearted young nobleman into his grave when he could pay no longer. The ring is, no doubt, an English institution, but we have lost many English institutions of late years, and we could spare the betting-ring better than any of those we have lost.—*Quarterly Review*.

ARE YOU INDIFFERENT ?

My fellow sinner, are you indifferent to the things which belong to your eternal salvation ? Are you saying, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace" ? Could we but stand at the gate of eternity, and see the millions of indifferent, careless souls who are driven by the tempest of God's wrath into the place of "outer darkness," our hearts would swell with emotion, and our eyes run down with tears :—to see souls capable of enjoying the highest bliss, yet driven from the presence of God for ever :—human beings lost, because they have despised the only refuge from the wrath to come, and neglected the salvation provided for them in Jesus : their souls destroyed by their own indifference.

Faithful friends warn and entreat *you* to pause and consider, to *stop* in your perilous course ere it is too late. God by His *providence* and the voice of His *grace*, says, "Man, do thyself no harm, but turn unto me, and live." The hand of a living Saviour is stretched out to save you. The Holy Ghost pleads with you now, saying, "To-day, if ye will hear *His* voice, harden not your hearts." But you turn a deaf ear to all entreaties, and follow your rebellious will. All is calm now, the sky betokens no storm ; and you pass on indifferent to the future—indifferent to your true position as a sinner in the sight of a holy God.

"Several years since, three young men, bathing one day in a beautiful river, allowed themselves to float downwards toward a cataract some distance below. At length two of them made for the shore, and to their alarm found that the current was too strong for them. They immediately hailed the other, and urged him to make for the shore. But he smiled at their fears, and

floated on. "It is pleasant floating," he said, and seemed to enjoy it much. Soon several persons were gathered on the banks of the river, and, alarmed for his safety, they cried out in deep earnestness, "Make for the shore, make for the shore, or you will certainly go over!" But he still floated on, laughing at their fears. Soon he saw his danger, and exerted his utmost powers to reach the bank, but, alas, it was too late! The current was too strong; he cried for help, but no help could reach him. His mind was filled with anguish, and just as he reached the fearful precipice, he threw himself up with arms extended, gave an unearthly shriek, and then was plunged into the boiling abyss below." So, my reader, how near you are to death and judgment, how near to the wrath to come, neither you nor I can tell; for

Life is wasting,
Death is hasting,
Death consigns to heaven or hell.

"Time was! time is! thy time is now,
To thee, O man, *this* moment's given
To escape from hell and flee to heaven."

"The Gospel doth proclaim
Salvation free,
Through a Redeemer's name;
But life once past,
All offered grace is o'er,
Man's doom is fixed,
His state can change no more."

God claims your heart, your life, your energies, for you belong to Him. Your life has hitherto been wasted, and it must be said of you, "He liveth to himself."

Trifle no longer, be indifferent no longer! Enter at once on a new course; commit thy heart to Jesus to cleanse and sanctify it with His precious blood; seek the assistance of the Holy Spirit to enable you to walk in the way of holiness—even the way of repentance and of faith; for if you reject God's Word, despise His invitations, and neglect His great salvation, God declares that there remains nothing but "a fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation." Accept, then, the terms, and close with the offers of divine mercy. Venture on Jesus by a living faith; for "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

LIFE IN CHRIST.—Better, a thousand times, live under the government and tutory of Christ, than be your own, and live at will. Live in Christ, and you are in the suburbs of heaven; there is but a thin wall between you and the land of praises; ye are within an hour's sailing of the shore of the new Canaan. When death digs a little hole in the wall, and takes down the sails, ye have no more ado than set your foot down in the fairest of created paradises.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

THE GIPSY FUNERAL.

BY E. A. KNIGHT.

SLOWLY they come up the winding path,
 Passing the marble and sculptured stone,
 Four athletic and dark-browed men,
 Clad in their garb of fustian brown.

Slowly they come up the winding path,
 Tenderly bearing their burden small,
 A little coffin; rudely made,
 Barely covered with rusty pall.

After them follows a motley throng,
 Of the gipsy tribe both young and old;
 Barefoot children who wondering, eye
 The strange sad scene they now behold.

Crowding around the chapel dim,
 Humbly they linger about the door;
 Scarcely daring to venture in,
 So sacred seems the hallowed floor.

Hushed is each footfall and murmured word,
 Reverent awe is in every face,
 Dark eyes flashing through unshed tears,
 As the Chaplain takes his wonted place.

Eager they list to the "Word of God,"
 And not a knee but at once is bent,
 And not a head but is lowly bowed,
 While the solemn prayer to heaven is sent.

Tearful they gather beside the grave,
 When the coffin small from sight is hid,
 By the selfsame hands that fashioned it,
 And the loving ones that closed the lid.

Only a band here and there of crape,
 Is the outward sign of each mourner's woe
 But those gipsy hearts are filled with grief,
 As from the grave they slowly go;

Leaving the "pet of the tribe" behind,
 'Twas a handsome boy of summers four,
 Whose grave amid their wanderings,
 Perchance they ne'er may visit more.

Comforting words from the Chaplain fall,
 Telling them all of the "Home above,"
 Of the "folded lambs;" and "the Shepherd's care,"
 "*For the wandering sheep; and His wondrous love.*"

The seed thus sown in the Master's name,
 May it bring forth full an hundredfold,
 That when the "Lord of the harvest comes,"
 These may be found in the sheaves of gold.

The above incident took place a few years since at the Parochial
 Cemetery, Brighton.



THE KITTENS' HOME.

THE RUIN.

THE grey mist hovered on the hills
That towered against the wintry sky,
Their cloud-capped peaks and glistening rills
But echoed to the eaglet's cry.

Beneath lay dingle, marsh and mere,
 And dense woods covering vale and height,
 Wound up the mountain slopes to where
 Their white crests glimmered to the light,
 There where the red deer fearless run,
 Dark Cluna's rushing waters flow,
 Sparkling one moment in the sun,
 To thunder in the gloom below.
 Their sullen roar was harsh and rude,
 The mountain fastness bleak and bare,
 But man had climbed its solitude,
 And made his dwelling there.

Perched like an eyrie in the cloud,
 Upon the barren crag it rose,
 Close where the cataract booming loud,
 Dashed headlong through the drifting snows;
 Its gloomy towers and stately keep,
 Frowned o'er the winding vales below;
 While proudly from the rugged steep
 It hurled defiance to the foe,
 As glorying in the iron hand,
 That ruled amid its lofty halls,
 Yet conscious of the lawless band
 It shut within those sullen walls,—
 Fast closed above the dungeon wail,
 The murder, cruelty and sin,
 It reared its pennon to the gale
 As if no treachery lurked therein.

And yet its chieftain bore a name
 The boast alike of court and field,
 And many a minstrel sang his fame,
 Despite the blot upon his shield,
 No proud renown could wash away,
 While fraud and falsehood dwell within,
 And want and weakness were a prey,
 And grief and misery a sin.
 But now those ponderous chains are rust,
 And moss and lichen clothe those walls,
 Its loftiest turrets kiss the dust
 Where human footstep rarely falls.
 Power is a phantom, wealth hath wings,
 And fame is but a feverish dream,
 Compared with that eternal light
 Which shineth with a constant beam
 Upon the hearth that God hath blest,
 The home that welcomes from above
 The presence of the heavenly guest,
 The white-winged messenger of love.

SARAH STREDDER.

AUNT SARAH'S STORY.

I AM an old woman now, a poor old woman; without anything about me to make me interesting; I am not so poor as to be dependent on the charity of others; not so high in station as to be sought as society by any but those of my own kin, and a bit too proud perhaps, at least they say so, to be a favourite anywhere but at my brother John's house; and when I so dearly love the young things who sit around me there, it would be strange if they did not return my love a little. I tell them stories sometimes by the firelight, and there is one favourite story of my own young days I have told them so often that they know it as well as I do myself; yet they are so fond of it, that they have asked me to write it for them, that they may tell it to their children when I am in my grave. I shall make but a poor hand at writing it, but I will try. I will write it as I tell it to the children; perhaps some day, they or their children, or Janey in the cradle, may meet with a sorrow like my early sorrow, and then they may like to think of the way in which I was comforted.

It is not a love story; oh, no, and yet it is a love story; not in the usual sense of the word; for I never had a thought of marriage or marrying, or gay young lovers; if you had seen me when I was a girl you would not have wondered. I am handsomer now than I was then, and yet my face is much like most faces on the wrong side of sixty; perhaps rather more wrinkled and toothless and hollow, but for all that, handsomer than it was at sixteen when I first saw my lady. I was living then with my father and mother in a country village far from here; your father was a little toddling boy then, but I was old enough to help my mother to wash, and iron, and mind the house. In a small village a little matter sufficeth to make much talk; so you may suppose there was a great deal said when it was known that Mrs. Deane, who had just been left a widow, was coming home again to live with her father, Mr. Forster, at the Great House. I cared so little about it then, that I hardly heard what the people said, even when they talked in my own mother's house; I remember the women crying as they told my mother (who had lately come to live there) how much they had liked her when she was Miss Helen Forster, "Miss Helen," as they fondly called her, and how she had a kind and free word for every one; and they talked of her in her wedding dress, and the churchyard path covered with flowers, only one year before: and now she was returning in a black gown and a widow's cap. It was all very sad certainly, but nothing to me, I thought; and as they talked, I played with my brother—your father, my dears, and strung the daisies he had gathered into chains for his neck.

It was strange that I should be the first person to see Mrs. Deane; I who did not care about it at all—the first of the

village people, I mean. I often had to carry clean clothes or messages to the house from my mother, and the first time I went there, after Mrs. Deane came, I saw her; she passed through the hall as I was standing there, and spoke to me. I knew directly who she was, because she wore a widow's cap and deep mourning. Her face and voice were so kind, and yet so sad! She asked my name and where I lived; and spoke, I thought, all the more kindly because I could not help showing that I was shy and frightened; I felt my face grow hot and red, and I know my voice shook and stammered; she gave me a cake for my little brothers, and one for myself, if I was not too old to care for sweet cake, she said, smiling with her sad sweet smile.

It is long ago, and these are small things to remember, but I was young, and my feelings were warm, and it was new to me to be spoken to by a lady in that kind manner; for I was not generally a favourite, a shy, awkward, ugly girl. So the gentle words sank into my heart, and remained there, and I dreamt and thought of Mrs. Deane till I saw her again. I often saw her when I went to the house with the clothes, and she always spoke kindly to me. But I must hasten to the time when I knew her better, and loved her like a part of my own life.

After she had been at the house a few weeks a baby was born, a fatherless child from her birth, poor little one, "a messenger of comfort from heaven," her mother called her. When the mother was strong enough to be up, and sitting by the parlour fire, I was told one day that she wished to see me; you may guess how pleased I was, and yet how shy, as the housemaid showed me into the room; but my shyness left me all at once when she spoke to me, and asked me about my mother and little brothers; then she showed me her baby, a little red, sleeping, innocent in its white robes, and little cap such as babies used to wear, trimmed with narrow black ribbon as mourning—poor little one!—for the father it had never known.

So many years have passed since then that I forget exactly how Mrs. Deane brought the conversation to the subject she had on her mind when she sent for me—it matters nothing in this story. "You will not care to know all," she said. The upshot of it was that she wanted a young girl as a servant to assist the nurse as the baby grew older, and to help herself in many ways; if my mother could spare me, and if I liked to enter service she wished to try me.

When I tell my story, the children like me to tell them as much as I can remember of what my mother said when she heard of this proposal, and of what I thought; also of all the frocks and petticoats, and the new bonnet she bought for me, to set me off comfortably in my first start in life; but I think I need not write all this, for I am an old woman, and my fingers

ache already with holding my pen, and I have much more to write. You can imagine it all, I daresay. I will only tell you that I cried myself to sleep the night before I went, and cried all breakfast time the next morning; for the first leaving home is always a bitter thing, even when it is a poor home, and mine had always been a happy one. None of us know what is good for us; the darkest clouds have silver linings. I need not have cried so sadly. Always remember, my children, that God orders everything better than we could wish, and His ways are always best.

It was my duty at the great house to sit in the nursery and help the nurse. I had not at first much to do with the baby; but I kept the room clean, and helped to mend and make. Mrs. Deane often employed me in her own room, and about her own person; it was then I learnt to love her so dearly. I think the love which a faithful servant feels for a kind mistress is a more deep and lasting affection than any other, excepting that between the closest blood relations; but perhaps I only think this because I have felt it so deeply myself.

During all the years I lived with her she never gave me a hasty word; she would show me, herself, the things she wished me to do, and would teach me other things too, more concerning myself than her; and she was always so considerate, and gentle, and full of sympathy; she made me talk to her of all my own little affairs, and gave me such advice and help as could be expected from none but a mother. It was no wonder that I loved her.

(To be continued.)

ABSOLUTION.

“WHOSOEVER sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosoever sins ye retain they are retained. (John xx. 23.) These words were spoken by our Lord after His resurrection on the occasion of His first appearance to His disciples during the evening of the very day on which He rose; and like many other passages of Holy Scripture cannot fairly be taken by themselves, but in connection with what precedes or follows them. In this the *preceding* passage must be taken to understand them properly; we there read “Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father has sent me, even so send I you. And when He had said this He breathed on them, and saith unto them “‘Receive ye the Holy Ghost’; whosoever sins YE remit they “are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins YE retain, they “are retained.”—Now this was a *personal, individual*, privileged power, given to those particular persons, and then and there

imparted, *by Our Lord Himself breathing on them*, and by that act He gave them possession of the Holy Ghost and His miraculous powers, *for their own use*. Now it appears to me, by comparing various passages of Holy Scripture together, that these powers were of a twofold character :

Firstly. (Matt. xi.) we read "When he had called unto him "his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, "to cast them out, and heal all manner of sickness, and all "manner of disease."—See also to the same effect Mark iii. 14, 15, and vi. 7, and Luke ix. 1. In Matt. x. 8, this power is extended to raising the dead; and, Secondly, in the passage at the head of this paper, Our Lord gives to them *personally*, by the power of the Holy Ghost, *then and there imparted*, a power to remit or retain sins; but this power does not appear to have been given them as an adjunct to their Apostolic office or work, but a personal endowment granted them, as a kind of parting gift of love from the Lord Jesus to His faithful personal followers. The promise of power was confirmed. (Acts i. 8.) "But ye shall "receive *power* AFTER that the Holy Ghost has come upon you." With this compare Luke xxiv. 49: "And, behold, I send the "promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of "Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." Now with the *second* and great gift of the Holy Ghost of which we read in Acts ii. 1—4, there was a *third* miraculous power added, *the gift of tongues*, which appears to have been very influential. See Acts ii, 7, 8.

Taking therefore these things together, is it reasonable to assume that as the *Holy Ghost*, being the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, is God, and therefore almighty and unchangeable; *must be and is* the same in power *now* as He was at the time of our Saviour. And as *all* these gifts were bestowed on such as received Him then, it is fair to conclude that if any man or body of men can, by what is called apostolic succession or otherwise, lay claim to *any one* of these gifts, he or they could equally lay claim to them *all*. But as a fact they do not do so, they only lay claim to *one* of them, and that one, remarkable to say, the *only* one which the Apostles themselves *never* appear to have made use of, viz: the *forgiveness or retention of sins*, and which most certainly they had no power of imparting or transmitting to others.

Let us now see what was the custom of the Church in *early* times in this matter of absolution. Penance was first introduced A.D. 157, and was imposed by the Elders of the Church, after an examination and *public* confession, and *only* for transgressions against the laws and regulations of the *Church*.

During the reign of the Roman Emperor *Decius*, an imperial edict for the persecution of the Christians was published A.D. 249, and *after* this persecution it was ordained by the Church at Rome,

where naturally the persecution was most severe, that penitents should make their confessions in *private* to a particular presbyter or priest appointed for that purpose, in order to avoid the consequences of *public* confessions made before that time. This system was however found to tend to immorality; and grievous sins were committed as a result of the intimacy necessarily formed between the penitent and the confessor, and consequently it was discontinued towards the end of the fourth century, after having existed nearly 150 years. This practice was not resumed or made a rule of the *Church of Rome* till about the year 1217, or a lapse of rather over 800 years, when the Pope, Innocent III, *by his own authority* instituted *Auricular Confession*, "a confession which implied not only a general acknowledgment, "but also required a particular enumeration of the sins and follies "of the penitent."

During this interval of 800 years, during the last ten years of the ninth century, the Eastern and Western branches of the universal (Catholic) Church came to a total and lasting separation. The Western branch of the Church having its headquarters at *Rome*, was called the *Roman Catholic Church*; the Eastern branch had its headquarters at Constantinople, where the Greek Emperor ruled, and was called from that circumstance the *Greek Catholic Church*. The doctrine of *Auricular Confession*, when resumed in 1217, was only fully promulgated by the *Western* or *Roman* branch of the Church; the *Eastern* or *Greek* branch holding that it is *not* a *Divine* institution, but only an injunction of the Church.

Previous to the year 1217, when confession to a priest was instituted, there had been no attempt to pardon *sin* or *sins*, according to the meaning of those words in the Bible, that is, as transgressions of the Laws and Commands of God; but only by the performance of certain matters called *penances*, the penitent was forgiven, or rather procured for himself remission, for having transgressed the laws, or enactments, or institutions of the *Church*; and to this was added in the twelfth century, a power, given to the higher clergy, to commute or exchange the penalty or penance into a money payment; which varied in amount according to the greatness of the offence committed, and the wealth of the penitent. Gradually, after this period, the assumption to forgive sins of all kinds, and sin as a transgression of the laws and commands of God, crept in; and by degrees got so mixed up with the infliction of penances for infringing the disciplinary laws of the Church, that now there is little or no distinction made between them; and the priests of the *Romish Church and their imitators*, boldly declare that they have a delegated power to forgive sins, and some even go so far as to say that they have an *inherent* power, by virtue of their

office, to grant or withhold forgiveness of sins according to their own will. Now this is absolutely and totally unscriptural, for *nowhere* in the New Testament is forgiveness of sins spoken of except as the direct act of God Himself, or as His gift to man by and through the precious blood of Christ, which was shed for the very purpose, that by believing and trusting in Him, and by that *alone*, the penitent believer should obtain perfect and full remission and pardon of his sins. Hobbes, the infidel philosopher, said that "Love of power is the greatest active influence in the human heart." Now this assumption of the power to remit or retain sins, and to inflict punishment on, or exact pecuniary compensation from, the penitent, is a weapon of tremendous value in giving *power*, absolute irresponsible power, to the priest or confessor over those under their influence. May not this have had something to do with the assumption of it?

The text above quoted (John xx. 23), if *taken by itself*, might seem to give *the Apostles* power to forgive sins; but where are we told they could in any way pass that power on to others? Where do we find that they *made use of that power*, if it were so given them? The answer is easy: **NOWHERE IN THE BIBLE.** So even assuming, for the sake of argument, that the apostles *had* this power and authority given them; they never used or exercised it, and it *died with them*, because they had *not* the power to relegate or impart it to others. Is it not also fair to assume, on the other hand, that if they *had* possessed this power or authority they *would* have used it? So as they did *not* use it, it must have been because they did not possess it. They had in common with *every* believer, the authority to pronounce the remission of sins through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, but merely as the gift of God, and in no way whatever by any given or inherent power in themselves. And so it is now: no one man or class of men has any power at all to forgive or remit sins under any circumstances whatever; but any and everyone has the authority to declare and pronounce the full and free pardon, remission and absolution of sins, by faith in Jesus Christ, according to God's holy Word and ordinance. Take for instance, among other such passages, John iii. 16—18 and 36; vi. 47, and xx. 30, 31. Various passages can also be brought forward to prove that the Apostles not only appear never to have forgiven sins, but do not even seem to have considered themselves able to do so. For example see Acts v. 29—32; viii. 22—24; xxvi. 15—18, &c.

D. H. J.

CAPTAIN BOYTON, the famous swimmer, opened a drinking saloon in New York some years ago, but soon abandoned it. "I have felt it to be a curse upon me," he says, "ever since I entered it. I would rather make bricks than touch the gin trade again."

OBEDIENCE IS BEST.

BY MARY BATCHELOR.

A SAD sight had been witnessed on that dull October day; even the atmosphere was heavy with fog, not like is generally the case with the last days of October. A poor woman had left her only son on board a training vessel at Portland. To her it appeared as if every gleam of sunshine had suddenly gone out of her life. It seemed but yesterday when she was dancing her nine-months-old baby by her pretty cottage door, and waiting for her husband to return from his daily work, when she had seen four men bearing some heavy burden coming towards the cottage. She never could remember what passed in those next few days, but with returning strength the necessity of working and earning enough to support her baby-boy and herself forced itself upon her. Her husband was killed by a kick from a restive horse. She worked hard taking in washing, and so supported her fair-haired, blue-eyed baby boy Willy.

But the boy required a firmer hand than his mother's. He was petted, and gained a self-will of his own, which, had a father's loving hand been over him, would never have happened. He was a general favourite at school, and in some way usually pleased himself in the games.

When he was about ten years of age an old sailor, who had made the mighty ocean his home for over thirty years, came to settle in the village. The boys were never more pleased than to listen to his stories of other lands, and to be allowed to gaze upon the wonderful curiosities he had amassed; this incited many of the boys to wish to become sailors, but none so much as Willy.

Evening after evening, instead of helping his mother draw water or prepare the wood for her ironing fire, he would be busy carving out a ship and running into the old sailor's cottage to get help if he found himself in any difficulty. Gradually bad reports came to his mother that he was doing no work at school, and was spoiling those boys who would work, by his example. At length his mother consented that he should go to sea, in fact, she saw it was the only way to do him any good; perhaps after a few voyages he would come home and live with her again and be contented.

At first his letters home were full of the delights of the sea, but no mention of his lonely mother missing him and sitting so many evenings alone and thinking of her boy. A few years went by; that mother, who had been a beauty when she stepped up the church path with her honest hard-working partner, in only these fifteen years was apparently an old woman bent with age.

And how fares it with her sailor son? For two years she had received no news of him—he might be dead. Disobedience had been Willy's worst failing, and on board it often got him into serious trouble, but after tasting the rope's end he found it was best to submit. Their ship was bound for Canada, and Willy, with another youth as wilful as himself, determined to desert the ship and try and join any emigrants that might be bound for the far West.

We say fate helps us when we desire to do wrong; it is often found the way to ruin is swift, and when we once begin to do wrong opportunities present themselves on every side.

When the ship's crew was sent to get fresh water these two managed to escape and conceal themselves in a place of safety. Unacquainted with the country, provided with nothing but sharp knives, they were badly armed indeed to resist the attack of any wild beast or man. In two days they fell in with a party of men on their way to clear a piece of the forest a long way off; they willingly allowed them to join their company. Willy, not being very strong, was ordered to cook the food, and a sorry attempt he made of it. Although these rough men worked hard all day, and one would think could eat anything, yet if the food was not prepared to their liking, they thought nothing of sending a bone at his head or abusing him, till his own mother's cottage rose before him, and tears would fill his eyes, which he vainly tried to repress. This gained for him the nickname of "Molly."

Getting dreadfully tired of cooking, Willy found an opportunity of joining a band of emigrants setting out to seek their fortune in the far West. These had determined to press on, caring neither for the Red Indian nor the wild beast.

Willy was now tolerably happy, and the hope of getting some land for himself made him willingly assist in anything. For many days the waggons travelled on in safety, and the emigrants were all in high spirits, talking of the ground that had been portioned out to them by the land agent; building fairy hopes of bright fortune in the land that they had chosen, and so beguiling the time.

One amongst them was a youth who, by a strange coincidence had known Willy in the Old Country; he told him of his mother's sorrow, and begged him to write to her again, and if he did well, to send for her to spend her last years with him. Willy was softened, and owned he had been a bad son, but with God's help he would do better.

That night the women were sound asleep in the waggons, and only the usual number of men that drove the bullocks were awake, when a fearful whoop sounded on the midnight air. The foremost waggon had just turned a sharp corner, and came in sight of a wood. Several Indians who had been, no doubt,

watching the waggons for some time, rushed upon the poor emigrants. They are so bloodthirsty that they spare neither old nor young, male nor female. The men tried to defend themselves, but were quickly overpowered and killed. Not one did the Indians spare that they saw; but the youth who had come from Willy's village caught one of the Red Indians' horses and fled into the woods. Friends were at hand; a hunter, who had seen the attack, but could give no warning, drew the affrighted youth into a cave, and hid him there till the Indians had left that part. Poor fellow! He is now a rich farmer in America, but he says he never can forget that night of horrors, or Willy's upturned face with a spear still sticking in him, gasping out the words, "Oh, mother! oh, mother!"

NO TIME TO READ THE BIBLE.

"I HAVE no time to read the Bible," says the hard working father; "I am out the first thing in the morning, and home late at night;" and he buries himself in the newspaper for which he is not too busy.

"I have no time to read the Bible," says the busy mother; "my time is fully occupied in mending, looking after the children, and working from morning till evening." But we see her gossiping with the neighbours in her spare time.

"I have no time to read the Bible," says the son; "I am out at business all day, and when I come home I am too tired;" and he goes off to some place of amusement with his friends.

"I have no time to read the Bible," the daughter says; "what with helping mother all day, making the clothes, and mending, I have no time to myself." But she finds time to peruse the trashy novel, and read the latest fashions.

"We have no time," say the children; "we are at school all day, and preparing lessons until bed-time." And they bound carelessly away to their play.

If people want to do anything very much, they make time for it. We never hear anyone say "I have no time to eat, there is so much to be done," or "I have no time for sleep, I must work all night."

If a letter came from someone they loved very much, they would not put it away in a drawer and say "I have no time to read it."

The Bible is God's Letter to His people; can anyone refuse to read that letter. Everybody has time for at least a few verses every day, if not more. A few verses well digested and thought about will be far better than two or three chapters hastily glanced through. As bodily food is needed to make a man strong; so spiritual food is necessary for growth in grace, and the quickening of the inner life. May we study the Scriptures often, asking God to interpret them to us.

MARION THORNLIE.

THE ADVENTURES OF A CRAB.*

UPON the beach I wandered free
 As happy as a crab could be,
 Midst tangled weed and shingle spread
 A gay and merry life I led;
 I fed on shrimps and fishes small,
 Ah! there indeed was food for all.
 Then came the joy and merry glee
 Of scamp'ring o'er the sand so free:
 The waves rolled in and then rolled back,
 Of pleasant sport there was no lack,—
 One day when running on the beach
 A little sunny pool to reach,
 A shadow fell across the sand,
 And down there came a lady's hand,
 That for a moment held me tight,
 And though I struggled in my fright,
 My struggles were of no avail,
 She quickly dropt me in a pail;
 Another crab, yes one, two, three,
 And then a red anemone,
 A starfish, pinpatch, shrimp and eel,
 A hermit who his shell doth steal,
 Came tumbling in, and all pell-mell
 We one upon another fell.
 At length our captor ceased to roam,
 And in her pail she bore us home,
 And put us in an earthen pan,
 (For that she said was Gosses plan).
 Then from the pan into a glass
 We all were put, and there alas!
 For three long years, my life I spent
 In close and sad imprisonment.
 And many deaths I there did see;
 For all that had been caught with me
 And many more that came beside,
 They slowly shrank away and died;
 Though sometimes of a shrimp or eel
 I must confess I made a meal,
 'Tis true, they are our proper fare
 We never think, such lives to spare;
 But something worse is on my mind,
 And scarce can I the courage find,
 To tell how in that narrow space
 I even fed on my own race.
 We fought and quarrelled day by day,
 There was not even room to play;
 And hunger made our tempers bad,
 Whilst close confinement drove us mad.
 For if beneath a hollow stone,
 We made a little cave alone,
 Another crab would come and try
 Within our privacy to spy;

* This crab was caught by a lady on the beach at Cromer in August, 1857,
 and liberated on the same spot in September, 1860.

For sand was scarce, and stones were small,
'Twas very hard to hide at all
Within those crystal walls so bare
Where nothing grew to shade the glare;
But all was kept both clear and bright
To let in every ray of light,
That anyone might come to look,
And note our habits in a book.
So oft there would be war and strife,
In which the weaker lost his life,
And thus they perished one by one,
Till I at length was left alone.
And nothing now remained to eat
Except the weekly mite of meat,
Which first the lady doled to me,
And then each poor anemone
Received a shred, dropt from her hand
As by our prison she would stand;
Their feelers now were faint and thin,
With scarcely strength to draw them in;
No longer those bright flowery things
That bloom in ocean's crystal springs,
And drawing quickly in each ray
Secure with ease the passing prey,
Or led by fancy lightly float
As buoyant as a tiny boat.
I blush to say I had a trick
Of hiding up my morsel quick,
Then catching off each little mite
That did on their antennae light;
And thus I managed oft' to steal
Away their poor and scanty meal.
When all the juice we had sucked out
The fibre floated all about;
And then, when this, she had skimmed off,
The lady would her squirt bring forth,
And squirt away till whirls of foam
Went circling round our narrow home.
It seemed a little life to give,
And helped perhaps to make us live,
And she was pleased, and said that we
Must think it like our native sea.
Six different times I changed my shell,
It is by this the months I tell,
For when in spring the sun shines bright,
My coat it always feels too tight;
And when the summer heat is o'er
Again I leave it on the shore.
A wonder great this seemed to be,
And many came my shell to see;
And one old man did reason long
That in this habit I was wrong;
He seemed to think that man could know
Exactly how a crab should grow,
And said that once a year would do
For us to have our coats made new.
Thus years passed on, until one day,
I heard the lady plainly say,

That I was grown too big to stay,
 For such commotion did I make
 Within her little stagnant lake,
 That nothing else could live with me,
 I ate them so voraciously;
 And when they next went to the sea,
 She'd quite resolved to set me free.
 Oh, what a glad and joyful sound
 Was this! And when again I found
 Myself a prisoner in the pail,
 It did not make my courage fail;
 And after many a painful jar,
 They set me down upon the shore.
 From that dark pail, it was a change!
 All looked so glorious, yet so strange:
 I turned quite faint, and scarce could stand,
 But quickly squatted in the sand
 As I had done in years gone by,
 Before my long captivity.
 The cool firm sand it seem to give
 Me strength and courage for to live.
 Then stept I out upon the shore
 And hear again old ocean's roar,
 And found my friends in pools and streams
 As I had seen them in my dreams.
 But as experience should teach,
 I sought a less frequented beach,
 And live in this secluded place
 In safety from the human race,—
 For much I hope that near my home
 A naturalist will never roam.

E. W.

A CHINESE STORY.

"THE MAGIC PATH" is a curious story that is given in a recently-published volume entitled "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio," by Mr. H. A. Giles, of H.M.'s Consular Service. A scholar named Kuo one night lost his way among the hills. He heard the sound of laughter, and going in the direction of the sound, he found some ten or a dozen persons sitting on the ground drinking. He asked them to show him his way, but they pressed him to join them. He tossed off the bumpers so fast that he was at once voted to be a jolly good fellow. He was very clever in imitating the notes of the birds, and did it so well that for a time he deceived his companions. After a while he imitated a parrot, and cried: "Mr. Kuo is very drunk; you'd better see him home." They said that they would first show him a few acrobatic feats.

"They all arose, and, one of them planting his feet firmly, a second jumped up on to his shoulders, a third on to the second's shoulders, and a fourth on to his, until it was too high for the rest to jump up; and accordingly they began to climb as though

it had been a ladder. When they were all up, and the topmost head seemed to touch the clouds, the whole column bent gradually down until it lay along the ground, transformed into a path. Kuo remained for some time in a state of alarm, and then, setting out along the path, ultimately reached his home. The next day he revisited the spot, but, though he saw the remains of a feast lying about, there was no sign of a path."

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

A clergyman walking one day in the country, fell into thought. He was so accustomed to ride, that, when he found himself at a toll, he stopped and shouted to the man: "Here! what's to pay?"

"Pay for what?" asked the man.

"For my horse," said the clergyman.

"What horse? There's no horse, sir!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the clergyman, looking down between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback!"

Sydney Smith was not in general absent-minded; but he says that once, when calling on a friend in London, and being asked by the servant "Who shall I say has called?" he could not for the life of him recollect his own name, and stared in blank confusion at the man for some time before it came back to him.

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent. It is declared of him that when he fell into the river by the upsetting of a boat at Hagley, "he sank twice before he recollected that he could swim."

In illustration of the absent-mindedness of the great Jonathan Edwards, this story is told: When out riding one day, a little boy very respectfully bowed and opened a gate for him.

"Whose boy are you, my little man?" he asked.

"Noah Clark's boy, sir," was the answer.

On the return of Edwards, the same boy appeared and opened the gate for him. He thanked the little fellow, and again asked: "Whose boy are you?"

"Noah Clark's, sir; the same man's boy I was a quarter of an hour ago, sir."

SPARKS AND FIRE.—We may set our foot on a spark, but we cannot trample out a conflagration: so by the energy of our will we may repress first risings of evil: but we cannot overcome evil dispositions. The wisest decision of our will is to seek alliance with the Supreme Will. He who is the Supreme Will is the Supreme Goodness. He works not alone for us, but with us—supplying us with energy of holy life, with His own good Spirit. By the "Spirit of God" may we quench the "spirit of the world"—the fire that ravages; and then by the "Word of Truth" rebuild what has been thus made waste and desolate. As partakers of the holy life, we have strengthening dispositions by which we work, according to directive thoughts; and, becoming heedful, we hinder many sparks from breaking out into fires. Evil gradually we thus overcome by good.

VARIETIES.

LAST year's drink bill would have found maintenance, at the rate of 30s. per week per family of five, for 7,901,845 persons.

OUR national drink bill is equal to a tax of two shillings per pound on the total income of the people of the united kingdom.

"WE ought," wrote Dr. Charles Stanford in his latest book, "to look at the drunkard only with burning shame and a sympathetic sense of bitter degradation. He is an awful solemnity. To laugh at his absurdity is to laugh at a curse; anything but that! Haste to the rescue as soon as you can, and join any who are trying to help his weak will and to win his lost soul back to sanity."

"LET liquor alone and it won't hurt you," was the advice given by a gentleman to a young friend. "But it has hurt me," answered the young man. "How is that?" inquired his friend. "Well, six months ago my employer, when off his balance, signed some bills which he should not have done; and yesterday the firm, which was a large one, succumbed. So here I am, and nearly two thousand others, in dead of winter, thrown out of employment." That gentleman's act, because of drink, had touched the comfort of not less than ten thousand human beings.

MEETING THE DIFFICULTY.—This story is related of a Quaker who resided in an English country town. The Friend was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for purposes of local charity or usefulness. The town's people wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe toward an object so contrary to his principles: but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss if he was not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project; the old church was to be removed, and such and such steps taken toward the construction of a new one. "Thee was right," said the Quaker, "in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didst thee not say something about pulling down a church? Thee may'st put my name down for a hundred pounds."

COUPLET.

He that has money is troubled about it,
And he that has none is troubled without it.

The *Editor* invites attention to the *fifteenth thousand* of a little work for the *Sick*, the *Tried*, and the *Sorrowful*. Just issued at 67 Paternoster Row, as a volume for the use of Christian visitors. The price is 1s., and as a packet for distribution, price 6d. The work consists of *short* Addresses, Scripture Readings, Short Prayers and Hymns, all suitable for various experiences and circumstances in daily life.



PRINTING.

ONCE upon a time all books were perpetuated by copying with the hand: whoever would possess a volume must undergo the toil of transcribing it, or pay the price of that toil to another. This was the narrowness of the circle of the learned. The perfection of the copyist's art was soon attained, but the utmost rapidity and cheapness in this mode of multiplying books could not render them to the mass of the public. How was the seeming impossibility to be surmounted? By some meaner process, which should deteriorate the appearance of books to a degree commensurate with the humble fortunes of the poor; so that if the rich man's Bible cost him 30*l.*, a copy of but one sixtieth the excellence should be produced for one sixtieth the sum? Far from it indeed!

The means of making the poor man a proprietor of books, lay in a glorious new art that clothed all literature in a bodily frame of surpassing beauty and usefulness, and placed it in the hands of the common people in a form that before the invention of printing the greatest kings would have envied; and which even Virgil or Cicero would not have disdained as the material pedestal of their immortality. This art, simpler and more universal than writing, was not lower but immeasurably higher than its predecessor, whose services were for the noble and the learned.

It is printing which gives to later times their superiority over the past; and it is by the periodical press that that superiority is most suddenly and variously manifested in the rapid transmission of every impulse throughout the whole framework of society.

It has justly been said that the circulation of newspapers
[No. 7.]

would have contributed more to have preserved the freedom of the ancient republics than all the institutions of their legislators. Completely at the mercy of their orators, the citizens of Greece had nothing lasting and recorded to guide them. Impelled by the breath of the last speaker, and actuated by every rumour, they were sensible to each impression, but no impression was permanent.

Newspapers communicate to a whole country the advantages which were formerly peculiar to a city, and spread the same impulse from province to province with as much rapidity, and more precision, than could formerly have been circulated from one quarter of a large town to another. But the power of newspapers consists not only in the rapidity of the transmission, but in the reiteration of their statements.

Burke, thirty years ago, had the sagacity to perceive, that they who can gain the public ear from day to day, must, in the end, become the masters of public opinion; and the rapid increase of the numbers and of the influence of newspapers more than justifies his prediction.

It was no bad observation of Fletcher of Saltoun, that, whoever made the laws of a nation he cared not, provided he had the making of their ballads. But now that nations are less addicted to ballad-singing, and more to the reading of newspapers, the high office of moulding institutions, and amending manners, is devolving upon the editors of daily or weekly journals.

At present newspapers are the main fulcrum and support of liberty; it is through their medium that the House of Commons exerts its healthiest action upon the people at large, and is again reacted upon from without, and is made accessible throughout its recesses to the light and ventilation of free discussion. The most eloquent speeches would expire with their own echo within its walls without influencing a single vote, unless they were printed and circulated in the columns of the newspapers.

Editors may thus become more than the rivals of the orators, whose speeches imperfectly reported, must go forth to disadvantage in the records of the same journal; and equal eloquence may have a wider effect when addressed boldly at once to the bar of public opinion, whose decision is of last resort, and whose verdict is mighty and will finally prevail.

If we look back to the middle ages and notice the rarity of general information and the difficulty of obtaining it, we may perceive some excuse for the practical as well as intellectual ignorance of the multitude of that day. They could and did observe isolated facts of whatever kind, even as we do now; and the phenomena of nature did not, we may be sure, then pass unnoticed by the shrewd and thinking men who were in a

position to observe them. But there were no means readily at hand of spreading and comparing information, and thus, before the invention of printing, facts were almost useless, because they were isolated, and could not conveniently be worked into that form in which they become materials for generalization.

The discovery of printing gave a facility for this, and then 'the sparks of information, from time to time struck out, instead of glimmering for a moment and dying away in oblivion, began to accumulate into a genial glow, and the flame was at length kindled which was speedily to acquire the strength and rapid spread of a conflagration.' But although this outbreak of science, and its sudden and vast expansion, and steady, unremitting progress up to the present time have indeed been marvellous, it is manifest that there is still much room for further increase, when the people of each country shall be sufficiently well informed on every subject to bring their powers of observation into useful bearing, and occupy their leisure with distinct investigations of Nature and her works.

AUNT SARAH'S STORY.

(Concluded.)

As time passed on, and the baby grew older, I was trusted oftener with the care of her, and used to wheel her about the garden in a little cart, while her mother walked with us; and often when the little thing was in her mother's sitting-room I was allowed to sit there too, while nurse was busy on more important matters. They tell me there is no love like a mother's love for a child; that it is stronger even than a wife's love for her husband. I cannot judge of this myself. What should an old maid like me know of the matter? But I think I never saw any one creature love another as Mrs. Deane loved little Nellie: the sorrowful look which had clouded her face when I saw her first seemed passing away, and she looked young and pretty even in her widow's mourning. That was before the first great misfortune came; before we discovered that the little darling was quite blind, and would never see in all her life.

I shall never forget the weeping and wailing in the house when this was found out. Every one in the house cried, even Mr. Forster; and the poor mother held her baby in her arms, and would let no one touch her, or do anything for her but herself, the whole day; and as soon as possible she and Mr. Forster, and the nurse and baby, went a long journey to London, to see some great doctor who might, they thought, do the child good.

While they were absent I went home to my mother. At any other time I might have enjoyed a holiday, but now the pleasure of it was gone, for my thoughts day and night were with my

poor lady and the little blind child. The neighbours only made the matter worse, I thought, for they were for ever and for ever asking me questions, and wanting me to tell them a hundred things about my lady and the Great House; but when they found I would not satisfy their curiosity, they left me to myself, and went away displeased; only my mother told me I was right, and that no servant who could gossip about her lady's private concerns could be a good servant. How much I wished to be a good servant to my lady even my mother hardly knew. Night after night I lay awake thinking of her, wearying for the day when she would return, and when I might hear, perhaps, that the little child could see. That day, alas, never came.

After a few weeks they returned to their home, but the little child was hopelessly blind; no one could cure her. If we, who lived at the Great House loved little Nellie before, we doted on her now. My own dear lady gave up all her time to her; she learnt the blind alphabet that she might one day teach her how to read, and how to knit and make baskets, that she might have employments; I was allowed to teach her to knit as my mother had taught me, and I should have delighted in this employment, if it had not been so often interrupted by my dear lady's heavy sighs as she thought of her darling, and sometimes by the quiet tears which she vainly tried to conceal, and which it cut me to the heart to witness, for I was only her little servant. I might not talk to her, or touch or soothe her.

As time passed, the first bitterness of the grief was softened. "It is God's will, He always does things well, Sarah;" my lady would say, and her bright smile would appear again as she heard little Nellie laughing and singing; for the little thing was a merry, happy child. She had never known the blessing of sight, so she did not understand her loss.

Meanwhile she grew from a baby to a bonny girl, and I into a woman. After Mr. Forster died I still lived on with Mrs. Deane in the Great House, and my love for her grew greater than less, as did hers for Nellie. My little ones, there is a Bible verse which says, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." Whatever we love in this world more than God, is an idol, and it is Love and Mercy when He shatters it for us. Perhaps Nellie was Mrs. Deane's idol, and Mrs. Deane was mine. I had read of a king of Scotland of old times, very rough, and rude, and a great soldier, but he had a gentle wife whom he loved, and who loved him; she was a learned lady for those ignorant times, but he could neither read nor write; still, for her dear sake he loved the books she loved, and though he could not read them, he ordered them to be bound in gold and velvet and set with jewels, and he even liked to handle them and kiss them because they were her books. I thought I was like that rough old king:

I looked up to my lady as so much better, and greater, and wiser than myself, and loved the very senseless, dead thing, which her fingers had used or touched.

My little dear ones, there was no harm in this; there is no harm in our loving each other, and to make us helps and comforts to our friends. . . . I must go on fast to my great sorrow, for I have not told you of it yet, and I am getting tired.

When little Nellie was seven years old, she and her mother went on a visit to some friends. I was not to go with them, but to remain at my mother's house till they returned. I remember now, though it is so many years ago, how sad I felt at the thought of their going away even for one month. I suppose my dear lady saw my sadness, for she tried to cheer me by her kind words, and the hopes of a quick return; she took my hand in hers, as she wished me good-bye, and shook hands with me as if I had not been her servant. I did not think of what I was doing, I could not help it; I bent down and kissed the dear hand, for the first time, and the last.

I never lived with her again; a fortnight later she returned almost heartbroken, in deep mourning and crape; her little darling blind child was dead. I must tell you in as few words as possible; it is a time I cannot trust myself to think of even now. There was a broad, shining, slippery staircase in the house where they were staying, and the little thing's foot slipped at the head of it; she could not see or save herself, and they found her at the foot of the stairs dead. I cannot write of the mourning and the crying, or about myself or about my lady; she only came home for a few weeks to arrange her affairs before she left our part of the country for a new home; we all knew why she could not remain in the old one. And they would not let me see her or be near her; I could not help her or comfort her; I could only stay at home and cry and break my heart because of her. I did see her once when she could not see me, her face was white and thin, and her eyes had that look which I have never seen but in the faces of mothers of dead children, as if they were looking far away, with a dreary look of anguish. I felt turned into a stone; the pain of the moment I remember still; I did not try to speak to her or make myself known. What could I do for that great agony? I felt utterly powerless and useless, and I went home quite stupified, and rushed into the fields—under the shade of the trees, and there at last I cried and sobbed as if my heart was really breaking. You do not remember your Great Uncle John, my uncle, who died before you were old enough to know him well; he was a kind old man, and a Christian; it was well for me that he found me at that moment, for he soon understood what was the matter, and he told me of something which was a great comfort to me. "Sally, you will not heal the

mother's heart with your tears, they do you harm, and her no good. Spend your breath in praying to God, my child ; we cannot comfort her, but He can, and will. He will hear your prayers for the dear Saviour's sake." This stayed my crying ; here was something that I could do. I did not wait a moment ; I prayed for her as I had never done before, that God would send her His comforting Spirit, and from that time never a day passed without my prayers for comfort for her, in which I gathered comfort too ; I learnt more of what earnest prayer can be, and I learnt more of the Bible, which I searched, for passages to show how good it is, and pleasing to God to pray for others, and I felt I was doing something for my lady.

My story is over. It is not very long, you see, or very amusing ; but if it helps one of you in a time of sorrow to the comfort Uncle John recommended to me, I shall not regret the pain it has cost me to write it. If you live to grow old you will have troubles of your own, sore and many ; it is the lot of all of us ; it is God's blessed discipline to lead us to Himself ; but our own burdens and sorrows are sometimes less painful to bear than the burdens and sorrows of those we love. You will understand this if you ever experience it.

I never saw my dear lady again. I hope I shall see her one day,—I look to it with undoubting faith—in the "land which is very far away ;" where "there is no more sorrow, or crying or death," where "God shall wipe away tears from off all faces."

AUNT SARAH.

SUFFERINGS.

SUFFERING is universal. There is no country on earth, however strongly barricaded with sanatory measures, that can keep this enemy out ; no household, however tenderly guarded, which it does not enter. Even as all must die, from the highest to the lowest, so all suffer. And we know, that not only human beings, but the "whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain." It is overwhelming when one pauses to think of the amount of suffering borne at this present moment by thousands of our fellowbeings. And then think of the countless ages that this has been going on, from the time of our first parents, never ceasing for one moment. Let us see what comforting thoughts we can find on this sad fact, which can neither be disputed nor forgotten.

Think of the good that has been wrought through suffering. It acts as salt in the earth. Were this world, (full of sinful creatures as it is) without suffering, how corrupt it would become ! Those who have achieved the greatest deeds in this world, those whose lives are best worth recording, have always

been those who have endured most. King David's Psalms, which have proved a comfort to so many hearts, would never have been written had his life been always smooth and easy. What truth has ever been established without opposition and suffering? Was not the planting of the Christian religion rooted by the sufferings and watered with the blood of the martyrs?

And the lives of all great reformers, Savonarola, Martin Luther, Wickliffe, etc., were full of suffering and endurance.

Not that suffering is in itself good; if borne grudgingly and of necessity, it has an hardening effect. Are those fanatics to be praised then, that hung for hours with hooks through their flesh, or stood with arm uplifted, till the muscle shrivelled up from want of use; or those that wore hair shirts under their other clothing, or any other of the numerous forms of self mortification? They suffered and suffered willingly: what good did their sufferings do them? I doubt if they did not tend to self-glorification, rather than mortification. Would that arm have been stretched upwards so persistently, if he had been in a desert alone, and if his character for holiness had not depended on it? And I wonder, how many times, he with the hair shirt, hugged himself upon his superiority to his fellows. No, self-inflicted suffering for selfish ends is debasing. But how ennobling it is when borne for others, and for God. It acts as a refiner's fire, driving out all that is impure and unworthy in the character. It is not bearing it because we cannot help it, but bearing involuntary sufferings willingly, because it is God's will, that is blessed to us.

Why is there such universal suffering? We believe it is because of our sins. We all sin, therefore we all suffer. Suffering is the natural outcome of sin; sin is the seed, of which suffering is the fruit. But look around you, at the thousand and one forms of stunted development, and incurable hereditary disease. "The sins of the fathers are," truly, "visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." King David's cry, "But these sheep, what have they done?" finds an echo in many hearts, to whom it is difficult to reconcile the fact of inherited sufferings with that great truth, "God is love." It is because we are such shortsighted creatures that our faith fails. Let me suppose a case. A child inherits from its parents a weakness of constitution, the consequence of broken laws, which shews itself, we will say, in a diseased hip. The child lives year after year, may even grow to man's estate, yet always a cripple and rarely free from pain. But he becomes a Christian, a follower of Him who bore suffering willingly for the sake of others, and so he takes his own sufferings, not as a punishment, (though he feels within that he deserves nothing else), but as a cross to be borne for God. And God blesses his sufferings to

him, they teach him patience, gentleness, and above all, his own weakness, so that he is glad to fly to Him whose "strength is made perfect in weakness." (Then what a blessing he and other sufferers become to others. The sight of suffering calls forth the best qualities of man,—what love, what patience, self-forgetfulness, and skill to relieve has it been the occasion of). At length, when suffering and patience have done their perfect work, he is taken home to that country in which neither sin nor suffering can enter. Will he not confess, then, that it was in love that he was afflicted, and thank his Saviour that he was counted worthy to "suffer with Him that they may be also glorified together." For those who bear their unavoidable sufferings patiently and willingly, because it is God's will concerning them, are as really and truly confessing "Him before men," as the martyrs of old who were burnt at the stake, because they would not do contrary to His will.

Christ has sanctified all suffering, since He suffered for us on the Cross. That figure on the Cross is the world's centre. The "being made conformable to His sufferings," the having our cross to bear, is one of the means used of fulfilling that Divine Sufferer's own word: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

When it comes to our turn to suffer, then, (as come it will) shall we shrink from bearing the Cross after Him? Nay, let us bear it bravely, let us keep close to the foot of His cross, and learn *there* the cause and the need of suffering, and the blessings which may flow from it.

THE LADY LECTURER SILENCED :

WITH GRAVE QUESTIONS FOR WORKING MEN.

ONCE a lady, some thought clever,
 In a lecture sought to show
 That the ever-blessed Gospel
 Was a myth, and thus did throw
 O'er some minds a little shadow,
 Perhaps enough to cause a doubt,
 Until one arose, and, speaking,
 Put the lady much about.

"I wish," he said, "to ask a question,
 Perhaps the lady will explain.
 If she does not, if she cannot,
 Then her arguments are vain.
 Thirty years ago," he stated,
 "In this town I was a curse,
 Everybody saw me going
 Down, alas, from bad to worse.

"Oft I tried to rise, but could not,
Vows I made I failed to pay,
But in sin's dark mire was sinking
More and more, from day to day.
Teetotal friends then rallied round me,
Bid me come the Pledge to sign;
They, by kindly words and actions,
Won me o'er their ranks to join.

"But I broke, and signed so often,
Efforts made seemed all in vain,
Friends looked on, alas, discouraged,
Saw me sinking, 'mid my shame.
Then policemen griped me tightly,
Locked me up in cell so drear,
Next away to court they led me,
From the magistrate to hear

"Sentence of a term in prison,
Inside its gloomy walls to dwell,
Through the day-time watch'd by warders,
Night shut up in dismal cell.
All these means have proved a failure,
I remained, alas, as bad
As ever, until Jesus found me,
Changed my heart, and made me glad.

"When teetotal could not hold me,
And policemen tried in vain,
When the prison proved a failure,
And my ruin seemed quite plain,
Then it was that Christ in mercy
Took my sad, sad case in hand,
Made me sober, pious, happy,
Caused me in His strength to stand.

"Now the once poor wretched drunkard,
By His grace has been made whole,
Now I'm happy with His people,
Working in the Sabbath school.
Will the lady please to tell us
How a myth such work could do;
Will she now inform the people
How from myths such good could flow?

"How that Jesus and His Gospel
Can the wildest sinner tame;
If she does not, if she cannot,
Then her learned talk is vain."
Then he waited, but no answer,
Not a word the lady spake,
Proving clearly, by her silence,
That she dare not undertake

To reply to such a witness
 Of the Gospel's mighty power ;
 But the lady, quite confounded,
 Sank, 'neath sore defeat, to cower.
 Then he spake again, appealing
 To the speaker, and he said,
 "'Tis the Gospel, miss, that raises
 Man from sin and fear and dread.

"Till you give us something better,
 To this Gospel we will cling ;
 Wonderous myth, if this you call it,
 Which such joy and peace can bring.
 Please don't rob us of the Gospel,
 Giving naught its place to fill,
 Rather let the working people
 Hold it fast, and prize it still.

"Never heeding what the sceptic
 May advance, while this we see,
 That 'tis Jesus and His Gospel
 Doth the sin-bound captive free."

1st.—Are men better husbands, better fathers, and better neighbours,
 for living sober, Godly, and prayerful lives ?

2nd.—Are families happier, and homes brighter, where, quite free
 from the curse of strong drink, they kneel together in prayer,
 and join in songs of praise ?

3rd.—Are men, women, and children gainers by receiving the Gospel,
 studying their Bibles, and attending the means of grace ?

To the above questions, ten thousand times ten thousand voices
 answer, Yes.

Again, suppose the Gospel is a myth, will the Christian, after being
 the most happy and useful during life, be a loser at death ?
 Common sense answers, No.

But suppose the sceptic is wrong, after living in fear and anxiety,
 what will he lose at last ? He will lose his soul and he will
 lose heaven.

Will working people run the risk ? Nay, a thousand times better
 receive the Gospel, and be on the safe and happy side both for life and
 death.

E. J. CLARK.

"I HOPE there are no cannibals around here," said a traveller to a
 frontier girl, as she was mixing a batch of dough.

"There are plenty of 'em," returned she, pouring some corn-meal
 into the pan. "We always eat a little Indian with our bread."

WHITE KITTY'S STORY, FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY MARY BATCHELOR.

CHAPTER I.

"PUSSY! Pussy! Where is my pussy?" so said a little girl of six. "Mew! mew! mew!" and a lovely white pussy with long fur jumped into the child's arms. Clara (for that was the little girl's name) sat down on a red footstool and began kissing and loving her dear white pussy. "Do speak, pussy, and tell me everything about your life, my darling," said Clara. "If it will give you pleasure, my kind little mistress, I shall be only too happy to do so." She began as follows:

Dear mistress, let me curl myself up into a ball on your lap; in that position I can talk to you in our language so much better. First, I remember finding myself in complete darkness in a funny place, something like a box; all I could do was to cry, "Mew, mew, mew," in a very faint voice, and then something warm kissed me—it was my dear old mother. I only cried "Mew, mew, mew-ow," and stretched out my tiny paws, which were so small, and patted my mother by way of thanks. I had two little brothers and five sisters; when we were not asleep, we kept crying "Me-ow, me-ow."

In nine days I found my eyes beginning to open; and for the first time I looked upon my dear pussy-mother. All my brothers and sisters were black and white, I was the only one quite white. We were a very naughty family, scratching, biting, and all wanting dear pussy-mother to nurse us at once. When we were more than usually troublesome, she used to pat us on the back; after that we would keep quite still for a little while. Sometimes pussy-mother went away to get food; she generally came back with her mouth covered with cream, and she told us she had had some delicious milk; and when we were big enough to accompany her, she would teach us the way by which she got in.

One day she came back crying very bitterly. We all wanted to know what was the matter with her; then we all commenced to cry "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow," in a very soft voice, but although we cried softly, altogether we made a good noise. "Hush! hush! my darling children, I hear some one in the room." Just then, a voice very different to my pussy-mother's, said, "What a noise! the cat must have some kittens in the waste paper box." My mother began to cry "Me-ow," and we all joined in concert, "Me-ow, me-ow." A hand came down upon us which made us cry louder than before, "Me-ow, me-ow."

We were all taken out and put on a chair. I then saw we were in a very large room, the one our mother had described to

us. "I shall have them all killed," said the gentleman, who was the owner of the hand that had found us out. My pussy-mother was nearly wild, she ran round the gentleman's legs, and as plainly as she could, said, "Please don't kill my pets, me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!" Finding he took no notice of this, she boldly jumped upon his lap; at last he seemed touched, and he caressed my mother; finally he took her up by the neck and placed her in the box again, and me by the side of her. I never saw my brothers and sisters again. I am very much afraid they were thrown out into a stream close to the house and drowned. Poor mother grieved very much for them for a day or two, but she loved me more and more.

CHAPTER II.

My mother now used to go out nearly all day; and when she returned would bring a little bird, and pluck off the feathers, and try to coax me to eat it, but I could not, my teeth were not strong enough.

One day she did not return; I got so hungry, and kept crying "Me-ow! me-ow! me-ow!" My cries aroused the gentleman who had before saved my life. He took me on his lap, saying, "Poor little pussy, your mother was killed yesterday; I will take you to my little girl, and see if she can give you some nice milk." He then took me into a small room, and a little girl, not very unlike you, was crying over a sum. "Nelly, Nelly, see what I have brought you; do your work quickly, and you shall have this little white pussy." I kept crying "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow." As soon as Nelly saw me she jumped up, caught me in her arms, kissed me, and then said, "May I give her some milk, Miss May?" "Yes, ring," answered Miss May (who was Nelly's governess). I soon had a large saucer of milk brought; but I did not know how to lap, and put my little feet into the saucer. Miss May thought of a bottle and a quill, and so I drank it. I now had a little basket lined with pink and white, and some nice soft wool to sleep on.

Nelly was always nursing me. One day she was hugging me very hard, when accidentally my tail got into her mouth, and dear Nelly's teeth closed; bit off just the tip. I cried very loud with pain, "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!" and the little girl ran to her father with me, saying, "Oh papa, what shall I do? I have killed sweet Kitty." "Let me see;" and he took me in his arms and said, "She will soon be well; put her to bed, and do not nurse her for a few days. Do not cry, Nelly, pussy will soon be well."

Next, I remember a very happy time. I grew so big and fat. One day I heard Nelly say, Tom is coming, and will bring Nip.

I wanted very badly to know who Nip was ; but I was not long to remain in ignorance. I was sitting on the hearth-rug enjoying the comfortable fire, when in rushed a big brown curly dog. As soon as he saw me he began to say "Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow." I darted on to a chair ; he followed, and I jumped from one to the other, nearly dead with fright ; he followed, saying "Bow-wow, bow-wow, bow-wow !" louder than before. I put up my back, and made my tail twice its usual size, to frighten the dog, and I spat and swore, as is called the growling noise we make when angry ; and I tried to lean over from the table and scratch him. My little mistress, hearing the noise, had hastened into the room. Directly I saw her, I jumped from the table into her arms, regardless that my talons were all out of their case, and scratched my mistress very much ; but she knew I was so frightened I did not know what I was doing. "Pussy, pussy, pussy darling ! why this dreadful temper ?"

But I still glared at the dog. "Oh, I see it is naughty Nip. Come and make friends with my new white pussy. You ought to be quite ashamed to treat a cat of mine like this." She made him let me get on his back, but I never could like Nip. After a time my little mistress was taken ill, and the doctor ordered her to be taken to the South of France. I used to lie on her bed nearly all day, and sometimes turn back the clothes and creep into my mistress's arms. But at last she went away, leaving me in charge of the housekeeper.

She very much disliked me. I must say I richly deserved it, for I used to find my way, naughty little pussy that I was, into the dairy and steal the cream. Also, now and then, the temptation was too much, I would kill a chicken, for which I was well whipped, and cried my loudest "Me-ow, me-ow !"

After my mistress went away, I was nearly starved, and I got so thin, I used often to sit and cry for her, and once I tried to write a letter.

One day I was very sorrowful. A little boy who I thought looked kind, came up to the garden gate and called out, "Pussy, pussy, pretty pussy !" Then he took out a bird from his pocket, and held it out to me. I could not resist a bird, although my little mistress when she said good-bye, said to the housekeeper, "Be sure my little white pussy does not get stolen, she is so very beautiful." This made me vain. Alas for beauty ! it led me into trouble. I walked up very slyly to the gate, thinking to seize the bird, and then run away ; but the boy was as clever as myself. The instant I put out my paw he seized it, and so dragged me through the gate, saying, "Come along, my beauty ; I will take you home, and by-and-by I will sell you." He put me into a basket he had by him, and started off. Oh, how I cried "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow !" But it was of no use. How

bitterly I regretted my folly in being flattered, and so allowed to be caught.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the boy opened my basket, I found myself in a dreadful little room; three little boys were sitting on the floor, playing with some marbles; a poor woman sitting by the dirty window doing needlework, looking so ill. "What is that noise?" said she. "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!" I cried, hoping she would help me. "What have you there, Dick?" said the poor woman again. "It is a pussy, mother; I found her outside the White house gate." "Why did you bring it here? When I have so many mouths to feed, I cannot spare any even for a cat. Take it away, poor little thing."

"No, mother, I will sell it in the town." Then the bad boys, in spite of their mother's anger, put walnut shells on my poor feet; I tried to scratch and bite them, but one horrid boy held me by the tail. I mewed as loud as I could, and tried to get to the poor woman, hoping she would make the wicked boys leave off; but she only said "If you don't take that poor cat away, I will get the man in the next door to kill it." I was so miserable, hungry and thirsty; I already bitterly repented my folly in getting so close to the boy.

I mewed again, and the woman got up from her chair, intending to put me out of the room; but Dick sprang forward, caught me up in his arms, and catching up his cap ran out of the house.

"Where did you get that kitten?" called out two rough boys standing at the corner of a street as we passed. "Stop a minute, and I will bring Scamp; we will have some fun." I tried to bite, but could not. The other boys soon joined us, accompanied by a horrid dog, with such dreadful-looking teeth. As soon as he saw me he began to jump round the boy that held me, showing his teeth and growling horribly. I could only cry "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!" Dick took off the nutshells from my feet. By this time we were a long way out of the town, and had just entered a meadow surrounded with trees. The boys now tied a string to the dog, and put me on the ground, and began to make the dog worry me. I tried to escape, put up my back, and hissed horribly, but all to no purpose. I then made my tail twice its proper size: all I could do was of no avail; the boys and dog nearly killed me. At last the dog seized me by the hinder leg; it gave me such fearful pain; I could only say, "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!" and close my eyes, expecting to be killed every minute.

(To be continued.)

THE VATNA JOKULL.

MR. W. L. WATTS was the first venturous mortal that ever crossed, or even deeply penetrated, that south-eastern blank in Icelandic maps, indifferently styled the Vatna or the Klofa Joküll, whence issued in 1783 the most terrible lava flood in European history. But what is the Vatna Joküll? Simply a huge expanse of ice and snow, dotted with volcanic peaks, and girt, save where its glaciers stretch towards the sea, with a broad belt of uninhabitable wastes, itself as large in area, say, as Yorkshire, rising in its centre to ridges over 6000 feet in height, swept even in summer by storms and mists that often last for weeks together, and bristling with magnetic rocks, among which the compass loses half its virtues. Only to attempt the passage you must take provisions for a month. Mr. Watts and his Icelandic guides, though storm-bound in the snow for days together, *did* reach at last the further edge with "a pound of butter to the good," and only 45 miles of volcanic sand and lava rocks between them and the first outlying farm of the inhabited North. But there were further explorations there for the adventurers; *détours* to make (ere the horses' heads were turned to Reykiavik and the South), to the Great Falls of the Dettifoss—a cataract "about the size of the Canadian Niagara," only not so "thin" where the water falls over the edge. It is a tale of adventure such as few, even the hardest travellers are permitted to record; of adventure, too, to which we owe a real contribution, however slight, to geographical science, and a most admirable sketch of the geologic features of the most volcanic region of high northern latitudes.—*Across the Vatna Joküll* (Review).

VARIETIES.

To what gulfs
A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads!—*Byron*.

SEVEN P'S FOR A DISCOURSE ON GIVING.

REV. J. T. CAMPBELL GULLAN, pastor of Free Augustine church, Glasgow, expounded 1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2, at a church soiree the other evening very concisely. Christian giving, this passage teaches us, is *positive*, "As I have given orders;" *personal*, "let every one of you;" *private*, "lay by him;" *periodical*, "upon the first day of the week," weekly; *pious*, "upon the first day of the week;" *prospective*, "that there be no gatherings when I come;" and *proportional*, "as God has prospered him."

"O MOTHER, MOTHER!"

THE STORY OF A MYSTERIOUS CRY.

- "O MOTHER, mother, mother!
The angels are 'crying and calling,'
Rise up from your couch of ease;
Your children are falling, falling.
- "If they fell on the nursery floor,
You would lift them in your arms;
If they fell from the open window,
You would scream in your wild alarms.
- "If they fell in the battle's strife,
Where they earned their guerdon due;
Or worn to death in the battle of life,
It would wring the hearts of you.
- "If they fell when hunger tempted,
Fell in the dens of sin,
As many a woman has fallen,
Through ignorance, want, and gin—
- "No wonder. But here at your door!
By the happy hearths and bowers,
On the very church's floor,
'Mid luxury, wealth, and flowers,
- "They are falling, falling, falling;
And there is no voice nor cry,
But the pitiful angels calling,
'O mother, mother! They die!'"

**AN ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL
TEACHERS.**

SUNDAY-SCHOOL Teachers have an opportunity of obtaining a most useful book for a nominal price at the present time. The publisher of the "Teachers' Storehouse and Treasury" is offering for a short time the volume at half-price, viz., one shilling, or post free for one shilling and fourpence. We advise our readers to take advantage of this offer, as the work is a complete storehouse of useful material for their use. As the number to be sold under this arrangement is limited, early application should be made to Mr. ELLIOT STOCK, 62, Paternoster Row, E.C. The above Poem can be had separately from the same publisher.

The Paper on "*Absolution*" that appeared in the last number, is reprinted, by request, in a *book-form*, price *One Penny*, or *10d. per dozen*. The teaching of Holy Scripture is clearly set forth, and should be placed in the hands of all members of Bible Classes and seekers after truth. Can be obtained of George Stoneman, 67, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., or of any Bookseller.



SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY.

I COME, O ye children, with sunshine and song,
To waken the Earth which has slumber'd too long ;
O'er valley and green hill with footsteps of light,
I hasten to call you from Winter's drear night.

[No. 8.]

With songs from the birds, and the glad laughing breeze,
I come to awaken the sombre old trees;
In tenderest green they will haste to be dress'd,
And shelter right cozily each little nest!

I sprinkle the meadows with loveliest flowers,
And hang out gay banners in cool leafy bowers;
The brook's happy purling unites with my song,
As over the hills I trip gaily along.

O children of Earth, with your sunny blue eyes,
And musical laughter that rings thro' the skies,
Come gaily with me over valley and lawn,
And drink in the breath of the sweet dewy morn.

Come out to the greenwoods, and soft mossy dells,
Where grow the fair primrose and waving blue bells,
Come, search for my treasures, so rich, and so free,
And let the old wood-paths resound with your glee.

Yet stay, and remember, yon city's great throng
Has thousands of children, who hear not my song;
The cool waving grasses, and meadows so sweet,
May never be trod by their little tired feet!

All through the bright sunshine when you are so glad,
They toil with their burdens so weary and sad,
Through hot dusty streets to their comfortless home,
Where never a breath of my sweetness can come.

The green sunny meadows, and sweet scented flowers,
Are as but a dream in the hot weary hours,
Their feet may not tread them, but on they must go,
For only neglect and hard labour they know.

O children of Sorrow, with hearts early bow'd
With want's heavy burden and care's gloomy cloud,
How glad should I be could I bear you away,
And give you the joys of my bright summer day.

Where waters are coolest and blossoms are sweet,
I would tenderly gather the city-worn feet,
And fingers that never had clasped them before,
Should rejoice in the wealth of my fair woodland store.

So ye of the bright eyes, and hearts glad and free,
Just pause in the tide of your innocent glee,
And think of the children of sorrow and care,
Who cannot come forth in your pleasures to share:

And breathe a sweet prayer that the Saviour's dear love,
May visit these dark homes with light from above,
And point to a region where toil may not come,
But all is bright rest in the Heavenly Home!

M. C. W.—*Sunshine.*

A TRUE TALE OF THE VAUDOIS.

"THE twenty-fourth of April, 1655, was appointed as the day for executing, in the valley of Lucerne, the cruel orders of the council for the propagation of the faith and the extirpation of heretics. This council had its seat at Turin, and the officer commanding the troops which were to execute its decrees was the Marquis Pianezza.

By professing friendly intentions, this officer succeeded in allaying the suspicions of the Lucernese, and entered their valley with an army of ten thousand men. For a time his soldiers were restrained from acts of violence, but when the twenty-fourth of April arrived, a tragedy was enacted unsurpassed in the annals of inquisitorial cruelty. The following extract from the testimony of one who was an eye-witness, and whose credibility has been fully attested, will give some idea of the dreadful scene.

The signal having been given on the eminence near La Torre, called Castelus, almost all the innocent creatures who were in the power of these cannibals had their throats cut like sheep in a slaughter-house. Children, cruelly torn from their mothers' breasts, were seized by their feet, and dashed or crushed against the rocks or walls.

The sick and aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses, or literally cut in pieces, or tied up, stripped of their clothes, like a ball, and thrown over the rocks, or rolled down the sides of the mountain. Others they empaled, and in this horrible position placed naked as crosses by the wayside; others were mutilated in various ways.

The valleys resounded with such mournful echoes of the lamentable cries of the wretched victims, and the shrieks wrung from them by their agonies, that you might have imagined that the rocks were moved with compassion, while the barbarous perpetrators of these atrocious cruelties remained absolutely insensible.

The sun went down upon that work of blood, and the silence of desolation reigned throughout Lucerne, except in the small community of Rora. It consisted of twenty-five families, occupying a retired mountain glen exceedingly difficult of access. It had received repeated promises of protection from its lord, Count Christophe of Lucerne, in the name of the Marquis of Pianezza. But promises made to heretics were not regarded as binding. On the day some of whose incidents have been described above, four or five hundred soldiers were ordered secretly to climb an unfrequented path, which would enable them to surprise the dwellings in that lonely district. This they would have accomplished but for Joshua Janavel, a plain, God-fearing man, who had left his residence near Lucerne, and had retired with his family to Rora.

He had watched the conduct of the soldiery, and had no confidence in the promises of protection made to the community in which he now dwelt. With a small band of armed companions, he hung upon the heights, ready to give the alarm upon the approach of a foe, and to make all possible efforts to arrest his progress.

On the day above mentioned, as Janavel with six well-armed companions occupied a station upon a ledge of rocks, he saw a movement of the troops in the valley of Lucerne. He rightly judged it to be directed against the hamlet which the Marquis had repeatedly promised to protect. Onward the soldiers moved towards the concealed path which was to conduct them, as they supposed, to a scene of unresisting slaughter. Janavel was familiar with every feature of the mountains, and knew at what point the foe could be met with the best advantage. Bold by nature, and firmly relying on the protection of Heaven, he raised no note of alarm, but resolved to beat back the invaders, five hundred in number, with the six sturdy mountaineers who stood by his side. He placed them at the head of a precipitous ledge, whose narrow ascent could be climbed but by few at a time, and in situations which enabled them to fire upon the invaders with perfect security.

In silence they awaited the approach of the murderers of fathers, and mothers, and children. At the proper moment the word was given, and each ball brought down its mark. Not dreaming of an enemy near, unable to advance except in small numbers, ignorant of the number of their invisible opponents, the invaders commenced a precipitate retreat. They were followed by rapid and effective discharges of the weapons of Janavel and his associates. In their terror and headlong haste they pressed upon each other, trampling some to death, and causing others to fall from frightful precipices. Before they reached a place of safety, sixty of their number had perished.

When the inhabitants of Rora learned the danger they had escaped, they sent a deputation to their hereditary lord, and to the Marquis of Pianezza, to complain of the infraction of the pledges given them, and to excuse themselves for the blood which had been shed by their defenders. They were coolly told, that no division of the army had marched against them; that the party routed were Piedmontese robbers, who well deserved the chastisement that they had received. They were again assured that strict orders should be given that no one should trouble them in future.

The very next day furnished another illustration of the Popish principle, that no faith is to be kept with heretics. Six hundred chosen men were ordered to take another route to Rora. They did not escape the vigilance of Janavel. At the head of twelve

companions furnished with fire-arms, and six others equipped only with slings and flints, which they well knew how to use, he chose his position, and poured on the head of the column a shower of balls and stones. Unable to reach their assailants amid the thickets and rocks, where they were most skilfully posted, and each attempt to advance through the narrow defile being met with instant death, the soldiers soon sought safety in flight, with a loss of between fifty and sixty.

Again complaint was made to the Count of Lucerne, and he had the unblushing impudence to affirm that the attack originated in a mistake, and solemnly assured his people that the like thing should not occur again.

But on the following day from eight to nine hundred men were despatched against the devoted hamlet. They succeeded in reaching it, and commenced firing the houses, and dispersed themselves for plunder. Janavel with a small band watched their operations, and at a favourable moment made a vigorous attack upon them. They were struck with fear, and commenced a hasty retreat, leaving their booty and cattle—the principal cause of their defeat.

Pianezza now ordered a fourth attack, and, in order to secure certain and signal vengeance, he ordered all the troops in the vicinity to assemble at an appointed day.

The day came. Mario, an impetuous and cruel officer, reached the rendezvous before the rest, and, desirous of reaping the glory of the expedition, he set out at once, at the head of his detachment, which consisted chiefly of Irishmen. They were met by Janavel with seventeen comrades at a point of defence so well chosen, that, after an obstinate conflict, they were obliged to flee, leaving sixty-five dead upon the spot. When they had reached, as they supposed, a place of security, and paused to take breath, Janavel suddenly fell upon them from another quarter, and completed their rout. In the narrow pass by the stream Lucerne they pressed on one another, and fell from rock to rock into its waves. Among those who thus perished was Mario himself.

Soon after this combact, as Janavel and his troops were seated on a height, they saw a small body of soldiers approaching from another quarter. They immediately placed themselves in an advantageous position. The approaching soldiers mistook them for Papist peasants belonging to the expedition, and pressed forward. Many thus came within reach of the death-shot. Those who escaped fled to the main body, to which they communicated their terror. All joined in flight, without taking time to notice the number of their pursuers.

Three days after, the Marquis of Pianezza summoned the people of Rora to attend mass within twenty-four hours.

‘We prefer death to the mass,’ was their reply.

The marquis then assembled an army of about ten thousand men to reduce a community of twenty-five families ! He divided his army into three bodies, and ordered them to approach Rora in three directions. One of these divisions was arrested in its progress by Janavel and his devoted troops, while the other two reached the devoted hamlet, and inflicted upon the inhabitants all the cruelties above noticed as inflicted upon the inhabitants of the valley of Lucerne. One hundred and twenty-six persons met with an agonizing death. The wife and three daughters of Janavel were reserved for prison. Every dwelling was destroyed, and everything valuable carried off by the conquerors.

Janavel, with his heroic companions in arms, effected their escape. Pianezza wrote to him offering him his life, and that of his wife and daughters, on condition of renouncing his heresy and becoming reconciled to the Church of Rome. In case he refused, he threatened him with the loss of his head, and with the death of his family at the stake. The hero of Rora replied, 'that there were no torments so cruel, no death so barbarous, which he could not prefer to abjuration : that if the Marquis made his wife and daughters pass through the fire, the flames could only consume their poor bodies ; that as for their souls, he commended them to God, trusting them in His hands, equally with his own, in case it were His pleasure that he should fall into the hands of the executioners.'

Those who had escaped from Rora, and other places destroyed by the persecutors, joined themselves together, and with a few brethren from the other valleys, formed a little army, and from time to time rushed down from their mountain fastnesses upon detached bodies of their foes. Several battles were thus fought by the Vaudois, and considerable success obtained under the conduct of Janavel and a valiant comrade named Mayer. On one occasion, Janavel occupied the heights of Angrogna with three hundred men. He was there attacked by three thousand of the enemy. He repulsed all their attempts, and compelled them to retire with the loss of five hundred men. Just as they were retiring, Mayer drew near with his troops. The Vaudois then rushed down to the plain, and fell on their retreating foe. In the midst of the fierce conflict which ensued, a ball passed through the breast of the heroic Janavel. He sent for Mayer, who succeeded him in the command, gave him some advice, and was carried from the battle-field. Before he recovered from his wound, an end was put to the military operations of the Vaudois by a truce, and afterwards by a treaty brought about by the interference of Protestant powers."

SYMPATHY.

How much life is sweetened by the sympathy of those around us. The need of sympathy is implanted deeply in all our hearts. Our joys are doubled by sharing them with others, and no one is utterly wretched who has one loving heart grieving when he grieves. To have sympathy with a person is to have a fellow feeling with him. Now, surely, we have, or ought to have, a fellow feeling with all our fellow creatures. We are surrounded by fellow creatures, having the same capacity as ourselves, of loving and hating, of enjoying comforts or wretchedness, happiness or misery; liable, as we are, to disappointments, sorrows, sicknesses, and death. We are all, to say the least, *seekers* after the same God, the same Saviour died for all, and we have all the prospect, after a longer or shorter time here of an eternity beyond. How much we have to unite us in one common bond! One would think it would be, "whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." But do we find it to be so? The differences between class and class is partly caused by lack of sympathy; the one does not understand the other, they look at things from different points of view. So with the different religious sects; they stand at different points looking at the great globe, "Truth," and because one aspect of truth is presented to one enquirer, and the opposite to another, they forget or do not understand that they are both parts of a whole. An honest truth-loving man is an honest lover of truth, to whatever class or sect he may belong, let us recognise him and his motives as such, even if his view of a truth does not lead him to the same conclusion as ourselves. Let us not limit our sympathy to our near and dear ones, nor to those whose opinions agree with ours, but let us try to cultivate a wide spirit of sympathy with all mankind.

A necessary qualification for one who wishes to fulfil the Divine command, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," is unselfishness, putting oneself entirely on one side, to enter heartily into whatever is occupying the minds of those we come in contact with, even if it is not an interesting subject to us. If you meet with a person ready thus to be interested in your interests, you find yourself in a little while, without effort, pouring out to him some trouble which perhaps you have been brooding over in secret for some time, and the mere talking it over does much to lighten it by letting daylight in, and enabling you to see it in a better light. Whereas if you had met a person full of his own concerns, he would not have seen that you looked troubled, and your confidence would have been repelled rather than invited. To be ready to give our confidence, to tell others what we have suffered, is sometimes the best way of helping them, shewing that we can understand their feelings.

We need sympathy in so many things, our work, our hopes, aims, and feelings. And it sometimes happens that we are living with those who do not sympathise with our highest hopes and aims, it would seem sacrilege to mention them in their hearing. What are we to do then? Not shut ourselves up within ourselves, priding ourselves on our superiority; but enter heartily into their interests, and when we begin to reap as we have sown, and they try to reciprocate the sympathy we have shewn them, we must not repel their advances, but allow them to share our interests.

But if we are to be always sympathising with other people, what are we to do with our own cares and sorrows? Ah, we have one Friend, to whom we can always go with our troubles, sure of obtaining sympathy and help. And He knows our feelings so well, not only as God all-knowing, but as man; we can have scarcely any trouble which He has not felt personally. Take the above case, that of living with those who have not the high aspirations we have. Was not that the case with our Lord? How constantly He must have been grieved by the sordid worldly aims and thoughts of those around Him. How frequently some irrelevant interruption, such as that of Philip's at that discourse at the last supper, would show they were neither following nor understanding Him. That He felt this is shewn in that gentle reproach, "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip?" and to the disciples at another time, "Do ye not yet understand?" So you see we need not hesitate to take this trouble to Him, sure of His comprehension and sympathy. Perhaps you are poor, often short of food, you have to struggle to keep your home going, and to make both ends meet. Well, Jesus actually suffered hunger here, for it is written, "He was afterwards an hungred;" and His own words are, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." Shall the servant fare better than his Lord? He was hungred, He knows how bad it is to bear, and He asks you to bear it for Him, a little while, even as He bore it for you. Do you often feel very weary, tired out with your daily toil and daily troubles, as if you would give anything for rest? Must He not have often felt very tired in that workshop in Nazareth?

And we read of His being wearied and thirsty as He journeyed through Samaria; and you remember another time, He was so fast asleep in that little boat, tired out with the day's teaching and healing, that the noise of the tempest could not awaken Him. And the crowd bringing their sick friends to be healed, and to hear the gracious words which fell from His lips, so occupy Him, that St. Mark says, "He had not leisure so much as to eat." How quick He was to sympathise with the weary dis-

ciples returned from their first missionary journey, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." So we can look up to Him and say, "Thou knowest, O Lord, how weary I am, and how I long for rest; but Thou didst not spare Thyself, and Thou hast promised that as our day our strength shall be, so I know Thou wilt help me to bear the fatigue, and in Thine own good time wilt give me rest."

If we are mourning the loss of dear ones, He can sympathise with us, even in that. Did not He weep at Lazarus' grave? And when He met the widow of Nain, going to bury her only son, He "had compassion on her." When Jesus heard of John the Baptist's death, "He departed thence by ship into a desert place." And do you think He is so altered that He does not feel with us in our sorrows? Nay, "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever." What a glorious truth that is!

Have we been disappointed and deceived by those we love? How well He knows our feelings! Out of that little band of twelve, whom He had chosen to be always near Him, one betrayed Him, and actually sold Him to His enemies; another denied that He had ever known Him, and when He was in danger they all forsook Him and fled." Let us then tell Jesus all about it, and ask Him to help us to forgive even as He forgave.

Some of us may have to bear ridicule, insults, humiliation, which we find very hard to bear, and which perhaps we feel we do not deserve. "And some began to spit on Him, and to cover His face and to buffet Him, and to say unto Him, 'Prophecy,' and the servants did strike Him with the palms of their hands. And they scourged Him." What derision, insults, pain and humiliation, He, the perfectly sinless One, bore for us sinners. And if we are permitted to follow His example by undeserved sufferings, let us thank God that we are so honoured. Only let it make us very watchful and humble, remembering that however deserving we may be in the sight of man, before God we must feel that we deserve no good thing. Are we troubled because we feel our uselessness in God's service; that we are able to do so little for Him?

Take courage: Jesus would not let the disciples reproach the woman who gave her best to Him; He said, "Let her alone, she hath done what she could." And He noticed and approved that poor woman, who gave her all, though it was only two mites. Nothing is too small for His acceptance, so that we do our utmost and give the best we have. Do we feel our ignorance and want of guidance? "And Jesus, when He came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion towards them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd; and He began to teach them many things." You see, their ignorance and need of guidance were an incentive to Him to teach them. So it is with

us, the more we feel our ignorance, the more willing we shall be to be taught and guided by Him.

Have we received some great shock, which causes our faith to tremble? When the servants of Jairus came to tell him his daughter was dead, Jesus knew the trial it would be to his faith, and hastened to encourage him. "*As soon as Jesus heard the word that was spoken, He saith unto the ruler of the synagogue, 'Be not afraid; only believe.'*" And when the disciples saw Him walking on the sea, and were troubled, "*immediately* He talked with them, and saith unto them, 'Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid.'" If our faith fail us, let us cry as Peter did, when he felt himself sinking, "Lord, save me." "*And immediately* Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him."

Do we see some trial coming nearer and nearer, and are our hearts full of dread forebodings? Jesus knows; He prayed that "if it were possible, the hour might pass from Him," that dreadful trial and humiliation that He saw before Him. Was that prayer answered? Yes, the cup was not taken away, but strength was given Him to drink it. Let us bring our trouble to Him, then, using His prayer, that if it be possible, the trial we dread may not come; but we must finish even as He did, "nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done." Are we dreading death? He has died; how dark that valley was to Him, that bitter cry bears witness, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" But He has overcome death, and lighted up that valley for all His followers; we shall not have to pass through it alone, for He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And again, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Whatever our troubles then, we may take them to Him who careth for us, sure that He will comprehend all we are feeling, and that He will help and comfort us. He will show us His hands and His side, and whisper, "See what I bore for you; can you not bear this trial for Me? I know what it is, and how hard you find it, but I know, too, why it is permitted to befall you, and what good it will bring forth in you, if you will let it. You can please Me by bearing it patiently. Do not try to carry the cross yourself; leave that to Me, and follow Me, by helping to bear the burdens of others, by rejoicing "with them that do rejoice, and weeping with them that weep."

HE that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself.—*Geo. Herbert.*

ALL God's providences are but His touches of the strings of the great instrument of the world.—*Charnock.*

THE SEALED OF GOD.

"SEALED WITH THAT HOLY SPIRIT OF PROMISE."

[Large quantities of timber were brought to the Port of Ephesus, to be bought by the merchants trading there. Each one sealed his purchase with his own peculiar seal, and then left it exposed to wind and weather; frequently for a long period. When however he wished to claim it, he either came himself or sent a trusty servant bearing his signet-ring. If the impression in the wood answered to the signet, his claim was at once allowed.]

A MERCHANT to the Port had come,
Who, in his far-off land,
Had planned a fair and beauteous home,
Which should for ever stand.
A firm foundation had been laid;
The corner stone was placed;
But with choice polished cedar-wood
The building must be graced.

So he had crossed the mighty seas,
And braved the angry main;
He had not counted price or toil,
This cedar to obtain.
Stack after stack he bought, and each
Sealed with his signet-ring:
The mark was slight, but yet it bore
The impress of a king.

As many did,—he left the wood,
For years it there did lie;
It stood alone: a priceless store,
To claim it none came nigh.
Cold winter's rain upon it fell,
And summer's scorching ray,
While the sealed mark, so faint at first,
Grew deeper every day.

For many years it thus did lie,
But in one early spring
A trusty messenger appeared,
With him the signet-ring.
It bore the die of ancient seal,
And claimed the precious store:
The claim made good; he went his way,
And left it there once more.

A few more years, it still was left,
Till time its work had done,
Then servants came, from merchants sent,
To bring his purchase home.
They came and claimed, and bore it off,
O'er flood and surging stream,
And soon the merchant's house was decked
With many a polished beam.

Children of God ! ye who have been
 By God the Spirit sealed ;
 Who wait in patience till ye are
 In glory full revealed :
 Fear not, though earth may chilling prove,
 And Satan's forces frown,
 That he who purchased you will fail
 At length to claim His own.

Ye are not bought with earthly things
 With silver or with gold ;
 But with the precious blood of Christ,
 The Lamb ordained of old.
 Can ye not trust His faithful love,
 Though now ye walk in woe ;
 Ye yet shall dwell in heaven's light,
 Though dark it is below.

Though years may linger, faint ye not,
 In Jesus' might be strong,
 The darkest night has still a morn,
 The cheerless heart a song.
 There's not a wanderer on the earth,
 That shall for ever roam ;
 The messenger shall surely come,
 The Sealed be taken home.

GEO. N. WILLOMATT.

WHITE KITTY'S STORY, FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY MARY BATCHELOR.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

All at once I heard a voice say, " You wicked, bad boys, I will have you put in prison for this, if I can catch you ! " Opening my eyes I saw a dear kind-looking old gentleman come across the meadow as fast as he could : unfortunately he was very fat ; as soon as the boys caught sight of him they ran away, taking Scamp with them. The old gentleman took me up in his arms, and said, " Poor little pussy, if I had not been passing and heard you cry, you would have been killed by that brute of a dog ; as it is, I am afraid you will be lame for life. Never fear, I will do my best to make you well. " He took me to a large house and rang the bell, it was opened by a fat, good-tempered looking woman. " Mrs. Cole," said he, " see this poor creature ; some boys were worrying it with a dog, its leg is broken ; I must try and heal it, poor little pussy ! She will have to suffer much pain. How are all my other cats ? " asked he. " Oh, sir, they are very angry indeed, they keep mewling for their tea. " " Poor things ! I will

soon give it to them, but first I must set this leg." He took me into his study, and putting two pieces of wood, one on either side of my leg, he bound it up with tape. The pain was dreadful, but they were so kind, I tried not to call out "Me-ow, me-ow, me-ow!" Mrs. Cole helped the old gentleman, and she kept stroking me and saying, "Dear little pussy, pretty white pussy." They gave me a nice bason of bread and milk, and then carried me into a large room in which were ten other cats, sitting each by a pretty basket bed. As soon as the old gentleman entered, the ten ran round him purring, and two big sandy cats jumped on his back. He put me in an empty basket on some nice soft wool, and said, "Lie still, little kitty, and you will soon be well." I was so astonished I could only look about me. Mr. Fowler (that was the gentleman's name) took a large tea-pot, and having put in some tea, milk and sugar, poured boiling water upon it, after which he poured it out into each cat's bason, and gave them each a good slice of bread and butter, he then drew two forms up to the table and rapped, instantly each cat took its own place, bason, and bread and butter. When they had finished, Mr. Fowler rapped the table again, and each cat walked to its basket. I then fell asleep, tired out with excitement and pain. When I awoke, three of the cats were quarrelling in a corner of the room. I heard it was because Mr. Sandy wished to take Miss White-tail for a walk on the roof, but she preferred to stay in the house with pussy White-face; presently Miss White-tail turned round, and, I am sorry to say, boxed Mr. Sandy's ears and scratched his face. I must say he was very gentlemanly, for he did not touch her, only rushed across to poor sleepy Toby and commenced to beat him soundly. The other cats were very much interested. I was just wondering how they could be so naughty, when in came Mr. Fowler. He took a little whip out of his pocket, and held it up before Mr. Sandy. Poor fellow, he hung his head, put his tail between his legs, and began to me-ow softly, knowing he had done wrong. "Now, Sandy, come out of this room, you must go into the cellar." I am afraid Sandy was in the habit of behaving badly, for he seemed to know quite well where to go.

CHAPTER V.

After a little time my leg began to get better, and at last I could hop across the floor on three legs. One cat was especially kind to me, a tortoise-shell, she used to lick my poor leg, sit by my side, and kiss my face; I began to love her. As a rule we were very well-behaved indeed, only making a little noise in the morning when we were weary waiting for our breakfasts. When I could begin to walk again, Mr. Fowler said one morning to Mrs. Cole, "I think little white pussy is well enough to go to my

sister's, she wants a white kitty, and I think this one will suit her." I was very sorry to leave the dear fat old man, I purred round him and licked his fingers, he then took me on his lap. Next a little old lady came in, she seemed to know all the cats, she kindly stroked each one, she then came up to me, took me in her arms and kissed me. "What a little beauty; I hope she will be good friends with my black kitty." I was put in a basket by a footman, and when we stopped here, I was given to you. Now you know why I so often cry out when you touch my bad leg, it has never got quite straight. Now, my dear mistress, I find my tongue is tired and the fairy power of speech departing. I must thank you for listening so quietly to me; I must go to sleep.

So my little white kitty shut up her pretty eyes, and I have never heard her talk in pussy language since.

A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

How many of our readers have ever stood outside the door of a settler's cabin, away out on the prairie on a clear, cold night in December, when every star seemed to blink and glimmer with a freezing light, and listened to the howling of the wolves, as pinched with cold, and savage with hunger, they roamed over the dreary waste in search of something with which to appease their ravenous appetites?

I have often thought that if I were a wolf that I should want to freeze to death during the first cold spell, instead of starving and freezing all winter long. But in spite of the inclemency of the season, these animals live and thrive to an extent that induces the county authorities of northern Iowa to offer a bounty for every scalp taken within their borders. Five dollars is the sum offered in our county, and that was the way that little Tommy Field came to have his adventure.

His older brothers, Will and John, had been trapping for wolves, but the animals were shy and crafty, and they had not taken a single scalp.

"I believe that I could catch one if I had a trap," said Tommy one evening after John had brought in his traps, intending to set them in a new place.

John and Will were large boys, and, like too many others, they enjoyed teasing their younger brother, and so John said, "Let's give him the traps, Will, and let him catch wolves on the shares."

"Agreed," said Will; "after we have both failed, no doubt we will do a great deal better to rent our traps to the little man. What share will you give us, Tom?"

"I don't want your traps, but I'll give you half of the first wolf I catch, if you'll mind your own business," said Tommy, angrily, for the boys were always tormenting him.

He went and hunted up an old trap of his father's, and, taking some scraps from the lard that his mother had just been trying out, he went on the prairie about a mile from the house, and carefully set the trap, with a clog attached to prevent the wolf from travelling too far, if he should get into it. It was nearly dark when the work was completed, and the wolves must have scented the savory odour of the bait very quickly, for Tommy was scarcely half-way home when he was startled by a single howl; then another, and another, until it seemed, to his excited imagination, that the prairie was alive with wolves, and they might be after him. He started upon a brisk run, and did not stop until he reached the barn, and there he paused to take breath, for he was only eleven years of age, and did not want to be laughed at for being afraid. As soon as he thought he had recovered from the effects of his race, he went into the house.

"What are you going to buy with the bounty that you are going to get for the wolf that you are going to catch?" asked Will.

"The chances are that my wolf will buy as much as yours," said Tommy, wondering if the boys had seen him run.

"Can't I have a pair of boots out of it?" asked John.

"Buy us all a Christmas present, Tom," said Mollie.

"Mother's all the one that'll get a cent," said Tommy, angrily.

"Come, now, you mustn't get stingy because you're getting rich," said John.

"Let the child alone," said their father; "he may have better luck than any of you."

"Oh, wouldn't it be jolly if I should catch the first wolf?" thought Tommy, as he went to bed, very much out of patience with his brothers.

He was the first one up the next morning, and as soon as it was light enough to see, he climbed to the top of the hay-stack, and looked off toward the trap. Sure enough, there was a dark object distinctly to be seen against the wide sheet of snow that covered the prairie, and Tommy knew at once that it was a wolf.

"It's my turn now; we'll see who will laugh when I get back," said he, sliding down from the stack, and calling Bounce, the large farm dog, he took a hatchet and started.

As soon as the wolf discovered him, he began to move off, travelling slowly and painfully, of course, dragging the trap and clog; but he had nearly half a mile the start.

How cold it was! The prairie may be beautiful as a dream in

summer, with its oceans of verdure, its lakes and streams, and birds and flowers ; but it is bleak and desolate in winter, and the sharp morning air cut like a knife against the boy's face, but he never thought of turning back. He had travelled not less than three miles before he came up with the wolf.

"I've got you now, you sneaking coward," said Tommy, gleefully. "Take him, Bounce."

The dog sprang at the fettered animal, but quick as thought the wolf snapped a piece out of his neck, and sent him yelping back to his master.

"He's not such a coward as I thought," said Tommy, rather surprised at the turn affairs had taken. "Now hold him, Bounce, and I'll knock him on the head with the hatchet;" but the dog would only run around the wolf and bark, without going near enough to take hold of him ; and Tommy was afraid to go close enough to hit it.

(To be continued.)

COCK CROWING.

SOUNDS do not strike all ears alike,
A high pitched note some nerves will shock ;
When from a little distance heard,
I like the crowing of the cock.

Thy trust, thou pretty watchman ! well
Hast thou fulfilled since thy creation,
The herald of approaching morn,
Where thou art known to every nation.

A "bird of mark" in olden time,
Strutting in all thy feathered glory ;
An actor, who has played his part
In ancient and in modern story.

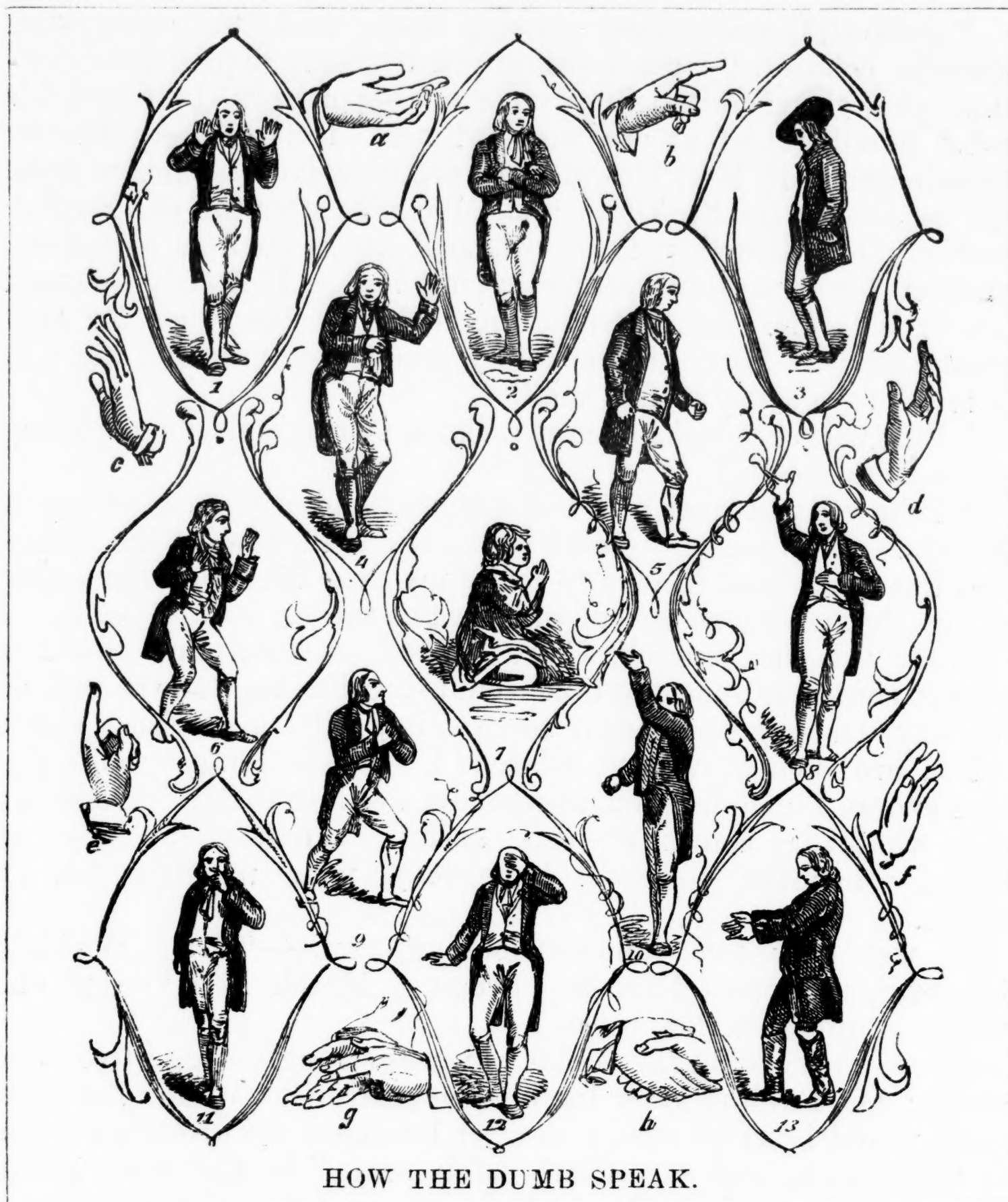
'Tis whispered, at thy clarion note
Sprites and hobgoblins flee away,
Witches their incantation cease,
Workers of evil hate the day.

Unconscious, thou dost sometimes preach,
And thy shrill message, like a dart,
Makes many a guilty conscience quake,—
It pierced St. Peter to the heart.

No doubt the night seems long to thee,
And looked-for daybreak slow in coming,
But light is sent us from afar,
How fast it travels beats thy summing.

Crow on, my little friend, crow on,
Tell thy glad news, the night is past ;
Night symbolizes death's long sleep,
Morn the glad wakening at the last.

T. A. SHAW.



WHATEVER IS TO BE, WILL BE !

PAULINE Hubbard sat lazily in her easy chair, with a face of mingled amusement and vexation, watching Clare St. Clare's indignant fingers as she packed a trunk with great rapidity and exactness, looking as if she possessed the pent-up energy of a second Atlas.

"Clare, don't you think this is all very unnecessary?"

Two blue eyes raised with a flash, while two scornful, red lips said, emphatically: "No! Stop looking so awfully sad, Pauline."

"Then please don't shower exclamation points, with dagger-tips, at me. I always thought you would be able to face anything," retorted her cousin.

[No. 9.]

"Dearest," said Clare, passing from acid to sweet with amiable celerity, "I can't please you by being piqued into staying; your grand Sultan may have an opportunity to throw his royal handkerchief at any one but me. It is all very fine for grandpa and old Mrs. Howard to have conceived a plan to unite the two houses of St. Clare and Mackain, after the old English fashion; but I will not be dragged up in such a bare-faced manner for formal inspection by my lord. If grandpa wanted me to hate the man outright, he took just the steps for that result; and, if Howard Mackain wants to see me, he'd have to take a long journey to find me."

"But, Clare, it looks so much like a storm, and you are going without an escort."

"Pshaw! who ever heard of a storm amounting to anything in March? Pauline, my resolve is as fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians; and I mean to make my dear Mrs. Bentley a visit if I go through seven feet of snow to get there."

After this last speech, Clare left off packing, and shone a perfect sunbeam upon the much-enduring Pauline for the rest of the day, causing her cousin to exclaim, with a resigned sigh: "You are such a swindle, Clare! I suppose I must make the best excuse I can for you to-morrow evening to Mrs. Mackain; but whatever comes of this absurd runaway journey of yours, remember you will have only your naughty self to blame."

It was only two innocent-looking cards—"Mrs. Wendell Mackain, at home, Thursday evening, March 17th"—but oh, what a commotion they raised!

The next morning the leaden sky was strongly suggestive of a storm; but Pauline knew further remonstrance with her perverse guest would be of no avail; so after breakfast she drove her down to the station, and saw Clare safely seated in the train going East. And very lovingly she bade her good-bye (for, in spite of all their dissimilarities, the girls were warmly attached to each other), and went off to find her phaeton. But an aggravating up-train had gotten on the track, and Pauline was obliged to seat herself for a few minutes in the waiting-room, and being beside an open window, became the unintentional auditor of two gentlemen who were just outside.

"Bad enough for a fellow to look forward to taking a wife in some far-remote age, without dreadful, posthumous wishes cropping up unexpectedly," said somebody, in a languid, half-laughing voice, and yet a voice that had something irresistibly pleasant about it. "Don't you want the reversion of my chance, Harry? I'll throw a cool thousand into the bargain, if you'll promise to comfort mother, and make love to the young lady. You might do the latter with impunity, for no one knows you in this

knickerbocker town, and I've grown out of remembrance since I left it."

"So, that's what you're running away for?" asked the other, with a laugh. "No more pluck than that, Howard?"

"Not a bit," said the first speaker. "I told mother I should not stay to be inspected, matrimonially, in cold blood, by any damsel, however fair; so I just dropped a line to my old friends the Bentleys, and announced that I would spend two days with them in Newport—"

"The Bentleys? Those delightful people whom we met last winter?"

"Yes, exactly—isn't she a lovely little woman? Just my ideal. I wish I could only feel sure of finding another like her. So my poor mother is driven distracted (sent out her cards for an 'at home,' just to introduce the high contracting parties), and I left her inventing excuses for my non-appearance. Good-bye, Harry, go to the reception by all means, and don't forget to give me your opinion of Miss St. Clare."

Just then the conductor sung out: "All aboard!" and Howard Mackain waved a farewell, and jumped on the train as it rolled slowly out of the depôt.

Pauline Hubbard found her phaeton, and leaning back on the soft cushions as she drove home, laughed to herself.

"I told Clara she had only herself to blame for her madcap journey. Did any one ever hear of such a pair! I'd give anything to see Clare when she meets him at the Bentleys—serves her right, and him, too. And that was Howard Mackain. I should never have known him—he's handsomer than ever. Oh, Clare, I hope retribution awaits you both for the worry you have caused poor Mrs. Mackain and me."

(To be continued).

TEMPER AND GOOD LOOKS.

I RECENTLY heard a gentleman from India relate that the native woman of the section where he resided had so few domestic labours, and no intellectual culture, that gossip was their only resource. They were not secluded there, as in some sections, and ran about from house to house as they pleased. The results were the same in India as in our land. So much gossip set neighbourhoods in a constant ferment. There being no principle to restrain their tongues, it was almost incredible the rate at which they run, and the violence of their speech. The result was a most ugly, misshapen mouth in almost every woman who was grown up. The gentleman attributed this ugly feature to the ugly tempers which were allowed such unlimited expression in words.

Come to think about it, have we not observed something corresponding to this in our own favoured land? Who ever saw a scolding woman with a pretty mouth? Or one of this class who had a sweet voice? She may sing with great skill and expression, but there will creep in a cat-like note that betrays itself. There is no foe to beauty equal to ill-temper. So, girls, be warned in time, and if you are tempted to fall into this evil way, put a check upon it at once, unless you are willing to belong to the class who are thoroughly unlovely in the eyes of others.

Crow-feet do not seem to creep into sunny people's faces half so early as into those of the opposite temperament. Good humor, too, seems to give a bloom to the complexion that no cosmetic can impart. There are women more really winning and fascinating in society at sixty than many a young woman of twenty. A bright, cultured mind, joined with a thoroughly good, benevolent heart, which rejoices to do good to others, will make a person truly beautiful at any age and a favourite in any society.

MIRIAM.

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

IN the autumn of 1855 a kind-hearted man, who spent much of his spare time in visiting poor families in a very low part of London, in which he had established a free day school for the poor children of the neighbourhood, found a family who had been deprived of both parents by cholera. They were interesting children, and as helpless as it was possible to be. There was no prospect before them but the workhouse. He determined to save them from this dreadful alternative; and having succeeded by great effort in procuring admission for the two elder girls into a home, he found that the youngest must go to the union, as she was too young for admission to a home other than by the expensive and uncertain ordeal of an election. In this emergency he resolved to place her with a Christian family, and himself pay for her support.

From this simple circumstance arose the Female Orphans' Home at Rickmansworth. It soon became known that Mr. Stevenson had rescued the three children from the workhouse, and applications one after another came on behalf of other orphan children,—children who had no influential friend to take them by the hand, and endeavour to secure their admission at a great cost of time and money, into an ordinary orphanage. His heart pitied them. He was impressed, moreover, with the many

passages of Scripture relating to fatherless children. These were his words:—

“Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the responsibility of the Lord’s people with respect to other classes of our fellow creatures, there can be none as it regards their obligations to destitute orphan children. Throughout the Word of God these are spoken of as the objects of His special care.”

He often, yea, constantly, urged upon his friends and acquaintances this view, quoting the following passages:—“Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.” “Thou art the helper of the fatherless.” “A Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.” “The Lord relieveth the fatherless and widow.” “Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.”

He added:—“A special blessing is promised to those who care and provide for them.” As in the following words:—“And the stranger and the fatherless and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come, and shall eat and be satisfied; that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the works of thine hand which thou doest.”

As his faith increased he remarked:—“Should it not, then, be regarded as a privilege by those who love God, and to whom He has given the means, to assist as far as it lies in their power in any reasonable effort to provide for the subject of so many precious promises?”

Under these feelings we are told he resolved to establish a Home, which soon grew into an institution, and bore the name of the “Females Orphans’ Home.” Year after year elapsed, and saw additions to the numbers, until they amounted to forty or fifty. To these girls Mr. Stevenson became a father, and Mrs. Stevenson a mother. They watched over them with loving care. And we find records in the books of one and another having passed away into the better land, tended in their last illness by their foster parents; they died in faith, witnessing that Jesus was their Saviour.

Mr. Stevenson’s very remarkable power in teaching and interesting children; his uniform kindness of manner and character; his genial disposition;—secured for him the love of every child. He sought in the simplest language, and by the most earnest teaching, to lead them to Jesus. No joy was a thousandth part so great as that which he felt and expressed when he saw their young minds drawn to the Saviour. With the work of the orphans—the Home being then situated in Elstree, in Hertfordshire—his sympathies further expanded towards the spiritually destitute of the villages and hamlets of

that county. He opened schools for the village children, engaged missionaries and Scripture readers to visit the poor, distributed tracts by thousands; and no prettier sight could be seen than that of the village children running to him to receive his children's tracts, and to hear his kind words. His heart widened more and more. He resolved upon supplying parcels of tracts to the country at large, to anyone needing them for distribution amongst the villages of England. Hundreds of pounds were thus profitably spent in publishing and purchasing tracts for this blessed purpose. His energies never flagged; he pursued his efforts night and day, rising from his bed repeatedly during the night to go on with his writing, and to keep up his large correspondence. No letter received by him remained unanswered. With the adopted children, who had been placed in situations of domestic service, he kept up a close communication, every such letter received by him beginning with "Dear father," and continuing in a strain of deepest affection, as well as respect for their foster parent.

The visitors to the house were always struck with the circumstance of the affection, blended with reverence, on their part, which subsisted between these orphans and their benevolent friends; and this was uniform from the period of their entrance to the Home until their departure. The Home was open to any visitors, and hundreds of these can testify to the kind, loving, wise, and considerate character of Mr. Stevenson. They willingly gave him money towards the support of the Home. By profession an accountant, he earned more than sufficient for the maintenance of his family, and spent the rest in God's service. His abstemious mode of living, his spare clothing, his entire unselfishness, amply justified the conviction that he lived not for himself, but to the glory of God. Words would fail to give an adequate idea of his self-denial and disinterestedness. He lived fully up to the principle he professed,—that it would be wrong in him to make future provision for his family, either by hoarding or by life insurance. He attached his faith literally to the invitation of Scripture:—"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." With the strong assurance he had of God's loving care, he thought it would have been sin to him to make future provision, as much as it would be sin in others of contrary convictions not to make that provision. He lived in this respect happily relying on God. His countenance ever wore a smile, and his heart was in constant peace with God. A favourite point of doctrine with him, and one he ever sought to teach, was that the moment we believe in Jesus we are at once and for ever saved. He felt it, and what feeling could more contribute to peace of heart? One feels eager to speak of his death, for the inference drawn will be that this good man is gone, and that his

death corresponded with his life. As he drew near his end, within a day or so of his death, amidst many exulting expressions which came from his lips, he said: "I have often wondered how a man can feel that he is saved," as if he had never experienced that conviction; probably he had not to such an extent. He said, "I know it all now; when we believe, then we are saved." I am writing these little details for his many friends, mostly only such by correspondence, but in deepest sympathy with him in his efforts to rescue orphan girls; not that they were always orphans in a literal sense. If a mother died by the hand of her jealous husband in a state of drunken frenzy, and as in the case referred to, his sentence was commuted to transportation for life, he looked on those children as virtually orphaned. Four young girls they were, interesting and amiable little things; but no orphan institution would receive them. The fellow-tradesmen of the unhappy father formed a deputation to dear Mr. Stevenson on behalf of these children. The result was a happy one; all were received, and after being maintained for many years, have been happily restored to their father in the far off land to which he has been banished.

(To be continued.)

THAT DISREPUTABLE CAT.

NOBODY knew where he came from, and certainly nobody invited him to come. He walked into the dining-room one summer evening through the open window, and flapping one mangled ear, or rather the fragment of an ear, which remained a silent witness of many a hard-fought battle, he surveyed the family calmly, and, curling up on the sofa, went to sleep. "Look at that disreputable cat!" exclaimed mother, and the entire family joined in a chorus of "Scat!" But he did not "scat;" he simply opened his remaining eye, winked good-naturedly, and went to sleep again. His impudence was so cool, so determined, that we were speechless, and he was allowed to remain until we had finished dinner, when father said to Tom: "Take that disreputable cat out into the back-yard and give him something to eat and let him go." But the disreputable cat had no idea of going. He had come to stay. When the servant opened the door in the morning he walked calmly in and took up his place on the sofa, where we found him when we assembled at the breakfast table. As the various members of the family entered the room his catship was treated to a shower of "scats" and exclamations which would have disconcerted a less self-possessed cat. But it had not the slightest effect upon him; he simply yawned, winked blandly with his single eye, and went to sleep again. The fact that he was

unwelcome, or that his general appearance was not such as to warrant an enthusiastic reception into a respectable family circle, never seemed to strike him, or, if it did, he did not mind. He hung around the house for a day or two, until one morning mother gazed at him, asleep on the sofa, and exclaimed, in despair:

"What are we going to do with that disreputable cat?" "What is he going to do with us? you'd better say," replied father, sarcastically. "He's taken possession." "But he looks so much like a tramp," objected mother, faintly. "He does look like a hard case," replied father, laughing; and there the subject was dropped. The cat had won by his impudence; and from that day was recognized as a humble member of the family. We tried to christen him, and called him Tom, until our own Tom objected; then it was Mose, and Rough, and Tramp, and half-a-dozen other appropriate names, all of which he accepted with the same easy philosophy which distinguished all his actions. But, after all, we found it easier to refer to him as "that disreputable cat"—a title which he recognized by blinking his lone eye and pricking up the fragment of ear in a most ridiculous fashion. He grew fat and healthy; but no amount of prosperity, of good dinners, and comfortable naps, could restore the lost eye or ragged ear; he only looked more like a tramp. He never seemed to have any desire to be petted, though he endured stroking from members of the family, blinking in a half-contemptuous way at any evidence of kindness on our part. He slept most of the time; in fact, I never saw a cat which spent so much of its life in dreamy repose. He would dream, too, and often surprised the family by suddenly starting up from the sofa with most unearthly howls, and then calmly turning over to sleep again. Prosperity, however, developed two annoying traits of character in "that disreputable cat." One was a most decided objection to being put out in the yard at night (and he would quietly sneak off and hide in the most unheard-of places when bed-time came); the other was a most intense hatred of any one outside of our own family. When visitors came he would arch his back, fluff out his tail, and spit and growl at them, and several times it was with the greatest difficulty that he was restrained from flying at them. Beggars were his especial aversion, or, in fact, any one who did not come up to his standard of elegance of attire. This trait was sometimes funny, but oftener annoying, and we daily debated plans for getting rid of him.

Finally, one afternoon when we could stand it no longer, Tom and I bundled him into a basket, took him out far beyond the park, and let him loose. He gave us one reproachful look from his single eye as he jumped from the basket, and sped across the fields, and we returned home feeling triumphant, but somewhat

guilty. As we went to dinner the cook said: "Master Tom, I thought you took that cat away this afternoon?" "We did," replied Tom, shortly. "Well, I think it was about an hour before you got home that I saw him shoot in through the back-door and up the stairs." A search was made. No sign of the cat was found, and it was decided that cook must be mistaken. That night, about 12 o'clock, a slight noise was heard upstairs, followed by a most unearthly howling, mingled with muttered oaths. Father, Tom, and I appeared in the hall at the same moment and saw a man dashing down-stairs, about six steps at a time, with "that disreputable cat" clinging tightly to his shoulders, scratching and spitting and growling with all his strength. He was nearly at the bottom, when he gave a yell of pain and fell. We ran down, secured him, called for the police, and had him taken to the station-house. The next day, in court, he explained how he had effected his entrance through the scuttle, and was softly descending the attic stairs, when something suddenly landed on his shoulders with a horrible yell, and began to make vicious scratches at his eyes. He was trying to escape when we caught him. The cat had bitten through his ear, and the pain caused him to stumble and fall.

That night the "disreputable cat" was asleep, as usual, on the sofa in the dining-room, and took all our expressions of gratitude with his old philosophical indifference. From that time, however, no thought of getting rid of him was ever expressed. He is getting older and fatter and lazier now, but not a bit more respectable in appearance. Despite a good home and all the comforts the most luxurious cat could desire, he preserves his tramp-like appearance and air of cool impudence. He will never be any thing but "that disreputable cat."—*Harpers' Young People.*

THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
 By her cellar,
 Cleanly shelves and whitened wall;
 I can guess her
 By her dresser,
 By the back staircase and hall;
 And with pleasure
 Take her measure
 By the way she keeps her brooms;
 Or the peeping
 At the "keeping"
 Of her back and *unseen* rooms.
 By her kitchen's air of neatness
 And its general completeness,
 Wherein in cleanliness and sweetness
 The rose of order blooms.—*Good Housekeeping.*

THE MISSING SHIPS.

A MOURNFUL BALLAD.

THEY come not: ah! they come not;
The howling wind sweeps by,
And heavy clouds sail gloomily
Across the stormy sky.

It was a fearful tempest
That night upon the deep,
And wives and mothers shuddered,
And eyes refused to sleep.

They come not: ah! they come not;
In vain the longing ear
Is listening for the footstep
It never more shall hear.

They come not, though the surges
Calm down upon the shore,
The angry winds are silent,
But still—they come no more.

Hearts sick with hope deferred,
Are sinking round us now,
And widow's tears fall sadly
Upon her baby's brow.

A widow's heart is lonely
Within a castle's wall,
And melody, unheeded,
Upon her ear will fall.

For hearts are hearts in palaces,
As in the lowly cot,
And yearnings fond and tender,
The widow's common lot.

But here the fire burns scantily,
And children cry for bread;
And helpless shiverers lie down
Upon a dreary bed,

To dream of well-known voices,
And waken to real life,
To weary hours and hopeless,
The widow!—not the wife.

The fatherless, no more to climb
Upon a daddy's knee,
And claim the little token
Love brought him o'er the sea.

“Will father soon be home, now,
I'm longing, mother dear,
And Tommy with his funny ways,
I wish that they were here.

"Dear mammy, do not cry, so,
They are so long away;
Some ships are in the harbour,
Surely they'll come to-day.

"I saw a sail this morning,
And it was very near;
I think it was my father's ship,
And he will soon be here."

No, no! the coal is quenched,
And on some rock-bound shore,
Or deep beneath the ocean
He lies, who comes no more.

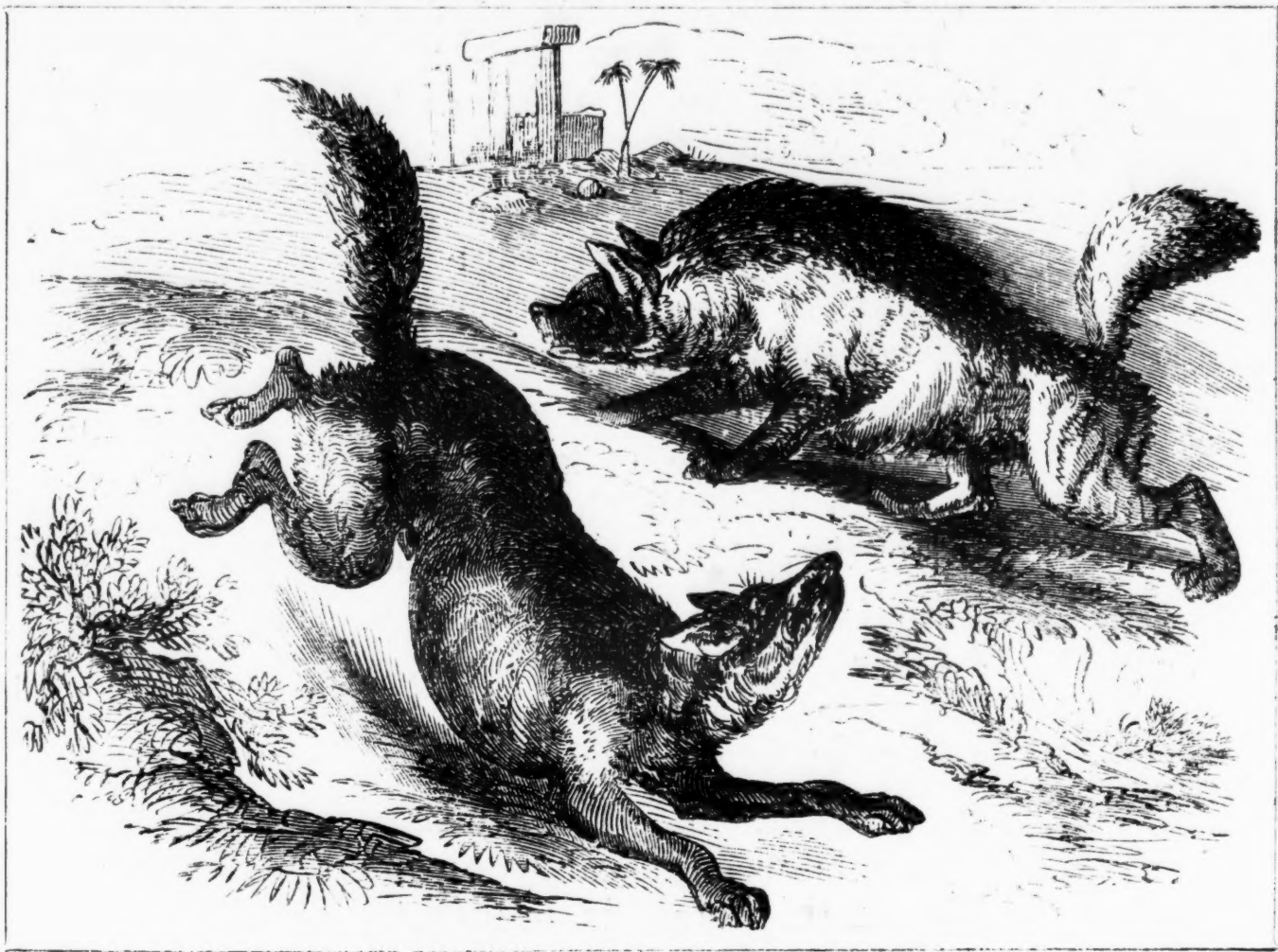
Here is a call, sweet charity,
Dear pity, work for you,
Left by the ever blessed,
For willing hands to do.

Stern want, joined on to sorrow,
Stands weeping at your door,
The earthly staff is broken,
He cometh back no more.

M. M.

FIGHTING THE ENEMY.

I WAS going down the town where I live, when I was attracted by a noise, and, looking round to see who was making it, I saw a tall man who had taken so much to drink that he had lost all power over himself. On one side of him was a lad, about thirteen years old, holding his arm tightly—a difficult task, for he was very violent, and struggled to free himself—and on the other side a little fellow only tall enough to take hold of his father's hand. I stood and watched the three—for they were getting near to a large public-house, and I wondered if they would get him past it. Just as they reached it, heated with their efforts and looking very sad, the man furiously fought for his liberty, and I feared the victory would be his, when the elder boy put his arm more tightly through his father's, and called out to his little brother, "Sing Jimmy, sing." The little fellow started a song or hymn, I could not quite tell what it was. The drunken man joined in, and, singing and holding on, the public-house was passed triumphantly, and for that time, at least, the father was saved by the united efforts of those dear lads. Each alone would have been hopeless; but here union was strength, indeed. I went on my way rejoicing, and praying heartily that little Jim might be ever able to use his voice in singing to win men away from evil, and that the greater strength of his brother might be used to hold back those who have stumbled and fallen.—*Temperance Record.*



A BOY'S ADVENTURE.

(Concluded.)

At length he threw the hatchet at the wolf's head, but the animal dodged it. Then he picked it up and threw it again, and continued to do so until his fingers became so stiff that he could not pick it up.

"What's the matter with my fingers? I believe my hands are frozen!" and sure enough they were. "What shall I do?" thought Tommy, "my feet are so cold that I don't believe that I can walk back to the house. I can't kill the wolf either. Oh, dear, I wish I had let the boys come with me. Bounce, if you was as smart as dogs that I have read about, you could go and let them know that I am in trouble. Stop fooling around that wolf, and go home."

After awhile he succeeded in getting the dog started, and Bounce ran off at full speed in the direction of the house; but when he reached the top of a little hill about a quarter of a mile away he stopped, and looking back toward Tommy, began to bark.

"Go on, you stupid dog," said Tommy, "and I guess I had better be walking that way; for if I should get cold enough to be helpless, that hungry wolf might eat me."

So he ran toward the dog as fast as his cold feet would carry him, but he soon saw what Bounce was barking at, for just coming in sight over the brow of the hill, were John and Will, with the horses and sleigh. As soon as Tommy saw them he ran back to the wolf.

The boys soon reached the spot, and sprang from the sleigh to dispatch the wolf.

"You have beaten us both, Tom," said Will; "but why didn't you let us come with you? Mother was terribly frightened when she found that you had gone off alone on this cold morning—without your overcoat, too."

"'Cause you made so much fun of me," said Tommy, with his teeth chattering with cold.

The wolf was soon killed and thrown into the sleigh; but when Tommy attempted to get in, he had no use of his hands, and had to be helped.

"Look at him, Will, he's going to sleep," said John.

"He's freezing to death!" exclaimed Will, excitedly. "Shake him, John, as hard as you can, and I'll drive home about as fast as the horses can travel."

John seized hold of Tommy and began to shake him furiously, and away they went over the prairie like wild fellows.

"Let me alone," growled Tommy, drowsily.

"Don't stop a minute, John; shake him harder," shouted Will; "if he goes to sleep, he'll never wake again; and if we were not always teasing him, this wouldn't have happened."

"I'll never plague him again," said John, turning pale in spite of his vigorous exercise.

"I'm afraid you won't get the chance," said Will.

"So am I," replied John, bouncing Tommy up and down as if he meant to shake him to pieces.

He didn't resist much for the first few minutes; then he began to say: "Quit. Let me alone, I tell you. You'll break every bone in my body."

"He's getting better," said Will. "If you can make him mad enough to fight, he'll be all right. Keep him shook up well, anyway."

It was the roughest ride that Tommy ever experienced.

"You're the meanest boy I ever saw. Do make him quit, Will, before he kills me," begged Tommy.

"I can't let go the lines; but you strike and kick him, and when I get home I'll help you," said Will.

John continued to shake him about, roll him over, and tumble him around, until they drove up to the gate. Then he sprang from the sleigh, and, taking Tommy in his arms, he ran into the house.

"Tom's hands are frozen, mother, and his feet, too, I'm afraid. We've had all we could do to keep him awake till we got home," he said, dropping him into the rocking-chair, and seizing the pail he ran to the spring for water.

By the time he came back they had taken off his boots and

stockings, and they plunged his feet and hands into the cold water, and kept them there for more than an hour.

"I felt sorry enough for you when John was shaking you up so," said Will, after the frost was taken out of Tommy's hands and feet, which nothing but judicious management saved from amputation, and he had been made comfortable, "but I knew that if we let you go to sleep, nothing could wake you."

"I thought 'twas some of your jokes," said Tom.

"It was too serious for joking," said John, "and I never worked harder in my life."

His hands and feet got well, but he didn't try to catch any more wolves that winter.

ISADORE ROGERS.

BUSINESS TALENT IN WOMEN.

THE mainspring of many a man's success in business has been the influence of a quiet little woman, of whom the world heard nothing, who presided by his home fireside.

There is a latent business talent in thousands of women which a single look or word of appreciation can call into active exercise. This is a magic power which electrifies and quickens the whole nature. Many a business man would have been disheartened, and ceased struggling with the tide of ill luck the last five years, but for the steady holding up of the hands, and cheering of the heart, which the "quiet wife" exercised even in the darkest days.

There is no reason why any sensible woman cannot become informed on business matters, at least sufficiently so to take an intelligent interest in them. A man may be reticent about his affairs, and a wise woman will not be importunate to know all its details; yet she can be a useful assistant for all that. Other business men are glad of a hearing at home, and appreciate sympathy, and weigh well good suggestions with regard to new operations. But only a well-informed woman is capable of giving such advice.

There is often a great advantage for a woman to be able to go on with her husband's business in the case of a long illness on his part; and if he should be taken from her, it would be a blessing indeed if she had the talent to carry on his establishment, thus providing for herself and household. What women have done can be done again, and it has been proved over and over again that women can become good sellers as well as good buyers.

RUTH.

DO WHAT YOU CAN.

A YOUNG girl walked slowly up the field, and threw herself down in the shade cast by the branches of a large oak tree. Before her lay a field of wheat just coming into ear; over the fence on her left is a meadow full of ox-eyed daisies, and grasses waving in the wind; stretching away on her right, the hedge is covered with wild briar roses and honeysuckles, the scent of which comes to her as she sits, together with the singing of birds, and gentle rustling of the leaves over her head by the wind. Perfect harmony of sights and sounds! What happiness to gaze on a beautiful landscape, and to hear at the same time delightful music. But Eva does not look happy. "Oh dear," she says, "I wish I was of some use in the world, I wonder what I was made for; if I were only clever, or good enough to do some great thing that would be of great use to people; but I can do nothing. If I try to help mother in the house, she says, 'I can do that, child, you go out and enjoy yourself;' oh dear, oh dear, I wish I had never been born."

The wind gently lifted a curl, and kissed her forehead, as though it would comfort her if it could, as it passed on its way. A little bird hopped nearer and nearer, straining its little neck to peep at her, wondering what it could be, and if he dared venture closer yet. A quarter of an hour passed, Eva had not stirred, she had fallen fast asleep, and this was what she dreamt.

A voice came from among the wheat, "Did you hear what she said?" one ear thus spoke to another; "it reminded me of the time when I was young, just above the ground, I was as discontented as she is, I thought I was of no use at all, not good for food like the grass over the way, nor even beautiful to look upon, so I pined and pined, till I became quite yellow, and like to die; and a weed that was close to my roots, grew ever so much faster than I did. But one day, when I was feeling a little brighter in the sunshine, the wind softly whispered to me, that my work at present was to rejoice in the sunshine God gave me, and if I only had patience, and did my work well now, grow strong, and overcome the weed that was so close to my roots, that some day I should bear fruit that would be of great use to others. So I took heart, and rejoiced in the sunshine, and grew stronger and taller every day, and now the weeds scarcely troubles me at all: and see what a fine ear of corn I am."

The wind rustled the tree tops, the grasses bowed and bowed to one another with never tiring politeness, and hark! they are talking too, or rather they are singing, "We praise Thee, O God, for making us so beautiful; how happy we are! how sweet the wind is! what lovely sunshine! how good Thou art! how happy we are; what a lot of flowers amongst us! we praise Thee,

O God, we praise Thee," and so on over and over again. And the honeysuckles and the roses joined in, "We will do what we can to shew our love and gratitude to Him; we will shed sweetness all around, so that all may look at us, and praise Him who hath made us so lovely and so sweet." "Ah," said the oak tree, "you do not know half His goodness; think what a small beginning mine was, and yet every year He lets me grow a little bigger, and be of a little more use in the world, more room for birds to make their homes in my boughs, and give more shade for weary animals to rest in."

And Eva awoke, and the wind softly whispered in her ear, and God poured the sunshine of His love into her heart, and thus she mused, "I have been growing yellow, like the wheat, with fretting, and letting all that is good in me die; I have been wanting to do the works of an oak tree, when I am but as it were an acorn; but surely I have more cause than the grass to praise Him all the day, and henceforth I will try if I cannot shew like the rose, by my sweet and loving ways, how lovely He is whom I serve; and some day, perhaps, if I prepare myself by doing what I can, instead of wasting my powers by discontent, He may let me bring a large ear of corn to His praise and honour, and be of use to others like the oak tree."

VARIETIES.

THE following suggestion is from the letter of a practical house-keeper. "Almost every woman who has kept house for several years has a stair carpet that is badly worn; in many cases it is worn out with the exception of the border. This may be used with good effect. After it is carefully cleaned, cut the border off, leaving a margin of the worn centre part for a seam, then use this for the border of mats made of pieces of carpet. A large mat will do good service, and look well, too; can be made by sewing two breadths together and then putting the border on. Dampen the seam and press it on the wrong side with a hot iron."—*Christian Union*.

THE following is an excellent story, the truth of which is vouched for by *Christian Life*:—Quite recently the vicar of B——, near Nottingham, was complementing a tailor in his parish on repairs which he had done for him. In the course of conversation he, however, incautiously observed: "When I want a new coat I go to London: they *make* them there." Before leaving the shop he inquired, "By-the-by, do you come to my church?" "No," was the reply; "when I want to hear a good sermon I go to London; they *make* them there!"



SAVED FROM THE STORM.



HOME AT ILFORD.

SAVED FROM THE STORM.

[The following touching stanza is selected from a new poem entitled "The Broken Mast." Its object is to show that Dr. Barnardo's Village Homes are a great boon, as in the case of this heroine, who has lately gone from Ilford to Canada, where she is doing well.*]

LOUD roars the stormy sea ; the vessel reels ;
Her inmost part the sundering breaker feels,
As thirstily she laps the tumbling wave,
And madly hurries to that boundless grave,—
The sullen deep. All souls on board out-flock ;
The rising tempest only seems to mock
Their helpless desperation. The mast falls crash !
And every wrangling billow's stinging lash
Drives on the consummation.

The storm-clouds scowl,
The storm-winds hurry on with hideous howl ;
The thunder-clap pursues the forkèd flame,
As though each firmamental function came
To aid all earthly powers in stirring strife,
While crushing down that barque beneath the brink
of life.

A helpless cry, an agonizing wail
Steers through the air betwixt each thund'rous trail ;
While close-clasp'd hands and hope-deserted eyes
Succour implore from dark portentous skies.

'Gainst panting breasts the frightened mother clasps
Unconscious babes, or fetter-finger'd grasps
The neck of him whose arm supports her frame ;
While fix'd out-starting eye-balls mutely claim
The aid he cannot give.

* Can be obtained at the office of this Magazine, price 2d. and 6d.

Some have been swept
 Over the wooden bound'ries. Fierce waves leap'd
 Larboard and starboard, starting for death's race,
 One after other, now they wildly chase
 Their victims from the hulk. The ragged sea,
 Bubbling and boiling, laughs in furious glee;
 Dancing upon his lap of climbing wave
 Many a human form, or in deep cave
 Swallows them out of sight, and as one shields
 His troubled brow to view the liquid fields,
 Floating amid the cresty foam he spies
 His brother, wife, or little one, and sighs;
 Like worthless weeds disporting 'mid the spray,
 His cherish'd all so ruthless borne away.

Now look afar! What beats the billows' brow?
 Daring the ocean's surging sons to plough.
 What, like a conqueror riding o'er the slain,
 Tramples the sea with confident disdain;
 Driving 'gainst adverse tide and smiting blast,
 With rudder order'd for the broken mast?

A rescue-vessel, starting through the gloom,
 To tear from death the tenants of the tomb;
 On to the scene of half-despairing woe,
 To check the frantic triumph of the foe.

The shatter'd hulk quakes at the clamorous cry,
 All men on board swift to the foredeck fly;
 Distress's signal thrice is wildly wav'd,
 And loud the cry goes up, "We're sav'd! We're
 sav'd!"

A tale of one drawn from the tempests' swell,
 And havened safely now, I fain would tell.
 This rescued life, this weak and timid child
 Must have been wreck'd had not kind pity smil'd;
 Such ills as hedged her lot could none withstand,
 For evil fortune frown'd on every hand.
 Her father dead, her mother too had died,
 After a second marriage knot she'd tied;
 Thus, of both parents dear so soon bereft,
 The hapless orphan to the care was left
 Of her step-father, Bopp.

Now, Clare had reach'd her dwelling; trembling
 sore,
 She stood awhile in thought outside the door;
 And thus t' herself she spoke: "All may go right
 If father be in soberness to-night:
 But, oh! if he be drunk—"

The door flew back
All in a wild confusion, and alack !
By lightning eyes and cheeks of crimson hue,
The girl saw well what actions would ensue.
“ Do *you* stand there, wench ? ” cried her sire severe,
“ What do you flinching in the dark ? come here !
And bring the full sum, else you’ll suffer for’t.”
(Oh, how she fear’d to give that day’s report !)
“ That’s all I’ve ta’en,” she said, with look dismay’d,
And in her hand some copper coins display’d.
He snatch’d them greedily, and with film’d eyes
Counted the trivial sum.

“ Dare you tell lies,”
He bawl’d aloud, and rais’d the dreaded lash.
“ I’ll sell them all the morn. Forbear to thrash ! ”
She begg’d with tears ; but with metallic grip
He bar’d her back, nor marked her quivering lip.
Struggling and writhing like a tortur’d fly,
From her arose a piteous piercing cry ;
But each appeal for mercy did but bring
Crueller store of harder buffeting.

Attracted by the cries and switching thong,
Some stopped a moment as they pass’d along,
To see the half-unwitted fury wield
The cutting scourge ; yet did not dare to shield
The hapless victim. Past experience taught
What small advantage interference wrought.
The room is dark ; the frantic scene is o’er ;
The window shutter’d up, and lock’d the door ;
And stillness tells that sleep has clos’d the eyes
Of all save one who throbs, and sobs, and sighs.
Sleep loves not pillows cradling troubled brains,
Nor drops her balm where ugly terror reigns ;
But nimbly passes on, and oft instead
Sends an ill sprite to vex pale suff’ring’s bed.

Tracing the progress of our heroine,
We find her wound a web of woes within,
And the thick clouds, that wrap the unfavouring sky,
Seem to foreshew a dark futurity.

It chanced, howe’er, that one propitious night,
She spied a doorway whence a flood of light
Streamed on the way without. So stealthily
She tiptoed forward, and peep’d in to see
What place was there. Then, lo ! she saw a set
Of little children, thin and raggèd, yet
Full orderly and grave, with eyes turn’d all
On one who stood, and from a Volume small
Read low by turns, and by turns, with a look
Earnest and mild, explain’d the little Book.

Unconscious to herself, the girl advanced
To catch the speaker's words, when up he glanced,
And saw the little gazer pale and thin
Standing without, and bade her enter in.

Then, gently stepping forth, her hand to take,
In accents re-assuring thus he spake :
"Thou'rt sad, my daughter, and look'st spent with
grief,
Tell me thy plaint, dear child, 'twill give relief."
Such kindly words inspired with strength to speak,
Though tears would start and track the quivering
cheek.

"Hungry, uncar'd for, with my cress roam I,
Abus'd and beaten if folks will not buy ;
An orphan with no friend on earth to love—"
The voice broke down.

"Hast thou no Friend above ?"
The stranger, in compassioning tone, made quest,
And tenderly the trembling fingers press'd ;
Then, then he spake, with glowing heart truth-fed,
Of Him who loves the *little ones* and said :
"Forbid them not, but let them come to Me."
With trustful face, she listen'd eagerly.

* * * *

So warm'd her heart 'neath friendship's kindling ray,
That when they rose to part grief's shades had fled
away.

It chanced there spread
Strange rumours of the hardships suffer'd
By Clare, and the crimes she'd witness'd. At length
they came
To the knowledge of a kindly gentle dame,
Who, sore distress'd such youthful woe to hear,
At once resolv'd with succour to appear.

"There is a Home," the matron said at last,
When many a topic they had touch'd and pass'd ;
"Instruction fit, and bread are given free,
And many a light-heart maid lives merrily :
I've come to ask if you will part with Clare,
That she may go for useful training there."

The man, who with fair speeches had begun,
Now toss'd the bridle and let passion run,
Now mounted to his cheek the crimson glow,
Now spleenful fire his eye-balls 'gan to show,
As uttering oaths he cried, "I will not let her go."

But not thus soon the matron's zeal took chill,
Unwilling to renounce exertion till
The goal was gained ; she made the 'quest anew,
All obstacle determined to out-do.

She went; she strove; she won; and ask you "Why
Did the opposing party thus comply?"

Chiefly because Clare crossed his natural bent,
Her very guilelessness enforced consent.

The Head and Founder of the Home* liv'd near
Great London's dusky centre, and 'twas here
Within his doors, that Clare became enroll'd
This Institution's member.

Then behold!

In fit conveyance she was borne along,
Far from the deaf'ning strife of city's throng;
And was conducted to a dwelling-place,
Bearing the quiet look of thrifty grace.

The door stood back, as with impatient tread,
The wondering girl up the approach was led;
Then, midst full volley of enlivening din,
The kindly inmates took the little orphan in.

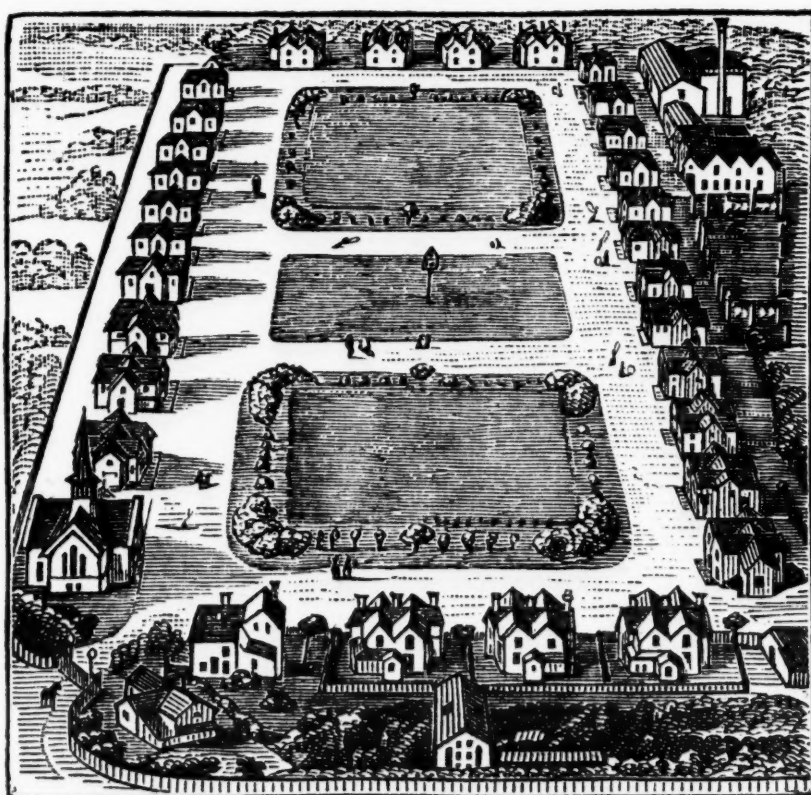
The portal swings; the latch and bolt back fly;
And as the sun's last glory streaks the sky,
Rings with new-gotten joy the social dome,
Wand'ring is over; Clare has found a Home!

Ay! here doth every homely precept tend
To the attainment of a noble end;
Even, that when she hath all conflicts fled,
And over-ridden every billow's head,

She may exchange earth's cell for heav'n's expanse,
And enter on her high inheritance,
The blest inheritance of saints in light.

There shall the soul, in pure perfection dight,
Find full fruition in the ransom'd band,
Drink from the Fount of Life, at the right hand
Of the eternal God.—&c., &c.

* Dr. Barnardo.



THIRTY COTTAGES AT ILFORD.

WHATEVER IS TO BE, WILL BE !*(Continued.)*

CLARE made herself as comfortable as possible with a shawl, and as she felt sundry draughts stealing up the back of her neck, secretly lamented that she had left her heavy wrap. However, she was very self-reliant, and her disregard of an escort was quite characteristic; but after a few hours the snow began to fall in sober earnest, with a wind accompaniment that shook the cars. Clare had it in her heart to cry like a baby; she wondered what on earth she should do if she missed the connecting train. The new novel which had interested her so much the night before, had grown suddenly stupid, and she was too uneasy with the rapidly-increasing storm, and the slow progress of the train, to get up any enthusiasm over fictitious heroines. At last the engine gave a long, despairing groan, the car-wheels slipped, creaked, and then came to a dead stop. Clare pushed her window up about two inches, and surveyed the prospect. The wind seemed to come from all four quarters of the heavens at once, and the snow fell so fast and thick you could hardly see an inch before you. So Clare drew her window down again, and leaned her head against the pane, feeling nervous, and, truth to say, bitterly cross.

"Allow me," said a low, well-bred voice behind her, and a gentleman's hand threw an overcoat across the back of her seat.

"You will find this a more comfortable pillow."

Clare raised her head rather haughtily, and said, not too politely: "I am quite comfortable. Please keep your coat."

Without another word, the offending traveller removed his property to his own seat, and Clare had the supreme satisfaction of thinking she had been unnecessarily rude. A fit of penitence took possession of her; she wished she had been more affable, and began to wonder what her neighbour looked like. One glance behind her would have satisfied her curiosity, but she was too proud for that. Presently he got up, passed down the car, and went outside. Clare saw him through her half-closed eyes—a tall, fair man, with soft, brown hair and moustache, handsome and distinguished-looking, with an air of quiet repose that made him appear unmistakably a gentleman.

Meantime the storm went on as violently as ever. It was growing dark now, and no prospect of moving, and the brakeman, who came in periodically to shake up the stoves, finally announced in a cheerful voice that the coal was all out.

"My goodness me!" gasped a prim spinster in front of Clare, "shall we freeze stiff?"

"Hope not, mum. We've sent back for ingines, and if they hain't lost their way, we'll see 'em sure sometime to-night," replied the brakeman.

Clare admitted to herself that she had been rather too hasty, and she felt as though she could exterminate Howard Mackain from the face of the earth, for he was the sole cause of her being in such an unpleasant situation. She wished the gentleman would offer her his coat again. But, no, he was sitting there with his cap pulled over his eyes, apparently asleep.

So it grew colder and darker, and Clare's eyes heavier, and, in trying to watch the snow cover up the fence opposite, she fell asleep.

Several hours later she awoke with a violent start, occasioned by the creaking and groaning of the car-wheels, and she was so bewildered, for a moment she did not know where she was. The dim rays of a lamp at the end of the car showed her fellow-sufferers stretched out in various uncomfortable positions, and as she lifted her face the cold raw air blew across it unpleasantly enough. Then she wondered how in the world she had kept warm, and, lifting her hand to her neck, she encountered a coat, and found she was completely enveloped in that rejected article.

Up went Clare's head, with sudden impetuosity, to meet the gaze of a pair of dark grey eyes, fixed curiously upon her.

"I'm afraid you have felt the want of your coat," said she, in a winningly sweet voice, making the *amende honorable*. "You are so kind—thank you."

"Keep it; you needed it more than I did," he said, lifting his cap politely, but coldly.

Clare was dying to ask him where they were going (for the cars were moving very slowly), but the gentleman's voice did not invite further conversation, so she nestled down in the corner again, feeling very hungry and forlorn, and not at all like the dignified, elegant Miss St. Clare.

After another weary hour Clare saw the lights of a station through the window, and straightened her hat, got up with a vague idea she must move somewhere, when the gentleman behind her spoke again.

"If you will wait here, I will find out if we can get on to-night." Something in Clare's face made him ask abruptly: "If not, don't you want something to eat?"

"Desperately!" said Clare, with a smile dancing in her eyes.

Her mirth was contagious, for he added with a laugh, "So do I," and disappeared in the darkness.

He returned directly, and said cheerfully: "We must make the best of it. The conductor says we cannot get on before morning."

"Oh!" said Clare, somewhat dismayed.

"I think," he said, re-assuringly, "we can find some oysters at the station; and then (though I cannot presume to advise your movements) you might go to such an hotel as the place

affords. Wouldn't that be better than sitting here for the rest of the night?"

"Infinitely," said Clare, with a relieved face, and taking his arm as she jumped down into a snow-drift, thinking that fate was extremely obliging to send her such assistance.

Clare deposited herself on a seat in the waiting-room, and the gentleman started to order something edible, when an after-thought brought him back to her side.

"Beg pardon, but would you like to telegraph your friends? If the storm continues, the wires may be down before morning."

Clare agreed to this proposition; but while her new friend had gone in search of telegraph blanks, it suddenly occurred to her that this was a neat little trap to ascertain her name. All of which was most unjust on her part; and the gentleman was secretly amused to see that the telegram which she handed him (it was to Pauline) had merely initials as a signature. But all to no purpose, for he was destined to be enlightened ere long, and turn the tables upon her.

"Are you travelling alone, my dear?" asked a pleasant-looking, middle-aged lady, in a gentle voice.

"Yes, and it seems to me we are in a very uncomfortable situation," said Clare.

"It is too bad," said the lady, smiling; "but I think I shall go to the hotel presently, and try to sleep a little. My dear, if you like, I shall be glad to take charge of you. I have a daughter at home who is about your age."

"Oh, thank you!" said Clare, looking so animatedly handsome in her relief, that her cavalier, who had just returned from the telegraph-office, thought it was the loveliest rose-bud face he had ever had the good fortune to look at.

(To be continued.)

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

(Continued.)

THIS was not a solitary case. I have not time to go through the histories of a hundred and fifty children received into the Home since its origin fourteen years ago; but in glancing cursorily at them, I unhesitatingly say that I never saw a list of more necessitous and deserving cases. In vain have I sought amongst the forty-two left in the Home at his death, to find one who could safely, and with due regard to her welfare, be restored to her friends. But I must go back to the time preceding the decease of this dear man. He was a strong man—a fine specimen physically of an Englishman. By the mercy of God to

him, and his adopted ones, he ever enjoyed vigorous health, hardly knowing by experience a day's illness. In this I feel as I have never felt before,—God's gracious care of those orphans. He was, humanly speaking, the life and soul, and the sole support of the Home. His work as an accountant in the City; his exertions for the Home, having to collect about a thousand pounds a year for its support (and he made almost every application by letter in his own hand-writing); his efforts in subsequent years to provide instruction for the villagers of his county, and his still more recent work in tract writing, and collecting to the extent of a million of these "Silent Messengers," as he called them, and forwarding them to the necessitous villages of England generally, constituted, as I have frequently said, work enough for four men. His energies never flagged, and his faith was unwavering. He saw many great results flowing from those efforts, and he seemed likely to live to a good old age to witness far greater results. He had less than a year previously to his death watched over a dying mother, who, at the ripe age of eighty-four, was removed to her home in heaven, blessing through life and to her latest hour the son who had been to her a son in deed as well as name. How often since his death has it been said, "Such a son will never lack friends for those he has left behind." Thirteen years had passed in the service of God when Mr. Stevenson sent forth his last interesting little papers, detailing the history of the Home, and other missions for the previous year. I feel I must repeat some words from his last printed message to his friends and supporters:—

"Another year has passed away; it has been a year of much trial with respect to funds, yet of great mercies. It begun with a debt, the first time for several years, and this, for a work supported mainly by donations, was a source of much difficulty. Through the good hands of our God, however, this has been surmounted, though with great labour and expense, in making its wants known, for the year has been one of much commercial distress and depression. But this trial has been compensated in other ways, especially in the matter of health for the children, which has been, with one exception, free from anything that could be called illness. The Lord has indeed 'stayed His rough wind in the day of His east wind.' And for this we can never be sufficiently thankful.

"The new year opens with another difficulty, as the terms for which we hold the house at Elstree expires in the autumn; and owing to the opening of a railway station near to us, which has greatly increased the value of property, we cannot get a renewal of the lease. We have suffered so much inconvenience and expense from removals that we hope to be enabled to purchase a place in which the work may be permanently carried on for the future.

"It has been stated that the primary object of this effort is the salvation of souls. The good seed is sown with faith in the promise that it shall bring forth fruit, but it is the work of the Holy Spirit alone to change the heart. The promise has already been fulfilled. During the whole course of the work two only have passed away by death, and we have every reason to believe that they are in glory. During the past year one of our children, who left three years ago, and who is now in service, was enabled, after some months of great distress of mind, to find rest in Jesus, and is now full of joy and peace in believing. Such rewards more than compensate for all the labour and anxiety of the work, but they are only the first-fruits of larger blessings."

The difficulty referred to in the foregoing extract,—that of providing a comfortable habitation for his adopted children, was a large one. After much time spent in seeking premises he met with a house at Rickmansworth, Herts. A sum of five hundred pounds was demanded for the lease and fixtures by the outgoing tenant. His supporters contributed £350, and Mr. Joseph Gurney Barclay lent him the remaining £150. The amount was paid, and the children were removed to their new home, but a terrible shock—I scarce dare call it a calamity—awaited them.

Within a few weeks' time gastric fever laid low fifteen of the girls, and two of his own darling ones. This was a sore trial for him. He bore up with it for a time, but at last himself became a prey to the disease. With a trembling hand he wrote to me, who had enjoyed his friendship during sixteen years, a close friendship never interrupted by one discordant word or feeling:—

"We are passing through a period of unparalleled trial. Many of our children are laid down with gastric fever. I have it myself, and am quite prostrated. I have been in bed some days; the doctor says I shall be much worse yet. I should be thankful if you could come down."

I hastened to his bedside, and was greatly shocked by the ravages the disease had made on his fine countenance. I was able to relieve his mind. He was anxious to pay the past month's account, and had not enough money in hand. He literally wept with joy. At his request I undertook all his correspondence, and went away hoping he would recover. He remained in the same prostrate state for about a fortnight, and then his medical attendant advised change of air. Under this advice we removed him to Ramsgate on the 13th of September, and I was privileged to be his companion for several days.

On Thursday 16th I left him, as I believed, somewhat improved. Within a day or two a relapse took place, and he gradually sank until on the morning of Sunday the 19th of September at six o'clock, on his fifty-sixth birthday, he passed away in the presence of his dear wife and youngest child.

His end was peace. The day before he died he spent much time—indeed nearly the whole day—in blessed exercises of prayer and faith. It seemed to those with him to be “Heaven upon earth.” Great, however, was the struggle in reference to his wife, his children, and the adopted orphans. Many agonizing prayers were offered for them, and he was able at last to say, “I leave them all to my Father’s care.” “I am resting in the bosom of Jesus;” remarking further, “It is so sweet—so sweet!”

Thus passed away one of the most useful of men. We brought his remains to London, and buried them in Abney Park Cemetery, in the presence of a large concourse of weeping friends, amongst them being several of the orphan girls, formerly inmates of his Home. I cannot forbear alluding to one of these. On the day of our bringing up his remains to London a friend of the departed one had left my offices with a weeping heart, and exclaimed within herself, “Oh, that I could meet ——,” one of the orphans who had occasioned our dear friend great concern and grief, from his not having seen her for a long period of time. She had scarcely uttered the wish when she saw this very girl before her. No tongue may describe that one’s remorse when she heard that her foster-father was dead. No tears came to her relief, and she was for the moment staggered and bereft of feeling. She was one of the weeping throng at the funeral. She was one, and not the only one, of the sorrowing girls who afterwards came with a sovereign, and promise of further aid, to the extent in one case of two pounds a year, to the bereaved family, out of her wages as a domestic servant. The wanderer had not, thank God, strayed from right principles, but allowed her affection, it may be, to cool a little; not an uncommon fault among the young, however nearly related.

(To be continued.)

LIBBIE’S PLEASANT WORD.

BY MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.

LIBBIE ASHLEY opened her bright, brown eyes one sunshiny morning in September, and the first thing that came into her head were the words of her teacher, spoken the day before to the school—“If you cannot do good in any other way, speak pleasantly, especially in the morning. Let your first words to those you meet be pleasant words.”

“I wonder if I can?” she said, as she lay watching a wasp darting outside of the window. “I wonder if I can? Now, if I go out in the kitchen, there’s mother always in a hurry, and ’most always speaking cross to everybody. She’ll say, ‘Well, Miss Laziness, you’re up at last, are you?’ That’s what she’ll

say, and maybe push me out of her way as she says it. Then I get to feeling as if I won't do anything. Then there's father, he shouts and scolds at the boys and the horses; and the boys quarrel and growl; and then we sit down to breakfast and eat as if we were all being chased by an army of soldiers. Oh, dear! But I will try what teacher said, and speak at least *one* pleasant word. What shall it be? I'll just say 'good-morning' to every one I meet."

Out of bed she jumped quickly, and was soon dressed. She heard the doors slamming, and her mother's quick voice and quicker steps, as she flew from pantry to cellar and back again; and in the yard she could see the boys with angry faces and quick glances. She turned a little heart-sick as she took it all in and thought it was of no use to try. But she soon overcame this feeling, and opened the kitchen door.

"Good-morning, mother," said Libbie, pleasantly.

Mrs. Ashley looked up from the biscuit-board as if to assure herself it was no stranger, and as she met the kind eyes of her little daughter, her face lost its dark frown, and she responded, "Good-morning."

"Shall I set the table, mother?" asked Libbie.

"Yes. Put on an extra plate and cup and saucer, for Jonas Coombs is here to help cut the corn," answered Mrs. Ashley, in a kinder tone than Libbie usually heard in the morning.

Her lips hummed a merry little song as she arranged the table for the breakfast, but in her heart was a gayer one—the echo of the pleasant "good-morning."

"It works splendidly on mother," she said to herself. "I'll try the next one."

The next one was her brother Ben, a stout, awkward, but good-natured boy, who came sulkily up to the well to wash. Libbie stood in the kitchen door.

"Good-morning, Ben," she said.

Ben looked up from the basin over which he was bending in surprise.

"Good-morning," again said Libbie, smiling brightly.

Ben muttered something Libbie could not understand, but she saw his face grow cheery as he laved it in the sparkling water.

"Have a peach, sis?" he said, after he had dried himself on the long roller. "I got it off that clingstone tree by the barn. Isn't it a beauty?"

"Oh, isn't it! Thank you?" said Libbie.

The phrase was as little used as was the pleasant good-morning among the Ashleys. Libbie had not thought of saying it, but it sprang involuntarily to her lips and dropped from them sweetly.

Mr. Ashley was coming toward the house with Jonas Coombs, Nat, Libbie's other brother, following soberly behind them.

"Good-morning, father. Good-morning, Mr. Coombs," said Libbie, nodding her pretty brown head, and smiling with her pretty brown eyes. "And good morning, Nat," she added, as she caught her brother's amazed look.

Neither Mr. Ashley nor Nat made any reply. Jonas Coombs' rough features lit up with a kind smile as he returned her greeting.

"What are you acting like company for?" asked Nat, as Libbie skipped along by his side.

"Like company!" echoed Libbie. "Don't any one but company say good-morning?"

"Not at our house," replied Nat, gruffly.

"Then let's make believe to be company, and always say good-morning," said Libbie, quickly. "Say it, Nat; you don't know how bright it makes everything."

"Humph!" said Nat; but he looked brighter for all.

"That's a pleasant little girl, that daughter of yours," said Jonas Coombs, as Libbie passed into the house.

"Yes," replied Mr. Ashley, "Libbie's right cheerful, considerin'."

Then they all went into the house. The breakfast steamed on the table, and Mrs. Ashley sat at the head with a pleasant look on her face. Not a quick, angry word passed her lips, although the boys shuffled about in their big boots, and the baby worried, and Mr. Ashley asked rather sharply for the carving-knife.

"Good-bye, mother," said Libbie, as tying on her blue sun-bonnet she was hurrying out of the door.

"Good-bye, little daughter," and her mother actually stooped and kissed her, an act almost unknown to Libbie.

The morning wore away and the lengthening shadows came stealing along over the bright landscape, but Libbie's cheerful "good-morning" sang its song of joy all day long. Mr. Ashley heard it, and spoke in lower tones to his horses and men. Jonas Coombs heard it, and worked more thoughtfully and steadily—for Jonas was a "slack" hand usually. Ben and Nat heard it, and beautiful thoughts were born in their hearts that were all too used to the rough discord of unkindness. Mrs. Ashley heard it, and her heart went out in tenderness towards the dear child whose little heart must have been often pained by her mother's lack of sympathy.

But to none of these did it sing so sweet a song as to Libbie herself. The very trees and birds seemed to echo it. It brightened her face and crushed every unkind word that rose to her lips.

"I wonder why everything seems so gay and beautiful to-day?" she said, as she sat with the baby under the old apple-tree that day after school. The branches moved and every leaf nodded as if to say "good-morning."

ONLY FOUR DAYS TO LIVE;

OR,

ANOTHER PHYSICIAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WISHING FOR THE DAY," ETC.

I WAS suddenly called sometime ago to visit a young person said to be in the last stage of consumption and very near her end. Indeed, her father, who came for me, told me on the way that Dr. H. had been that morning, and he had said he did not think the sufferer would live more than four days! I found her in a condition of extreme weakness, with power only to whisper a word or two. I spoke to her gently and earnestly about the Saviour, His readiness to save, and the greatness of His power to save. I dwelt for a minute or two on that beautiful passage, "*Look* unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." I then offered prayer and left. In the evening I saw the sufferer again for a few minutes and told her how another sufferer, somewhat like herself, on the other side of the valley, had lately found perfect rest in the Lord Jesus Christ, by (to use her own words) "letting herself go;" she had asked the Saviour to help her to trust Him, and then she "let herself go." The poor frail sufferer listened most eagerly to this brief account of the way in which another had "entered into rest." Next day I called again, and found her in great distress about her soul, but perceptibly nearer, as I thought, to the gate of the Kingdom. Next day Mr. N. came for me again. The moment I saw his altered countenance, I concluded he had glad news to relate. He said, "Kate wants you to come and see her as soon as you can. There is such a blessed change. She is so happy!" Tears of joy filled the eyes of the strong man, and his voice faltered with deep emotion as he spake. A peaceful, happy smile greeted me as I entered the room. The story of the simple way in which the one had cast herself upon the Lord Jesus Christ, had proved a great help. "I see now," said Kate, "that Jesus was waiting for me to receive Him, whereas I supposed I had to prevail upon Him to receive me. I looked away from myself trustfully to Him, and then there came into my heart a sweet sense of His forgiving love!" The entire house was filled with holy joy. We knelt in thankfulness and praise.

From that day the physical strength of the afflicted one

gradually increased, and in due time the sick room was left, and the one who had been so near the gates of death was able to breathe again God's beautiful air outside her own dwelling. The world itself seemed new to her. Flowers were more beautiful, friends were more dear, and all life was lighted up with God's love. I told her one day that the doctor had said he thought she would not live more than four days. "And he was right," she replied; "only he didn't know that the agony of my soul was wearing away my life. My affliction has really been my greatest blessing, for by it I have been led to the Saviour."

Kate survived more than a year, and never, even for a moment, lost that perfect peace which she found when she yielded herself to the Lord. Amid unclouded brightness and with calm joy she entered into the better land.

CHRIST IS ALL OUR SALVATION.

A MAN, seventy-four years of age, was passing the window of one who was confined to her house by ill-health, whom he knew, and who, seeing him looking ill and sad, beckoned to him to enter the house. He did so, and told her of his infirmity of body. She sought to direct his attention to the Saviour. He said, "I am doing my best to be saved, and I cannot do more." His tone of voice and his countenance showed that he was not satisfied. The lady gave him the little book, "How we are Saved," published by Messrs. Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row, London, price one penny. When the man had left the house she prayed that the Lord would make the book the means of his salvation.

Two days after he returned to the lady with a glad heart and a very bright countenance, and said, as to his salvation, "*Oh, I see, it is all done for me!*" And he went on talking for about twenty minutes, quoting Scripture, and telling out his great new-found joy in Christ his Saviour. Both praised the Lord.

He at once went about the district making known the good news of salvation by Christ to others.

About four weeks after his conversion he was taken ill, and not expected to live. The one who gave him the book went to see him, to whom he cheerfully said, "I am ready to die; Christ has done all for me; I leave myself in His hands."

He was, however, restored to his usual health, to be a joyful witness for the Lord, being calmly at rest in Him, and in His finished work.

The little book, "How we are Saved," should be widely circulated. The principal remarks are on 1 Cor. xv. 3, which contain the "first" or chief subject that St. Paul preached. There are also a few words on assurance, and some valuable counsel to young Christians at the end of the book.

VARIETIES.

"SHOES OF IRON AND BRASS."

Not slippers of silk or velvet. Oh no! good traveller on the Christian life-journey. The old promise was, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," because they were the kind of shoes for the kind of paths to be travelled. For us God anticipates our futures as at least being possibly somewhat rough and uneven and cutting, and so He prepares us for just that sort of paths. If you are a slipper-shod Christian it is probable that you are out of the paths of the real Christian life of duty and on the soft grassy sward of indolence and uselessness. . . . So, too, it is added, "and as thy days so shall thy strength be." Ah! yes, "*thy* strength." God gives grace in order to give *us* strength to do and to bear. He does not carry us along in a palanquin or carriage by means of which we do not exercise our own energies. Oh no! He gives us strength that we may use that strength ourselves. It is *our* strength, the vigour of grace given to us, capital to be utilized for Him by us. There are no promises for lazy shiftless Christians. The blessed dead are those who "rest from their labours," not from their laziness, and whose works *do* follow them because they *have* works to follow them. If there are no labours to "rest" from, there will be no "rest," and if there are no "works" there will be none to follow. God gives His strength in order to make *us* strong. Go, then, put on the shoes He gives you, and walk where He bids. Go in His strength, and be thou thyself strong to do His will.

T. B. R.

PERFUME OF FLOWERS.

THE perfume of flowers may be obtained in a very simple way. Gather the flowers with as little stock as possible, and place them in a jar three parts full of olive oil. After leaving them in the oil for twenty-four hours, put them in a strainer cloth and squeeze out the oil. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated according to the strength of perfume desired, the oil being thus thoroughly scented. Add an equal quantity of pure, rectified spirits, and shake every day for a fortnight, then pour off ready for use. During the season of sweet-scented blossoms, any one can try it without any great trouble or expense.

COUNTRY COUSIN.

"THE SYSTEMATIC BIBLE TEACHER" for each teacher, "BIBLE VOICES FOR THE YOUNG" for each scholar, are the books issued by the *Systematic Bible Teaching Mission* to enable and induce parents at home to train and teach their children by the lessons taught in the Sunday School. (Every reader of this Magazine should purchase and use this invaluable set of books.)



S. Am. Indian, Australian, Hindoo, N. Am. Indian, Esquimaux, Tartar, Chinese.

SAVAGE AND BARBAROUS NATIONS.

EVERY one who is at all acquainted with works of ancient history, or of voyages and travels, or who has conversed with persons that have visited distant regions must have been greatly struck (if possessing at all a thoughtful and intelligent mind) with the vast difference between civilised man and the savage. If you look to the very lowest and rudest races that inhabit the earth, you behold beings sunk almost to the level of the brute creation, and, in some points, even below the brutes.

Ignorant and thoughtless, gross in their tastes, filthy in their habits, with the passions of men, but with the intellect of little children, they roam, half-naked and half-starved, over districts which might be made to support in plenty and in comfort as many thousands of civilised Europeans as there are individuals in the savage tribe. And they are sunk, for the most part, quite as low, morally, as they are intellectually.

Polygamy, in its most gross and revolting form, and infanticide, prevail among most savage tribes; and cannibalism with many. And the sick or helplessly aged are usually abandoned by their relatives to starve or to be devoured by wild beasts.

Even in bodily person they differ greatly from the civilised man. They are not only, in general, very ugly and ill-made, but in the structure of their limbs, and especially in the head and face, they approach considerably to animals of the ape tribe; and the countenance is usually expressive of a mixture of stupidity, ferocity, and something of suspiciousness and low cunning.

If you compare together merely the lowest of savages and the

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most highly civilised specimens of the European races, you will be at first inclined to doubt whether they can all belong to the same species.

The savages of Tasmania, of whom there is now but a very small remnant, and others of the same race—the Papuans who are found widely scattered over the South-eastern regions of the globe—the people of Tierra del Fuego, in the southern extremity of America—and again, the Bushmen-Hottentots in the neighbourhood of the Cape Colony (some specimens of whom were not long since exhibited in this country), seem to be the lowest of savages.

But one might find specimens of the human race to the number of perhaps twenty or more, gradually ascending by successive steps from these up to the most civilised nations upon the earth; each not very far removed from the one below and the one above it, though the two extremes present such a prodigious contrast.

As for the alleged advantages of savage life—the freedom enjoyed by man in a wild state, and the pure simplicity and innocence and magnanimous generosity of character that he exhibits—all this exists only in poems and romances, and in the imagination of their readers; or in the theories of such philosophers as the well-known Rousseau, who have undertaken to maintain a monstrous paradox because it affords the best exercise for their ingenuity, and who perhaps have ended in being themselves bewildered by that very ingenuity of their own, like a spider entangled in the web spun by herself.

The liberty enjoyed by the savage consists of his being left free to oppress and plunder any one who is weaker than himself, and in being exposed to the same treatment from those who are stronger. His boasted simplicity consists merely in grossness of taste, improvidence, and ignorance. And his virtue merely amounts to this, that though not less covetous, envious, and malicious than civilised man, he wants the skill to be as *dangerous* as one of equally depraved character, but more intelligent and better informed.

We have numerous accounts of various savage tribes, in different parts of the globe—in hot countries and in cold, in fertile and in barren, in maritime and in inland situations—who have been visited from time to time at considerable intervals by navigators, but have had no settled intercourse with civilised people; and all of them appear to have continued from age to age in the same rude condition.

Of the savages of Tierra del Fuego, for instance, it is remarked by Mr. Darwin, the naturalist (who was in the "Beagle" on its second voyage of discovery), that they "in one respect resemble the brute animals, inasmuch as they make no improvements."

As birds, for instance, which have an instinct for building nests, build them, each species, just as at first, after countless generations; so it is, says he, with these people. Their canoe, which is their most skilful work of art—and a wretched canoe it is—is exactly the same as 250 years ago. The New Zealanders, again, whom Tasman first discovered in 1642, and who were visited for the second time by Cook, 127 years after, were found by him exactly in the same condition.

Defoe, in his *Robinson Crusoe*, though he does not represent the Brazilian savages as just such ignorant and ferocious beings as they really are, attributes to them a docility and an intelligence far beyond the reality. He commits the mistake of representing the savage as wanting merely the *knowledge* that is possessed by civilised men, and as not deficient in the civilised character.

And, accordingly, Crusoe's man Friday, and the other savages who were brought among the Europeans, are represented as receiving civilisation far more speedily and far more completely than the actual Brazilian savages, or any others like them, ever have done in the first generation.

The Book of Genesis represents mankind as originally existing in a condition which, though far from being highly civilised, was very far removed from that of savages. It describes man as not having been, like the brutes, left to provide for himself by his innate bodily and mental faculties, but as having received at first some immediate divine communication and instructions.

And so early, according to this record, was the *division of labour*, that of the first two men who were born of woman, one is described as a tiller of the ground, and the other as a keeper of cattle. But I have been careful, as you must have observed, to avoid appealing in the outset to the Bible as an authority, because I have thought it important to show, independently of that authority, and from a monument actually before our eyes, the existence of civilised man—that there is no escaping such conclusions as agree with the Bible narrative.

President Smith, of the College of New Jersey, United States, in an Essay on the diversity of the human species, expresses his conviction not only that savage tribes have degenerated from more civilised, but that life, even in the savage state, could not have been preserved, if the first generation had been wholly untaught. "Hardly is it possible," says he, "that man placed on the surface of the world, in the midst of its forests and marshes, capable of reason indeed, but without having formed principles to direct its exercise, should have been able to preserve his existence, unless he *had received from his Creator*, along with his being, some instructions concerning the employment of his faculties, for procuring his subsistence and inventing the most necessary arts of life. . . Nature has furnished the inferior

animals with many and powerful instincts to direct them in the choice of their food, &c. But man must have been the most forlorn of all creatures; . . . cast out, as an orphan of nature, naked and helpless, he must have perished before he could have learned to supply his most immediate and urgent wants."—*Archbishop Whateley's Lecture on the Origin of Civilisation.*

WHATEVER IS TO BE, WILL BE !

(Continued.)

CLARE was just beginning to view her situation from a ludicrous standpoint, and feeling she must make amends for her previous ungraciousness, she made room for him beside her, and was so sparkling, witty and brilliant, that he admired her more than ever, and began to wonder who she was.

But their pleasant chat was brought to an end by the announcement that the hotel sleigh was ready. Clare was pushed in between the lady who had offered to take care of her (whose name proved to be Mrs. Raymond) and a deaf old lady with a trumpet. When half way up the hill, the sleigh gave a lurch that precipitated Clare directly into the handsome stranger's arms. The old lady wailed aloud, and said she "knowed we'd all be killed," and begged to know whether "we was all dead now."

Clare, hardly able to speak for laughter, extricated herself, and then managed to scream comforting news through the speaking-trumpet. Clare heard an echo of her laugh from beneath the blonde moustache opposite, but the sleigh drove up in front of the hotel, and her cavalier assisted her out; he looked cool and dignified as ever. Clare and Mrs. Raymond seated themselves in the sitting-room. Presently the gentleman came in to say he had been able to secure but one room for both ladies. But they were only too glad to have even limited accommodations, provided they were warm.

"Good-night," said Clare. "Oh, I quite forgot to ask if my small hat-box could be brought here; that is, if it would not be asking too much of you."

The gentleman assured her he could send the driver back for it. So, thanking him, she gave him her check.

Howard Mackain (for, of course, the reader is aware it was he to whom mischievous fate had thrown this opportunity) walked up and down the piazza smoking, and waiting for the hat-box, regardless of the snow, until he looked like a polar bear. Finally it arrived; and as he walked inside to give the man directions where to take it, the rays of the lamp fell clearly upon the name printed in black letters—"Clare St. Clare." He was so astounded at this revelation, that he stood staring at the ascend-

ing porter. Then, as the absurdity of his running away only to encounter the obnoxious young lady, seemed to dawn upon him, his astonishment exhaled in a most mischievous laugh; he determined to maintain his incognito, and have all the fun he could out of the adventure.

It stormed harder than ever next morning. To Clare's dismay, she never imagined such banks of snow could fall in March. But Mrs. Raymond and she made merry over their misfortunes, and started down to breakfast. Did I say breakfast? Heaven forbid that I should insult any respectable meal by putting this in the same category. A hasty inspection of the table was sufficient for Clare, and she came away hungry.

The process of the night before was repeated—of packing passengers into the sleigh like sardines in a box. Howard Mackain showed his intention of making things comfortable for Clare, and they were getting acquainted rapidly; being thrown together in such an uncereemonious way, each was dependent upon the other for entertainment, and she began to enjoy his society.

After waiting about two hours, the conductor concluded to start with two engines, and a snow-plow to clear the way for the train, but it was a heavy, up-grade business. At last the train came to a dead stop.

"I really ought to send a telegram to the friends who are expecting me," said Clare.

"Write your message and I will take it out for you, Miss St. Clare," said Howard, the name slipping out inadvertently. She looked so perfectly amazed, that he added: "Forgive me, but I saw your name on your baggage, and it's very inconvenient to say 'you' all the time."

"Then I hope you mean to relieve me of a like embarrassment, Mr.—" and she paused inquiringly.

"How," he said promptly, and with so much gravity that she was forced to accept it, though secretly she did not believe it to be his name.

However, she borrowed his pencil, and, happily for the preservation of his secret, she allowed him to read over her shoulder. His face was a study as he read the telegram, addressed to Mrs. Charlie Bentley: "Will come when the train does. Snow-bound."

Surely fate was playing strange tricks with him; but, somehow, Howard did not feel inclined to quarrel with her, for he plunged through snow up to the knees to send the message.

Clare thought: "I do wonder who he is? The most interesting man I have met in a century."

So Clare and Howard flirted to the end of the chapter, and as they were old and experienced in such warfare, they did not find

the time hanging heavy on their hands, and they enjoyed it immensely. Mrs. Raymond was kept supplied with light literature by them both, and smiled to herself occasionally at the busy conversation going on between the pair.

Gradually it grew dark, and Howard, having carefully covered Clare with that invaluable overcoat, announced that he was going foraging. Clare, feeling worn out and nervous, lost herself with her head on the window-pane. She was soon awakened by a merry voice saying: "I did not find a land flowing with milk and honey, but here is some tea perhaps you can drink. I made it myself, and there isn't more than its rightful allowance of water."

Clare rubbed her sleepy eyes, and found "Mr. How" standing before her covered with snow. He had a tin pail on each arm, and a china mug in his hand.

"I made love to the farmer's wife," said he, as he displayed a pailful of delicious biscuit, "and coaxed her to bake them while I sat by and watched the operation."

He then poured the mug full of tea for her, and actually produced a silver spoon!

"I call that a delicate attention," exclaimed Clare, as she sat rolled up like an Egyptian mummy to keep warm, thinking she had never enjoyed anything so much as that tea. While a very handsome face, with lovely gray eyes, looked kindly at her, and their owner assumed a sort of care over her which was, in the present state of her nerves, especially soothing.

(To be continued.)

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

(Concluded.)

BUT of the orphans? Well, no one I think I can say, has more at heart their interests, and the desire to speak of them and plead for them than I have. But I must, while I have before my mind's eye that weeping crowd at the grave, refer to one—a saved on—who was not there to weep. I can give only briefly the details of her history. Previously to commencing the work of the Orphan's Home our departed friend—then a member of the Committee of the Rescue Society—was in the habit of going about the streets of the metropolis, seeking to save the lost. In one of these wanderings, and on a cold night in March, he was arrested by the faint request of a girl of fourteen years of age to "buy a box of lucifers." Scarcely protected from the biting cold by the few rags she wore, and having a countenance indicating great want, and at the same time a manner far different from that of a professional beggar, he could not but pity her. He accom-

panied her to her home, and was horrified at the spectacle of misery which there presented itself. He gave some necessary relief, and on the next evening begged me to accompany him to the same abode, with a view, if possible, of rescuing the girl from beggary, and inevitable vice and crime. Well do I remember the incidents of that visit. The room was in perfect darkness. As nearly as I can remember, one child was sitting on the floor, upon which scarcely one article of furniture stood. The girl came in, and with tearful eyes told us that her mother had that day been arrested, and was then in prison for leaving one of her starving children on the steps of the workhouse door. She was the widow of a soldier who had spent his strength in his country's service. The neighbours kindly took charge of the remaining child, and we removed poor Ellen to one of the preventive homes of the Rescue Society. Here she remained under Christian influence for some years. By the grace of God she became "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

How wondrous are God's ways! How unfathomable His love! It was at the very time that this girl's mind was opened to understand the way of salvation that her ears became closed to all outward teaching. She became totally deaf. Her influence amongst her companions was very good, and but for her disinterested love for her younger sisters and brothers she would have remained probably to this day for the sake of that influence. About this time her mother died, and the children had to be removed to the country workhouse to which they legally belonged. Our young friend, after prayerful consideration, felt that she must, for their welfare, go with them. She went accordingly, and her conduct there won for her the esteem of all. She remained till all had grown up and gone into situations, and then kind Christian friends provided for her outside the House. This is the girl whose interesting and touching letter now follows:—

"DEAR MR. COOPER,—When I saw your writing I was so pleased, little thinking the sad, sad news your letter contained—the death of my ever dearly-beloved first Christian friend,—one who was always kind and gentle, and loving and good. My heart is very sad to lose such a friend, and for those he has left to mourn over the loss. But to him, oh, what gain! This is my comfort, to think of him in that blissful land he so much loved to speak and write of. Since receiving your note I have re-read many of his dearly-prized letters, and they have extended over sixteen years. Oh, how much more precious they seem now! I felt it sacred to touch them—so full of all that is good. I have met with many good kind Christians, but none quite like my dear Mr. Stevenson. I know you will not mind my saying this now. I pray the Lord may provide for all whom he had under

his charge, and his dear little lambs belonging to himself. I cannot doubt it. Mr. Stevenson loved the fatherless and all orphans—surely God's blessing and love must come upon his own now. I should have written before, but could not command my feelings enough, and even now can scarcely do it, so you must excuse this.

"The Sabbath day seemed the fittest for him to go home to the Saviour he so loved, and for whose service he delighted to live, for he has gone to his reward. Gone 'to be with Christ, which is far better.' Gone to the land of love, which, he says in one of his letters to me, he longed for. At first I could not realise that he was really gone. Truly God's ways are not our ways; he seemed so needed on earth, working for God; and I believe he has brought many to Jesus. I can't help saying to myself, 'God moves in a mysterious way; His wonders to perform.'

"We must not judge with our feeble sense, we must have faith to believe God has done the best. Dear Mr. Stevenson would like us to do so. He spoke so much of faith, childlike faith, and we believe he possessed it. Oh, dear friend, you know I owe all, under God, to my kind Mr. Stevenson. He brought me by the hand to the Home on the 22nd of March, 1854, as far as I can remember. You must know how I feel it. I shall strive more and more for the Home to which he has gone. Heaven will be more to anticipate. I feel so much, if I could but write all. I beg of you to send me a portrait. He promised in his last letter I should be one of the first to have one of himself and his wife. May God comfort her. If Mr. Stevenson was such a friend, what a husband he must have been. She will need all our prayers. May God comfort you, for I know your sorrow is great.—E——."

"Walk by faith, and not by sight,
Take it on trust a little while,
Soon we shall read this mystery right,
In the full sunshine of His smile."

Such was the result of Mr. Stevenson's meeting with the poor lucifer-match seller.

How many thrilling incidents have been associated with his efforts for the protection and care of the one hundred and fifty orphans he has had under his care, will never be told; he alone could have detailed them.

But now we come to the consideration of the forty-two orphans, and the widow and four children left. They are left to the care of the Church at large, and a legacy in the care of which so much blessing may be expected cannot be described. Where are there such promises as those attached to the care of orphans, children, and widows?

As the most intimate friend of Mr. Stevenson, I communicated soon after his death the sad news to his friends and supporters of the Home, asking their prayers and advice. Both these were given, but not these alone. Contrary to all expectations on my part, there was such a burst of sympathy as quite overwhelmed me. The sum which was owing to Mr. Joseph Gurney Barclay, amounting to £150, was most generously offered by that gentleman as a gift to the Home, in addition to £100 given previously.

At his death it was thought that the Home must be broken up. Many dear friends were tempted to counsel this step, little thinking what deep sympathy was reserved by God for the Home. How can it be doubted that it was of His instigation? What power but His could have prompted such an immediate and hearty response to my letter announcing his death? Yes; He who raised up Mr. Stevenson to care for orphans is the God of all power and might. I feel that I may boldly ask for His cause. My departed friend said not long before his illness, when in the full glow of health, "If God remove me by death, I know He will continue the work." How soon have his words come true!

A LITTLE SINGER FOR JESUS.



My little boy, God's little boy,
Our household pet, and mother's
joy!

The bonnie curls of golden hue,
And sparkling eyes of Heav'n's own
blue,

The happy smile and outstretched
hands,—

I see him now, as there he stands,
His birthday presents all around,
On chairs, or table, or the ground.

That day was Bertie five years old
The little lad had just been told
His birthday treat might even be
To go with his papa to see

The workhouse inmates. His delight
And wonder made a pleasant sight.

"O Father, is it really true;
Oh, *really*, may I go with you?"

For more than once, in days gone by,
The boy had pleaded earnestly,
That he might just this visit pay.
"I love poor people," he would say;

“ And Jesus loves them too, I know ;
 Oh, mayn't I go and tell them so ? ”
 And now upon this happy day,
 The doctor would not say him nay.

He would not check his son's bright glee ;
 “ Why, you shall my assistant be,
 To send away the pains and aches,
 And treat the little ones to cakes.”
 Then Doctor Bruce prepared to ride,
 With Doctor Bertie at his side ;
 And soon they reached the workhouse door,
 The only home of Bertie's poor.

They visited the little ones,
 And gave them oranges and buns.
 To *give* was Bertie's greatest pleasure ;
 He scattered far and wide his treasure,
 That love, of all God's gifts the best,
 The love that blesses all the rest,
 That in the poorest home may shine,
 Enriching it with wealth divine.

From room to room the doctor passed,
 And brought his little boy at last
 To where the aged women spent
 Their waiting days ; some discontent
 With this, their lowly dwelling-place ;
 But not a few, with peaceful face,
 With trustful eye and happy smile ;
 This home was only for a while.

And by-and-by, oh, glorious rest,
 In God's own Kingdom of the blest !—
 “ And what have you for these, my child ? ”
 The doctor asked his son, and smiled
 At Bertie's eager face ;—“ I know,
 Papa ! my cakes are gone, and so,
 I'll sing to them ; I think I can.”
 “ Then you may try, my little man ”

The childish tones rose falt'ringly
 At first, but ah, so earnestly ;
 And soon they rang out clear and strong,—
 God helps a *willing* voice along ;—
 “ ‘ Jesus, who lived above the sky,
 Came down to be a man and die.’ ”
 And so, through all the simple hymn,
 He sang, till many an eye grew dim.

And while he told of Jesu's grace,
 The pathos of the little face
 Was almost more than they could stand,
 And sev'ral raised a trembling hand

To wipe away the falling tears;
And others, deaf with weight of years,
Drew nearer, not to miss a word
Of Bertie's story of his Lord.

“ ‘ But such a cruel death He died !
He was hung up and crucified !
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nailed them to a cross of wood !
And so He died ! He loves you so,
He wants you all one day to go
To live with Him ; I'm going too,
And I'll be sure to look for you.' ”

O blessèd story, sweet and old,
But never yet more sweetly told,
Than when from earnest hearts you sing
The precious love of Christ, our King.
How dare you throw your voice away ?
Come, give it to your God to-day ;
For there are many souls to win,
Ah ! *sing* them from the paths of sin.

Sing faithfully, sing lovingly,
Sing tenderly, sing feelingly.
The holy angels with us raise
Their joyful song, when God we praise.
Like Bertie, use your talent *now*.
He did his best, not knowing how
The Lord His gifts would multiply,
And pour rich blessings from on high.

But so it was. In after days
He served his Lord in many ways.
And so may God, our Father, bless
Your true endeavours with success !
Done for the love you bear your Lord,
So shall they bring a sure reward.
And you who write, or you who sing,
Oh, do it all for Him, our King !

ROSE JAY.

A DOCTOR'S TROUBLES.

A MEDICAL man's life is one of constant difficulties and vexations. Few men work harder than he ; few do so much without the smallest prospect of remuneration. Necessity is the mother of invention, it is said, and there is often rather an amusing rivalry between doctors and their patients, the former trying not to get their hands full of poor and troublesome patients, and to get out of as many hurried and special visits as possible, the latter doing their best to obtain from the doctors without payment the first

medical advice the district affords, and sending the moment they feel a little poorly for a doctor, happily unconscious of the inconvenience they put him to by summoning him express at all hours of the day and night. Often and often urgent messages come. The doctor flies out, and finds his impatient client with very little the matter.

I have known a doctor summoned at eleven at night to see a child, said to be dying. On his arrival he found that the child was recovering from an illness, which had confined it to the house three weeks, during which no doctor had been sent for. In this case, as in many urgent visits, the doctor of course never received a farthing.

I do not justify the excuses doctors make to get out of tiresome and unnecessary visits, but their temptations are often great. It is not surprising that they should sometimes pretend to have other urgent visits to pay, and to be unable to go to the last comer. But it is strange, I admit, to the public, when the doctor is sent for, to find how often he has just been sent for by someone else, and cannot possibly attend to the last call.

A friend of mine was staying at the house of a doctor for a few days. One night he heard the bell ring furiously. He got up, and listened at the window. In a few minutes his host appeared at his window, and entered into a colloquy with someone outside. The latter was summoning the doctor immediately to see a patient. Perhaps the doctor knew that there was little the matter. At any rate, my friend was astonished to hear him really inform the somewhat impatient messenger that Dr. Smith was out. "Why," rejoined the man, "you are Dr. Smith." "You were never more mistaken in your life," retorted the doctor, "I am his brother. We are so much alike that we are often mistaken for each other." "When," asked the messenger, "will the doctor be back?" "Not till to-morrow morning," was the reply, and with this answer he was obliged to depart. Next morning at breakfast the doctor made no allusion to the matter, and my friend of course said nothing.

The same friend was once staying at another doctor's, and was much disturbed at night by the bell which hung in his room. When it rang he had to get up and wake his host. My friend was equal to the occasion, and two or three days before he left fastened the clapper securely. There were no more disturbances. At breakfast he was much amused to hear his host congratulate himself on there having been no night calls.

S. U. M.

THE JOY SET BEFORE US.

How little any of us live in the present. We are always planning, scheming, and working for the future. As children, we long for the time when we shall be grown up; when that time arrives, and we have begun our life-work, we look forward to success and leisure; when we are old, we still anticipate our children's prosperity. We are never perfectly satisfied, there is always something needed to complete our happiness, or to secure a continuance of it. The majority of us live prosaic lives, and how they are brightened by the hope of what the future will bring us. What a large part it plays in our lives! how many things we hope for in the course of a day! from year's end to year's end we are always hoping for something. It brightens the saddest lot, thank God; no one, however sinful, however sorrowful, need be without hope in this world. But how often, what we have earnestly hoped and striven for, when attained proves a disappointment! And how often we hope for what our after experience tells us would have been injurious to us. Earthly hopes keep us ever dissatisfied, but there is a Hope which makes its possessors ever content.

The hope of immortality is interwoven with our very beings. This hope forms part of the creed of all denominations. All nations and all people who believe in a God, believe in another world in which all that is wrong here will be righted. How else would this life be endurable, with its many apparent failures, and its mysterious providences? We have a long list of Hebrew patriarchs and prophets, who lived as pilgrims and strangers on the earth, looking and hoping for a better country, that is an heavenly. We, too, are pilgrims; we, too, seek a country; but how much greater progress we should make if we were not so absorbed by the pleasures and trials of the way, and if we constantly kept the end of our journey and the country to which we are travelling in view.

A Christian's life has been likened to many things, but the "Finis" is never written here. It has been called a race, with not only the inhabitants of this world, but a vast crowd of those who have passed beyond the grave, as witnesses of our success or failure. And what is the goal? We are to run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who *for the joy that was set before Him* endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." He is the finisher of our faith; we shall be with Him, complete in Him. If we did but set this joy ever before us, how much easier we should find it to bear the crosses of this life.

A Christian life has been called a warfare, which indeed it is,

ever fighting against the powers of evil within and around us ; if we cease fighting, or relax our vigilance for ever so short a time, we know that the enemy gains ground. How much stronger we should be in the fight if we did but follow our Captain more closely, and if the crowns that are laid up for the victors were more often in our thoughts ! This life is a shadow ; all its pleasures and joys are transitory, passing away, but the substance is beyond, before us. " Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

This world is the school in which human beings are educated for eternity. In the history of mankind, and in the history of each soul, the same course is taken ; knowledge is progressive. Our first lesson is obedience. The Israelites were told what to do, and what they were not to do upon every occasion ; and they had only to obey. So all who come to Christ must come as little children, simply obeying His call to leave all and follow Him. The path of obedience is the path of knowledge. Practise what you know, and your knowledge will increase. " If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God." As we make progress in holiness our standard seems continually to rise before us. Our examinations are not public, but God knows when each one reaches that point, where joy will be a better teacher for him than adversity ; then He takes them home, there to carry on his education. Life is full of beginnings, but the threads we are all weaving are not broken off at death, they but become invisible ; the work is still going on, growing faster in the heavenly world. For I do not believe we cease to learn when we cease to breathe, nay, the love and goodness and the wonderful works of the Infinite God will be our study and our joy for all eternity. If such be the case, would it not be well to spend more time in pursuing that study here ? Does the heir to a large estate forget all about it in the absorbing round of cares and pleasures. He does not always consciously think of it, but it influences all his actions, words and thoughts. He would spend a very different life if he had not such prospects in view. We Christians are heirs of a far more glorious kingdom than any this world can bestow ; shall we forget all about it ? Shall we waste our days in idleness and self-pleasing which might be spent in furthering the interests of that kingdom ? Shall we fret or rebel at any discipline that our Father sees necessary to fit us for that glorious kingdom ?

How much happier we should be if we habitually lived in the full enjoyment of this hope, if it were as *real* a thing to us as it was to Abraham. We should be content, whatever our condition or position, if we believed it to be the best training for our future Home. Is our life one continual struggle with poverty ? In that land we hope for " we shall hunger no more, neither thirst

any more," every craving of our hearts will be satisfied. Are our homes comfortless and dreary, and have we few pleasures and little change? In our Father's house are many mansions. Would it not brighten the dreariest home if we thought much of that Home which is being prepared for us above? Are you sick and suffering? Remember St. Paul's words, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Your sufferings will last but a little while, and they are preparing you for an eternity of joy. Are you mourning the loss of dear ones? They are not lost; their love is even now drawing you to Him who is the source of all love. They have but gone home first, ready to welcome you when God sees fit. Are you tried with ever-recurring little worries and vexations? Take them one by one as they occur to your Master, and ask Him to teach you the lesson He has given you by it. By thus living through them and above them, you will advance far on the pathway of holiness. Every single thing that happens in our lives is but the means (if rightly used) to that end which God has in view,—the making us meet for "the inheritance of the saints in light." How shall we obtain entrance there? What right have we to that kingdom? There is no respect of persons there; we shall not be asked if we and our ancestors lived in palaces or hovels. All may enter who have washed their robes in the blood of that Lamb who died to purchase the kingdom for us. He bore the Cross that He might give us a crown and share His kingdom with us. That was the joy set before Him. Let us follow in His steps, casting aside every weight; let us run the race with patience and swiftness; let us fight earnestly the battle against sin, but let us set ever before us the joy of one day casting our crowns (the crowns of righteousness He gives us) at His feet, "who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son," to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

ANSWERED PRAYER.

Two babies were born at the same time; one at the hall, and one at the cottage; both were alike anticipated and welcomed. Great joy came to both houses with their birth. Day by day the mothers watched their growth, and carefully tended them. God was feared by both, and the children dedicated to Him.

One day the baby at the hall was taken ill, and its life despaired of, but the mother sent up a cry of anguish to God. "Spare my child; his life is very dear to me," she prayed.

"If it be God's will," put in her husband.

"No," she cried, "he must live; I cannot give up my child."

Her prayer was answered ; her child was brought back as it were from the grave, and doubly precious he became to his mother, who almost idolized him. As he grew older he became self-willed and disobedient, and soon was unmanageable. Soon after his twelfth birthday, he left his home with bad companions, and was not heard of for years. The parents were nearly distracted with grief, all their enquiries were fruitless, and they became aged before their time.

At length tidings came to them of their son, but better not to have heard of him again, than in this way.

He was in prison, on his deathbed, at the age of twenty-five. After a life of sin and wickedness he had been concerned in a daring robbery, and committed to prison for life.

His mother hastened to see her son once more before he died, but he was so changed she hardly recognized him.

"Ah! Mother," he said, as soon as he caught sight of her, "I wish you had let me die when I was a baby, then I should not have all these sins to answer for."

His mother was so overcome with grief and remorse she could do nothing but weep, and when at last she looked up her son was dead. Gone to render account to God for the evil deeds he had disgraced his life with. She knew much of the blame lay at her door ; would to God she had given her innocent baby when He asked for it, than have lived to end his life in prison. Terrible were that mother's reflections.

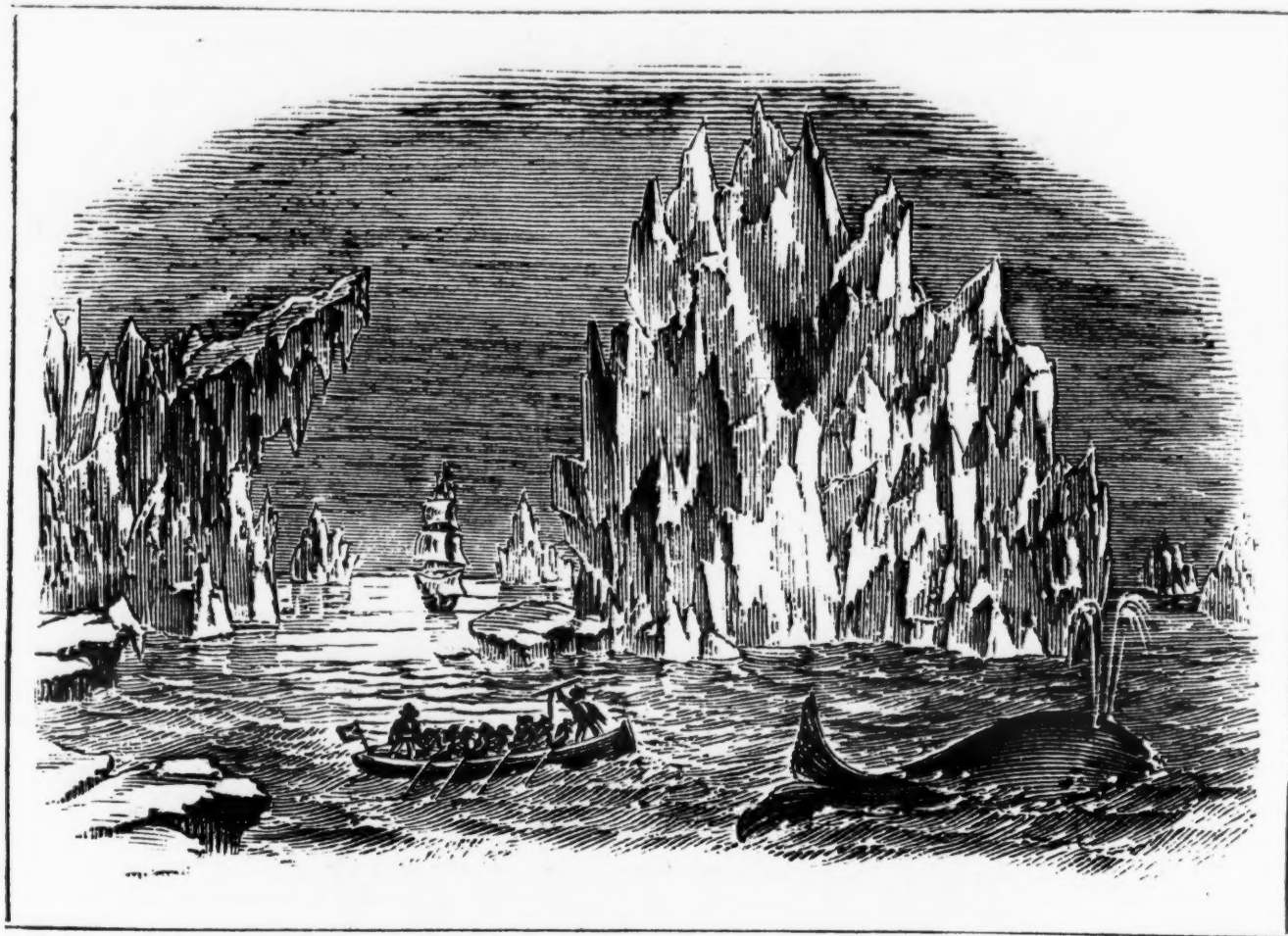
The baby at the cottage was also taken ill, and as the mother watched over it she prayed that it's life might be spared, if it was God's will. She knew it was His own, and if He saw best He would spare it to her. But He willed that it should die, and though it was hard to part with her baby that had been hers such a short time, yet the mother gave it resignedly to God again.

Other children were given to her, but she did not forget her first-born, and when she heard of the sad ending of that other mother's son, she thanked God for enabling her to give up her child to Him. Who can tell what that child also might have become if it had lived. God only knows, and He took it from the evil.

Parents ! when you pray for the life of that dear child of yours, when God is calling it away, do not forget to add, "If it be Thy will, Lord, spare the child." Then if He sees best, He will restore it, but if not, He will take it away, and you will know it is all right.

But do not, therefore, think that it is of no use to pray ; perhaps He is waiting for your prayers before he gives it back. But never forget to say, "God's will be done."

MARION THORNLIE.



SEASONABLE BLESSINGS.

WHEN the days are short and dreary,
 When the cold winds fiercely blow,
 When earth wears her sternest aspect,
 In her garb of ice and snow!
 How we long for balmy breezes!
 How we hail the lengthening days!
 And rejoice whene'er the sunshine
 Shows its genial welcome rays.

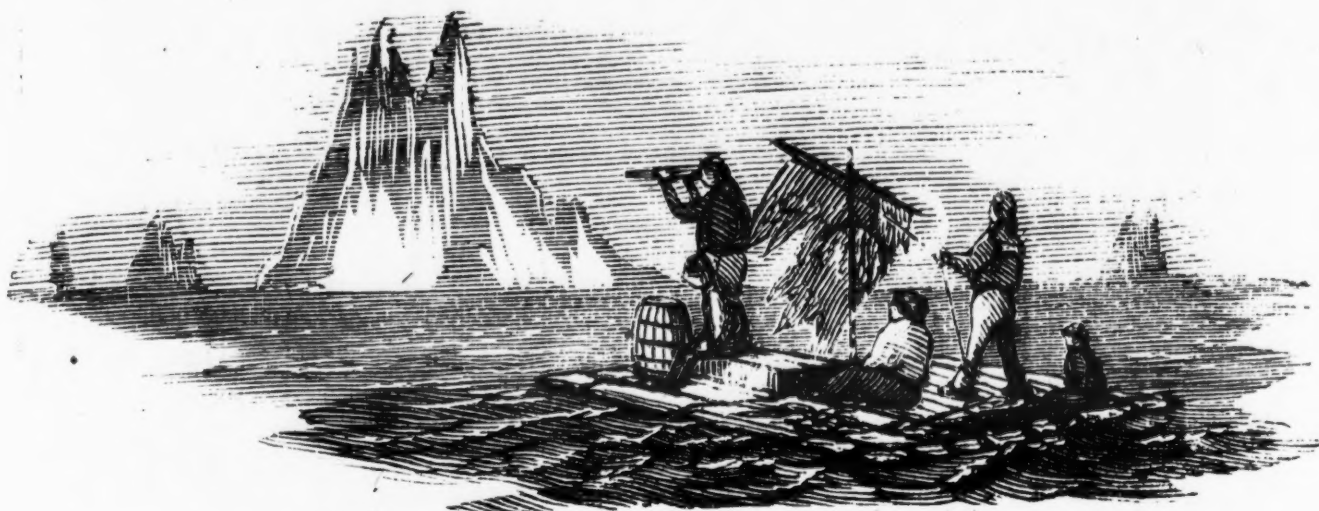
Memory paints in brightest colours
 Hill and vales "with verdure clad,"
 Where the birds in sweetest concert
 Fill the air with music glad:
 And we picture sunny cornfields,
 With their crops of waving gold,
 Ocean blue in sparkling wavelets,
 Bringing joy to young and old.

But when all these scenes so lovely
 In their turn with us abide,
 Are we always glad and thankful?
 Are we always satisfied?
 Do we ne'er repine and murmur
 At the summer's ardent glow?
 Longing for the Autumn breezes,
 Sometimes e'en for frost and snow.

Think we then of Winter pleasures,
 And half wish them ours again,
 Let us therefore be contented
 While they with us yet remain;

Knowing that the times and seasons
Have appointed work to do,
Bringing to us special blessings,
As they each their course pursue.

E. A. KNIGHT.



THROUGH THE SNOW.

"BEFORE long we entered the valley of Zermatt, and a wonderful sight lay before us. A glorious vista of giant mountains covered almost from peak to base with dazzling snow—for it was early in the year, and the winter had been unusually long and severe—the Breithorn, Riffelberg, Weisshorn, and above all the Matterhorn, were in view! But what was that—a great mass of snow stretching down the side of the mountain on our left, and like a huge wall crossing and blocking up the valley?"

"That? Oh, monsieur, that is the avalanche! It fell in March, and is still there," said the driver.

"How do we pass it? Is there some way round?"

"A way? Oh yes, you will see, monsieur, we go through it."

We had now approached nearer to it, and perceived that the mass of snow indeed lay right across our path without the smallest break in its huge wall fronting us. The driver dismounted, explained that we had better go first, and pointed to a narrow opening that we now for the first time saw; when we had passed through, he said, he would follow with the horses. We looked in,—beneath the sun's rays the snow above the entrance was dripping fast, and the prospect appeared to us as uncomfortable as possible.

However, putting on a good courage, we plunged into the darkness. My friends went first, and I followed. It was pitch dark, and icy cold, as we advanced; the ground and walls of the passage were wet and slimy; and I stumbled along that narrow way, I felt something like a sinking of heart. Suppose the snow falls in and buries us?

And now I heard a strange rumbling sound beneath my feet, which I afterwards discovered was the noise of a stream flowing

far below us, and that had been covered over by the great avalanche when it fell. As I went on I felt the cold more and more, and a numb terror began to creep over me,—when just at the worst I felt a hand seize suddenly my own, and a strong voice, close by, shouted to me, "*Nicht gefahr* (No danger)!"

I was rapidly led forward, and in a few minutes emerged into the bright sunlight and among the cheerful, beautiful sights of the open world again. Guides, we now learned, had been placed where the avalanches had fallen, to lead travellers through, and though we had to pass two others of these snow barriers before reaching our destination at Zermatt, we no longer feared, for we knew that the way was prepared and guarded by the trusty guides who accompanied us."

WHATEVER IS TO BE, WILL BE !

(Concluded.)

CLARE had been forty hours on the way, and had lost her lovely rosebud coloring to such an unheard-of degree, that Howard was dreadfully concerned about her, and delivered her over to Mrs. Raymond with so many private injunctions to "take good care of her," that the good lady could hardly keep from smiling. He then proceeded to bid her good-bye.

"Good-bye!" she asked, looking so miserable at the prospect that the hard-hearted monster gloried with delight. "Are you going to leave?"

"Yes," he said, "business requires me to go by an earlier train than you ought to take. Do try to sleep for a few hours."

"I hope we shall meet again, when I have brains enough to be able to thank you for all your kindness," she said, with varying color.

"We certainly shall meet, Miss St. Clare," he said, smiling. "Will you promise to be glad to see me no matter where it may be?"

For answer she gave him her pretty white hand, which he raised to his lips respectfully, and the foreign fashion sat more gracefully upon him than on most men.

When Clare laid her weary little head on the soft pillows, she cried outright. But she told herself she was so tired!

At midday Mrs. Raymond and Clare said good-bye, for they were going in different directions. Clare settled herself in a corner of the seat, and slept the sleep of exhaustion until she reached her destination.

"Oh, there's Clare!" And trying to make her way through the noisy crowd of porters and hackmen, Clare was soon in sweet Mrs. Bentley's arms, and was half-carried and half-smothered with kisses, and finally found herself in the carriage beside her

friend. Then Clare's spirits returned, and she gave a ludicrous and graphic description of her "trials and tribulations" for the past three days.

When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Bentley made her go up-stairs to bed, and dosed her with all sorts of delicious compounds, being under the impression she was starving.

"Now, Clare," she said, with a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes, "don't attempt to come down-stairs until tea is ready. I don't want to bore you with company when you are tired; but the truth is, one of our friends arrived this morning."

Clare groaned.

"And he is just elegant. One of those delightful people you can't help but like."

After this little speech, Mrs. Bentley closed the shutters, gave Clare another kiss, and left the room. Clare's last thought was: "Oh, what a bother! I know I shall be too stupid to say one word."

Clare spent very little time over her toilet that evening. She put on the first dress she found in her trunk, but it happened to be blue, against which the soft brown of her hair looked positively enchanting. She tied a bow here, and a knot there, and nestled a handful of daisies at her throat; and as she floated down the staircase looking like a vision, but feeling elegantly bored and indifferent, and quite prepared to annihilate the troublesome guest.

The gas was not yet lighted in the library, but it was bright with a coal-fire, and she walked in. A gentleman who had been leaning against the mantle turned quickly when she entered; the firelight fell upon a handsome face that Clare recognized instantly.

"Mr.—" was all she had voice to say.

"My dear Clare," said Mrs. Bentley, in a voice trembling with mischief, "let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Howard Mackain."

Clare stood perfectly motionless, and nothing could have been prettier than her color.

"I ought to beg your pardon," said the gentleman, "but really I cannot; for, confessing to Mrs. Bentley that I was cowardly enough to run away from my mother's reception to avoid you, I find that you were in the very act of ignoring me in the same manner."

Clare's fingers ached to box somebody's ears, but she said, in a pathetic voice: "I had made up my mind to hate you, but how can I preserve the proper detestation when I think of that silver spoon?"

"It isn't as hard for me," he said, drolly, "when I remember how you snubbed my coat most unmercifully."

"I forgive you," she said, laughing, as the absurdity of the situation struck her.

"I cannot be behind you in magnanimity," he answered, with praiseworthy gravity.

"Clare," said Mrs. Bentley, anxiously, "I am afraid you will have a fever. Didn't you have a terribly disagreeable day yesterday?"

"My head ached," she answered, evasively.

"Doesn't that make a disagreeable day of it?" asked Howard, lightly.

But Clare suddenly became conscious that her cheeks were answering for her, and resolutely turned her back on him as she got into a corner of the sofa.

The fever that Mrs. Bentley feared did not attack Clare, but a certain sort of malady seized upon her, and made her appear totally unlike the Clare St. Clare of old. During the days when she was resting from her fatigue, it was dangerously pleasant to have Howard always at her side; and I think they both dropped out of the non-emotional school of this age unconsciously.

And finally, with many blushes and smiles, Clare told Mrs. Bentley that she had placed her future in Howard Mackain's hands, and then wrote the news to her Cousin Pauline.

Pauline's answer was certainly a triumphant one; but Clare was too happy to care for her teasing.

And it came to pass that old Grandfather St. Clare's long-cherished wishes are to be consummated by a speedy union of the fortunes of St. Clare and Mackain; but Clare laughingly said: "Grandpa may thank kind Providence, not himself, Howard, as far as our marriage is concerned—for whatever is to be, will be!"

"LITTLE GYPSY."

CUT OFF BY THE TIDE.

ONLY a few minutes too late! He had been watching the flowing tide as he proceeded along the sandy beach. Now and then he had turned a sharp corner of the cliff, with only a few yards' width to walk upon. Still, he was not afraid of being caught. He would turn back directly before the tide was full. But there was a certain point, a mile ahead, that he particularly wanted to reach; *then* he would think about going home.

He accomplished his object, and began to retrace his steps. As he rounded some of the rocky points he had to wait till the wave receded, and then run before the next came in. This afforded him amusement, and he rather enjoyed the sport.

At last, however, he came to a point where the water was too far advanced to admit of his walking round, and the rock was too smooth and slippery to make his way over it. He managed

to pass the first portion! but then found that his advance was cut off completely by the tide, which was rising steadily moment by moment. Then he began to wish he had turned back sooner, but he must now take the consequences of his indiscretion. The water rose around him until it rose to two feet deep, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he maintained a footing as the waves advanced and receded. He remained in this perilous position until a passing steamer lowered a boat and rescued him, almost speechless with cold and fright. A month's severe illness was the only reward for his folly. You are quite willing, my reader, to admit that he was guilty of gross folly. But if you are treading the paths of sin or worldly ambition, the message to you is, "Repent ye, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out"; and again, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" If you refuse, the tide of judgment will overtake you; there will be no timely help then to rescue you from your dangers, and your punishment will be—not a month's illness, but an *eternity* of sorrow and of woe.

Young man, will you not heed the loving warning? Make a new start, and "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, 'I have no pleasure in them.'"

TO BURDEN-BEARERS.

THIS is a philanthropic age. The race is no longer always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but those who stay to help their weak and wounded brothers and sisters along are most highly honoured. Numerous appeals are being made every day for public institutions which meet with a ready response. Hospitals, Infirmarys, Convalescent Homes, Homes for Incurables, Homes of Rest, Refuges, Bible Missions, Fresh Air Missions, Flower Missions, Missions for all kinds of things abound. Cases and classes needing relief are hunted out, and eager helpers are found. At one time none but those who had leisure and money at their disposal, who were not dependent on their earnings for their sustenance, could join in the work, but now poverty need hinder no one who has the necessary qualifications and inclinations.

There are now hundreds of paid workers in these various fields. People are no longer thought peculiar, eccentric, who give themselves to works of mercy, but they are upheld and applauded on all sides. There is danger, therefore, as in all good deeds that are become popular, of people joining in them from motives of expediency, instead of pure and disinterested love to their fellowmen. Many trials of character can find room for

gratification in these works of mercy, such as the love of being praised and thanked by those one helps, and the being well thought of by all, the love of independence, of power, of management, and the opportunities of studying and reading characters thus obtained. Many love, too, the all-engrossing nature of such pursuits, which keeps them from dwelling on their own private sorrows.

Let us, then, look very closely to our own hearts; for be sure, unless the flame of zeal and love to God be burning steadily there we cannot give light and help to those around us. St. Paul gives us a verse by which to examine ourselves. "If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned but have not love, it profiteth me nothing." You see it is not enough to deny ourselves luxuries, or even necessities, not enough to give up our lives for others, if the motive for our self-sacrifice be not love. Then again, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven." Every time you receive praise for some good work which would have been just as well done if it had not been made public, think of those words, "Verily, I say unto you, they *have* their reward." No future reward laid up in store for you, you have received the wages for which you worked in the love and praise of the world. With what motives then should the work be done?

The same rule applies to this as to everything else that we do: "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Christ has expressly told us that we may serve Him by helping His poor and suffering brethren. If we could keep this thought clearly in our minds, if we could see Christ in those we endeavour to help, and do the service expressly for Christ, how much better our work would be done. It would check all impatience, keep us from becoming "weary in well-doing," in spite of difficulties and disappointments which will be sure to occur. For if we do our work for Him, we shall receive our reward, though our work be unsuccessful, and in the eyes of men we fail. Good seed is never lost, though men see no fruit thereof, though it may lie hidden in the ground for years, yet eventually it will grow and bring forth fruit, for "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

If we do not see the fruit in other people's lives, yet we shall do in our own, for we cannot try to teach other people what we do not at least attempt to practise ourselves. And all through our lives we are sowing seed, whether we will or no. We cannot help ourselves. Every day that passes, every deed we do, every word we say, has an influence both in moulding our own characters and of those around us, and one day we shall surely reap the "fruit of our doings." This is a very very solemn

thought, let it make us very watchful over our hearts, that they may be full of good seed, full of love to Christ, which must and will shew itself in every thing we say and do, for "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

What is it but the love of Christ in men's hearts, shewing itself in love to their fellow-men, that is the mainspring of these various works of mercy. Only let each worker look to his own heart, that when that great day comes, he may be found, not among those of whom it is said, "they *have* received their reward," but with those who hear these words. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There are some earnest Christians who long to join these workers, but whose duties compel them to go on with their daily round of common-place necessary work, and they are inclined to envy their more privileged brethren. Christ spent only three years of His life on earth in going about doing good, but He spent thirty years in quiet every-day duties at Nazareth. That is an example we can all follow. The simplest duties are thus sanctified by Him. Also, that love which St. Paul describes in the 13th Corinthians, and which is to be the motive of all good works, may be just as freely exercised in any position or occupation. That charity which "suffereth long and is kind," may find room for practice everywhere. The whole chapter should be a help to those who feel they have no especial talent to be employed in the service of their Lord. We can all love, and love like every other good or bad quality grows with use, the more love we give the more we have to give, and thus grow each day more like Him who "is love."

A FADING LILY.

THE days are short, and the days are dark,
 And the wintry wind blows keen and chilly;
 A shadow deepens each day I mark
 The tender leaves of my fair white lily.
 O sun, send down on this gloomy street,
 For one brief moment, your shining splendour,
 Rain on the face of my lily sweet,
 Bright, warm kisses, caressingly tender.
 Raise, my blossom, your beautiful face
 Up to the skies with a prayer for pity—
 No light falls in this desolate place,
 My life is dark in this mighty city.
 Struggle to live, O my fair, white flower,
 There's light ahead for us both to-morrow;
 'Twill soon be here—that glorified hour—
 We'll know our joy as we've known our sorrow.

AFTER WORK.

But the days are short, the days are dark,
And oftentimes in the twilight lonely,
I feel, as the deepening shade I mark,
One morn, one only will wake—one only!

God, pity me then! God, give me grace!
If, waking once in the morning, chilly,
And bending over your sweet, white face—
My lips press only—a faded lily!

C. R. CRESPI.

DAYS PAST AND DAYS TO COME.

DAYS that are past! yes, passed away for ever, and can never be recalled. Days full of precious hours, laden with opportunities for good or evil; either improved or lost. The past we think of, its pleasant memories refresh and cheer us; its dark and cheerless days teach us lessons of wisdom for the days to come.

Let the closing and the commencement of each day find us at the footstool of our Heavenly Father, for there is the source of our strength, and the foundation of our peace—the secret of our happiness.

We think of the past, and feel thankful we are the wiser by our experience, and we seek to pursue our journey more trustfully and cautiously.

There have been days when we said, "All things are against us," when we should have said, "He doeth all things well;" and, with David, "Bless the Lord, O our souls, and forget not all His benefits." In the darkest gloom there was a divine promise, and its power was sufficient for our need. Every promise is as a staff for the hand of faith to use, and if we have faith enough to lean upon it, it will bear us up under all the weight of care and trouble that oppress us: let us, then, look beyond the clouds and mists of time to the better country.

We, too, naturally look back upon the *dark* days—those *foreboding* days, when the sky was overcast, and difficulties thickened. "It was like walking through a fog, when we entered all seemed dark and misty before us, and as we advanced we were completely enveloped in the hazy, cheerless cloud. But there was a little space around us, clear enough to show the path a few yards before: it was enough,—and we went straight through." So, was it not a foreboding day to you, reader, when out of work, and returning home, you saw your family wanting food, and that after patient perseverance? No doubt you were downcast and disheartened; but God cared for you, though you could not realise it. David rested on God's knowledge and care, when he said, "Though I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on

me." Our Heavenly Father says to every anxious one, "Trust in the Lord, and verily thou shalt be fed." He sweetens every care, lightens every burden, just in proportion as we trust His promise and rely on His care.

A pious woman, in the days of persecution, used to say she should never want, because her God would supply her in every need. She was taken before an unjust judge for attending the worship of God. The judge, on seeing her, tauntingly said, "I have often wished to have you in my power, and now I shall send you to prison, and then how will you be fed?" She replied, "If it be my Heavenly Father's pleasure, I shall be fed from your table." And that was literally the case; for the judge's wife, being present at her examination, was greatly surprised with the good woman's firmness, and took care to send her victuals from her table, so that she was comfortably supplied all the time she was in confinement; and the other found her reward, for the Lord was pleased to convert her soul, and give her the blessing of His salvation.

We have had days of sorrow, when we smarted beneath the chastening rod, as loved ones have been stricken, and taken from us,—days when pain and sickness invaded our homes, or our persons, causing us many a pang, and we refused to be comforted, although God had said, "The days of thy mourning shall be ended, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Those *lonely days*, too, that we experience, when the soul sighs and longs for sympathy, when there are heart-sorrows that we cannot tell our nearest friend, and we say in the loneliness of our spirit,

"Father, my sorrow lies too deep
For human sympathy,
It knows not how to tell itself,
To any but to Thee."

Then we felt alone, and yet we were not alone, for, as our blessed Saviour, when in the hour of His deepest sorrow, said, "The Father is with Me," so we should not lose confidence in our Divine Helper.

My reader, let your mind rather dwell upon the bright and joyous days that are past. What glad surprises some days have brought us! Our Father has not been content with commonplace proofs of His love, but it has come to us laden with golden gifts, and joys that we never expected. Yes, our days of sunshine have been many, when we have gone away from the darkness into the light, away from the valley to the mount of God, and enjoyed holy fellowship with our Heavenly Father. The posture of our spirit was that of dependence and humility, and we found the blessing Jesus spoke of when He said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Such times have

been characterized by our feeling sensible of mercies and benefits every moment, by our hearts swelling up with thankfulness, and by our seeing God in everything, and everything in God.

The days that are past should prepare us for days to come, and teach us many lessons; with Jesus as the source of our strength, with His precious blood sprinkled on our hearts and consciences, and with God's precious *promises* to rest upon, we should look forward to the future with confidence and hope. Let us ever remember that each "promise in God's word is built upon firm pillars,—God's justice and holiness, which will not suffer Him to deceive us; His grace and goodness, which will not suffer Him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer Him to change; and His power, which makes Him able to accomplish all that He has promised." We can never get below His promises.

The promises of God are of no value to us until they are accepted by us, then the power of God is engaged to fulfil them. A clergyman once visited a poor woman; he found her Bible marked here and there with the letters T and P. Wondering what the letters stood for, he inquired of her their meaning; "Oh!" said she, "those are the promises in my precious Bible: there are many of them which you see I have tried, so I marked them T; and many I've proved, so I marked them P." So, reader, if we do likewise, we shall be free from much anxious care.

God gives us cares to bear; that we may glorify Him, by growing daily more holy. He bids us cast all care upon Him, because that "He careth for us." He would have us recognise His love in all our trials, and will never give more to bear than is for our eternal good.

"Sometimes," says John Newton, "I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of faggots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once; He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us just one stick, which we are to carry to-day: and then another, which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on."

We should avoid much feverish anxiety if we could "live one day at a time;" for the promise is, "As thy *day*, so shall thy strength be." But if we put into each day a week's anxiety, we dishonour God and increase our own troubles.

May the words of the Prophet be fulfilled in us, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee!"

The day of eternity is at hand—and it will reveal much to us that we know not now; then if found in Christ, our memory will be sanctified and blessed, and we shall think of days passed away, as days purified from sin by our Saviour's blood. If not found in Christ, our memories will haunt us and become the instrument of

eternal remorse. Let us so live that we may be prepared for eternity.

*" Here there are hours of sadness,
And trials hard to bear ;
There all is joy and gladness,
Without a passing care.*

*Here there are heavy crosses,
Which weigh the spirit down ;
There every brow is circled
With an immortal crown.*

*Here wars, and strifes, and tumult,
Rage on, and never cease ;
There not a thought can ruffle
The deep celestial peace.*

*Here, worn with anxious labour,
Our life so weary grows ;
There rest is one with service,
And work is but repose.*

*Here fairest buds of promise
Droop in the stormful showers ;
There in their perfect beauty
Are never-fading flowers.*

*Here there are separations
That almost break the heart ;
There loved ones meet, and never
Know what it is to part.*

*Here oft in bitter anguish
We weep from day to day ;
There God's own hand so gently
Wipes all our tears away.*

*Here sin and imperfection
The purest actions taint ;
There holy as the angels
Appears each white-robed saint.*

*Here we a little longer
Must life's brief story tell ;
There in the many mansions
We shall for ever dwell.*



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